



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





Bequest of
Miss Mary E. Laing

17012

R3175

100

100



William L. Galt.



Miss [Name] [Address]

THE
LIFE AND TIMES
OF
SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, OR RED JACKET,
BY THE LATE
WILLIAM L. STONE.
WITH A
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,
BY HIS SON.



STANFORD LIBRARY

ALBANY, N. Y.:

J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.

1866.

430534

YASSEL CHONMATZ

TO
THE MEMORY

OF
My Mother,

THIS
MEMOIR

IS
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

P R E F A C E .

The original design of the late William L. Stone, in writing his Indian histories, contemplated a complete account of the great Iroquois Confederacy, from the discovery to the present time. This history was to be embraced in four distinct works: the *Early History of the Iroquois* from the discovery to the year 1735; the *Life of Sir William Johnson*, the *Life of Brant*, and the *Life of Red Jacket*. Circumstances, which are explained in the *Life of Brant*, induced the preparation of that work first: afterward, the present work was written; and shortly before his death the *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson* was begun.

The design of the lives of Johnson and Brant was not merely to embrace the biographies of the principal personages themselves, but, under the shadow of their names, to preserve the history of the Six Nations during their lives; and, also, to gather up and reduce to form, in the life of the latter, the rich materials of the previously unwritten border history of the American revolution.

The present volume, containing the life of the great Seneca orator, was constructed upon the same plan. After the death of Brant, Red Jacket became the man of greatest distinction among the Six Nations; and, in writing his life,

the author has used him as he did Brant, as the principal figure in illustrating the history of the Six Nations down to the conclusion of the treaty for the sale of the residue of the Seneca lands, in the autumn of 1838. That treaty, since carried into execution, extinguished the confederacy of the A-QUA-NU-SCHI-O-NI, or United People,—a confederacy, the duration of which is lost in the shadowy obscurity of tradition for ages before the sound of the white woodman's axe rang upon the solemn stillness of the forest continent. The *Life of Red Jacket*, therefore, may be considered as the continuation and conclusion of the *History of the Six Nations*. While, however, the lives of Johnson, Brant and Red Jacket, taken together, are intended as a complete history of the Six Nations from the year 1735 to 1838, and, as such, have been printed uniformly, yet each work of the series forms in itself a distinct narrative.

One division of the work meditated by the author remains to be executed, viz: the yet earlier history of the Iroquois Confederacy, from the discovery down to the year 1735, when Mr. Johnson first settled among the Mohawks in the valley of their own beautiful river. This work it is my hope to write as soon as circumstances will permit.

“In regard to the present volume,” says Mr. Stone in his preface to the first edition of this work, “the author can only say that he has made it as full and perfect as the materials which he has been able to collect would allow. The subject of the memoir, it must be remembered, could speak but very little English, and could not write at all. He could therefore maintain no written correspondence, and

consequently left no letters, or other written memorials, to aid his biographer. Such was not the fact in the case of Brant, whose papers were of vast assistance. It must also be kept in mind that Brant was a man of war, and Red Jacket a man of peace. Hence in a memoir of the latter a far smaller amount of stirring and bloody incident is to be anticipated, than in one of the former. Indeed in this respect the books are widely dissimilar. And yet it is hoped that it will be found not altogether devoid of interest. The name of Red Jacket, as the great orator of the Six Nations, is among those most familiar to the American ear; and this volume is the first complete record of his forensic efforts that has ever appeared. Neither diligence nor expense has been spared to make the collection perfect of all the chieftain's speeches, and notes of speeches, that have been preserved. These have been arranged in the text, according to the dates of their delivery, and in connexion with the history of the occasions and events which called them forth. The author is aware that to this feature of his arrangement some may object that the text of the narrative should not be thus interrupted, and that the speeches might better have been thrown back into an appendix. But he thinks differently. Had they been thus disposed of they would not have been read, such being the usual destiny of speeches, letters and documents crowded together at the end of almost every book of history. And certainly when they *are* read, they are likely to be better understood and appreciated, if taken in their proper historical connexion—illustrating the occasions or

events by which they were elicited, and in turn receiving such illustrations from the historian as seem to be required.

In several instances the narrative, notes and appendix have been made fuller in the present edition than in the former. This the editor has been enabled to do by the aid of manuscripts collected by the author after the work had passed through the press.

As the *Life of Red Jacket* was the last historical work which Mr. Stone lived to complete, it has been deemed not inappropriate to accompany the present volume by a sketch of his life and writings. This has accordingly been written by his son, who, with this explanation, now offers a new edition of *Red Jacket* to the public.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

Saratoga Springs, January 1st, 1866.

THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
WILLIAM LEETE STONE.

The father of the subject of the present memoir was the Rev. William Stone, a congregational clergyman, and a great grand-son of Governor Leete of Connecticut, well known in connection with the regicides, Goffe and Whalley. He was a native of Guilford, and was directly descended, on the side both of father and mother, from two of the Puritan band of colonists, who, in 1639, planted that town. Never was there a settlement formed of more rigid Puritans than that of Guilford, and there is no town in New England where the peculiarities of that noble race of men have been more faithfully transmitted from father to son than in that. In his habits of thinking, his style of writing, and his undeviable principles of civil and religious liberty, he belonged more to the age of the Pilgrims than to his own. He was, moreover, a soldier of the revolution, as well as of the church militant. In the earlier part of the war he left his books and went into the army to relieve a brother who was in ill health. The brother died, but patriotism, in those days, was something more than a name, and the love of country induced him to enlist for the additional term of three years, during which he saw much service. He was at the battles of White Plains, Brandywine and Monmouth; suffered with the American army during that dreary winter at Valley Forge; and was present at the execution of Andre. "I shall ever remember your grand-father," said the late General Wilcox of Killingworth to the writer, "for in the army he

always carried a Hebrew Bible and the whole works of Josephus in his knapsack." When peace was declared and the army disbanded, he retired, like a great majority of the soldiers, poor in the goods of this world, but rich in those noble sentiments which the revolution had inspired. He, however, completed his studies at Yale, married, and accepted a parish in the then extensive town of New-Paltz, Ulster county, New York — the Reverend Stanley Griswold (afterward governor of Michigan under Mr. Jefferson) preaching the ordination sermon.

While at New-Paltz, his son, the subject of the present sketch, was born on the 20th of April, 1792; and shortly after he gave up his parish, and, removing into the valley of the Susquehanna, began clearing a piece of land which he had recently purchased. The country was at that time a complete wilderness, full of savage men and savage beasts; and the adventures of young Stone, during his early pioneer life, formed the material which was afterward wrought up by him into stirring border tales.¹ During his boyhood his days were passed in cultivating his father's farm, and his nights in acquiring a knowledge of Latin and Greek under the supervision of his father, who was a thorough master of the ancient languages. When seventeen years of age, chancing to see in a newspaper an advertisement for a printer's apprentice, he with difficulty obtained permission of his parents — who could ill spare him — to apply for the situation. The sun was just sinking behind the hills, when, with a single Mexican quarter in his pocket and a small bundle of clothes in his hand, he set out on his journey through the woods to Cooperstown, which he reached the next morning at sunrise, having walked forty miles during the night. Colonel John H. Prentiss, the

¹ In connection with his early pioneer life Mr. Stone used to relate the following amusing anecdote — various versions of which have been frequently given in school reading books. One day, while eating his dinner in a saw-mill which he tended for his father, he descried a bear coming down upon him full tilt. Having no weapon by him he left his dinner on the saw-log, and forgetting to stop the saw, clambered up onto a rafter. The bear came into the mill, and seating himself on the log began eating the dinner. Presently the log carried the bear to the saw, which grazed the animal's back. He gave a growl and moved a little. Again the saw scratched him, and again he moved. At length, upon the saw repeating its familiarity the third time, he turned, hugged the saw with a defiant growl, and, before he could extricate himself, was sawn half in two. The meat furnished the family with food for several weeks.

editor of the *Cooperstown Federalist*, pleased with his energy, at once gave him the situation on the condition that his parents should clothe him for three years. The means, however, both of father and son, must have been exceedingly limited, since in a letter, written by the former at this time to his son, occurs the following passage: "I would willingly procure you a good hat if I could but, at present have no other way than buying at Burlington [N. Y.] and settling for it out of the next proceeds of that farm. Could you get one in that way, not exceeding five dollars in value, you have my liberty." Long, however, before the articles of apprenticeship had expired, he was transferred to a wider field.

Previous to the year 1811 the county of Herkimer had been one of the strongest democratic counties in the state—a character which it retained until within a recent period. A democratic newspaper had for several years been published in the village of Herkimer, and the prominent federalists of the county were anxious to have a paper that would be published in accordance with their political creed. With this view a subscription was started, and a sum, of the moderate amount of about seven hundred dollars, was raised for the purpose of establishing a federal newspaper. A press and types were procured, and Colonel Prentiss came over to Herkimer to put the materials in order and to publish the paper. In due time *The Herkimer American* appeared, and was for a few weeks conducted by Colonel Prentiss in person. Having fairly started the paper he returned to Cooperstown, leaving it under the direction of his brother. The latter, however, proved not a prudent manager, and after a time, Mr. Stone, then a journeyman printer, was sent over as a laborer in the office at Herkimer, and as an assistant to the nominal conductor of the paper. It was not long, however, after his arrival at Herkimer, before the entire management of the paper was entrusted to him; Mr. Thurlow Weed,¹ then a journeyman printer, being sent

¹ Mr. Weed was at this time a democrat. It happened that just before an election—there being no democratic printing press within several miles—Mr. Weed asked of Mr. Stone the privilege of using his press to strike off the democratic tickets. This was good humoredly granted by the federalist editor; and the entire night was spent by the democratic apprentice in striking off tickets and handbills. Mr. Weed was paid for his night's work five dollars, which, he often remarks with pardonable pride, was the first five dollars he ever earned.

over from Cooperstown by Colonel Prentiss to assist in the labor of the office. He remained in the paper as subordinate to Mr. Prentiss for a year, when he was enabled, in 1813, to purchase from him his entire interest in it, which was then published under his own name as proprietor and editor. It was, however, at first, up hill work. "As to your pecuniary embarrassments," his father wrote to him, at this time, "I expected you must meet and do with them as well as you can. This is always the case when people enter into business without the requisite means or sufficient capital; and to you it must be but a poor consolation to be informed that I can afford no pecuniary aid whatever. However, you must faithfully husband all the means you can attain to, and use strict economy, diligence and attention to your business if you wish to succeed." That he did succeed is evident from the fact that within a year after the above was written, he was able to meet all his notes to Mr. Prentiss in full.

"Mr. Stone was at this time," writes the venerable Lauren Ford, who knew him well, "a young man, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world, but, at this early period, evincing the possession of those qualities and characteristics which subsequently conducted him to distinction among the prominent newspaper editors of the country. A cheerful, buoyant, and social temper, a resolution that courageously encountered and overcame difficulties that sometimes appeared insurmountable, an ardent desire to improve himself by reading the best authors that were within his reach, and by associating with persons of education and intelligence—accompanied by a character for personal honesty and integrity that never in his after life was called in question—these were the prominent characteristics of the inexperienced young man of whom I am writing. His industry, also, in whatever he undertook was remarkable. On entering his printing office a visitor would find him with his coat off, his sleeves rolled up above his elbows, either at the case distributing a stick of types, or at the old fashioned Ramage press, at one time pulling the *devil's tail*, and at another distributing ink upon the form with the *rolls*—then the only method of performing this part of a printer's business."

In his endeavors to fit himself for the profession which he had chosen he was also greatly aided by his father. In their corre-

spondence at this time, passages often occur of which the following are fair samples: "When you write, always be plain, precise, and exact in your expressions, and labor after accuracy of thought, and a neat arrangement of words. While a shortness of hand is really important and useful, grammatical precision is highly interesting to a young man in your business and employ. Two or three of your papers have come to hand. They are, at least, as good as I expected, if not better. Some little inaccuracies of spelling were discovered (perhaps the fault of the compositors), but none of them of any real importance, and such I have frequently found in the *Spectator* and other city papers. I am very much pleased to hear of your good usage and real contentment where you reside, and the entire confidence which they place in you. Endeavor to merit and not abuse that confidence in all your conduct, life, and actions; and labor by a discreet, friendly and upright behavior to command the esteem of all good men." In another letter, also, from his father at this period occurs the following passage: "Permit me to observe in the 'obituary' of the last *American*, you say, 'accidentally terminated his existence'—an epithet employed to convey an idea of chance in respect to man's final end and cessation of being. Accident, meaning strictly chance, can never be with God who pervadeth and disposeth all things for his own glory according to his own pleasure. To terminate, also, signifieth to bound, limit by a goal or end; and *terminate existence* can never be admitted with those who hold to the immutability of man before God, and the immutability of the human soul. The foregoing remarks have been offered to impress you with the importance of extreme precision in the use of words and phrases you may choose. No one but yourself will see these strictures, and by them I intend you good."¹

Connected with his first assuming the responsibility of editorship

¹ In another letter his father writes—"I remarked in a late number of your paper a piece extracted from the *Halcyon Luminary*, published in New York. This little piece of verse was very equivocal and faulty, being founded upon an ambiguous translation of a period at or near the time of St. John. The critical scholar would fault the translation as erroneous, and the sentiment of the verse as much more. You will do well to be cautious how and what extracts you may make from this or any work, which, under the special pleas of uncommon religious benevolence and spiritual penetration into the arcana of revelation, is covertly undermining Christianity, and intentionally laboring to bring into disrespect the whole Christian economy."

is an incident which is still remembered in the Mohawk valley. "I have a distinct recollection," writes Mr. Ford, "of the first specimen of Mr. Stone's own composition that he ever published in his paper. The occasion was as follows: The mails between Utica and Albany were then carried in the old fashioned stage wagons of Jason Porter, and two days were spent in making the trip between the two points. A single bag of very moderate dimensions contained the mail for all the intermediate post offices, and was opened at every office on the road. The whole contents of the mail bag were emptied upon a table or upon the floor of the office, and the package for the particular office selected. The remaining packages were then returned to the bag, which was sent forward to the next town in the stage wagon. Great irregularities and carelessness were said to exist in the management of the post office at Utica — packages were missent or mislaid; the mail bag was sent off without being locked, and other grievances were also alleged.

"In regard to this state of things Mr. Stone wrote a brief article occupying a few lines in the paper. Before it was published the editor came to the office, in which I was then a student, to consult me on two points, first, in regard to the literary execution of the article, and secondly, respecting the matter which it contained. The tone and manner of the piece were decidedly spicy and trenchant. Upon enquiry I was assured that every statement of fact contained in it was substantially true, and could easily be proved to be so. I therefore advised him to publish it, and the next number of the *Herkimer American* contained the important article. It occupied a space of fifteen or twenty lines. Such was the humble commencement of the literary and editorial career of Mr. Stone. The sequel is worth mentioning.

"A few days after this publication Mr. Stone received a letter from a distinguished lawyer, written in behalf of the Utica postmaster, complaining, in very decided tones, of the libellous character of the article, demanding a retraction of the charges, and an apology for the publication; and concluding with a threat of a prosecution for the libel unless these demands were promptly complied with. Here was a dilemma. The young editor was alarmed, and again came to me for assistance. Upon making more particular enquiry

respecting the matters stated in the obnoxious article, I was again assured by the editor that every matter of fact stated was strictly true, and could be proved with ease beyond doubt or cavil. I accordingly again advised Mr. Stone to prepare and publish a second article, reiterating what had been stated in the first, and challenging the Utica postmaster to commence his threatened prosecution without delay. According to this advice a second article was published. Prudence prevailed in the councils at Utica, and the threatened prosecution was never commenced." Perhaps it was in reference to this incident that his father at this time wrote him a friendly word of caution. "You write, my son, with a pen dipped in vinegar. Whatever you propose to effect in this way cannot be very flattering to the cause of humanity or advance social good in the community. I think you must soften down, if not entirely leave this sarcastic and satirical way of writing."

Another incident, connected with his residence at Herkimer, deserves mention, as illustrating the difficulties encountered in those early days, in obtaining news for the press.

During the last war with Great Britain the route of the present Central rail road, through the state, was that through which intelligence from the army and navy on the northern and western frontier of the United States was transmitted to Albany and Washington. A very great anxiety to learn the news pervaded all classes of citizens. The transmission of intelligence was slow, and not unfrequently a week would elapse after an event occurred at Buffalo, before it would be known in Albany. Mr. Stone was in the habit of watching the arrival, at Herkimer, of the stage from the west, and while the driver was changing his horses the editor was busily employed in obtaining from the passengers such information, respecting affairs on the frontier, as appeared to be authentic. In a few hours a *Herkimer American Extra* would appear, containing in a very few lines all the intelligence that he had collected. These *Extras* were very much sought after, and were freely distributed through the post office and otherwise in the various parts of the country. The arrival of the stage at Herkimer from the west was quite irregular in point of time; and the editor has been frequently known to spend

a great part of the night at the stage office, waiting for the arrival of the stage, to obtain the desired information.

Mr. Stone continued the publication of the *Herkimer American* until the year 1814, when he sold his interest in the establishment to Mr. Edward P. Seymour, and removed to Hudson, having purchased the *Northern Whig* in that city, of which he immediately became the editor.

While residing at Hudson he married a daughter of Rev. Francis Wayland of Saratoga Springs, and sister of Rev. Dr. Wayland, late president of Brown University—a lady highly gifted, and of cultivated understanding, whose tastes and sympathies were peculiarly in harmony with his own. In all his literary labors she was his associate, counselor and companion; and it was a frequent remark of his, that he never considered any work finished until it had received her approving smile. She was also a woman of truly Christian principles, and, in this respect, her influence over her husband and all around her, was felt as the dew—watering, refreshing, and making green the barren places of life.

After remaining in Hudson for two years he sold out and removed to Albany, having purchased the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, which was united with the *Albany Gazette*, published by Websters & Skinners. While thus employed an incident occurred, which is thus related by Hammond in his *Political History of New York*. “William L. Stone was then the conductor of the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, a leading federal paper. It was known to us all, that Colonel Stone, although a federalist, was a decided friend to Governor Clinton, and was determined, when he could do so with effect, to devote his paper to his support. There were at that time, as there had been before and have since been, many persons in attendance on the legislature as agents to procure charters for banking and other companies. Mr. Sharpe, of New York, and several other Bucktail members, took it into their heads to deliver several severe philippics against the lobby, expressing their suspicions that these agents would attempt to corrupt the members of the legislature. Mr. James O. Morse, a respectable lawyer from Otsego county, since first judge of that county, a keen, sarcastic writer, and who himself occasionally visited Albany for the purpose of procuring a charter for the Central bank, wrote a

communication tending to ridicule Mr. Sharpe and others, on account of the apprehensions they affected to entertain of the danger of bribery and corruption by the lobby. Mr. Morse, among other things, proposed, in his communication, that a wall should be erected around the Capitol, so strong and high as to secure Mr. Sharpe and his friends from the apprehended danger of an attack from the lobby. This article appeared in Colonel Stone's paper; the suggestion I have mentioned being the most offensive part of it. Colonel Stone usually attended the senate to report the proceedings of that body for his own paper.¹ Mr. Hart was pleased to consider this good natured paragraph intended to take off some of the leading Buck-tails of the assembly, as a contempt of the senate, and forthwith moved a resolution that William L. Stone be excluded from the bar of the senate. Mr. Hart soon found that such a resolution would not be approved by that body, and therefore requested that it might lay on the table; but at the instance of Colonel Stone Mr. P. R. Livingston soon afterward, highly to his credit, called for the consideration of the resolution, and Mr. Stone, though he declined disclosing the name of the author of this treasonable article, having assured the president of the senate that he did not intend, by its publication, to treat either branch of the legislature disrespectfully, it was unanimously decided that no farther proceedings should be had in the matter. Here was a causeless attack made upon a newspaper editor; in principle wrong, because its tendency was to abridge the liberty of the press, and also to convert a friend into an enemy, with no other object than to gratify the personal pique of the man."

After working faithfully in Albany for two years Mr. Stone settled with his employers, they turning over to him all their bad debts for pay, amounting in all to six thousand dollars. In a few days he found that the men whose notes he held had all failed. "Yesterday," he wrote to his father, "I thought I was worth six thousand dollars. to-day not a cent; but he who feeds the ravens when they cry will certainly feed his children." Though rendered utterly destitute by the dishonesty of his employers, he kept up good courage; and it was not long before an opening appeared. In 1819 he removed to

¹ Mr. Stone, it is believed, was the first reporter admitted by the courtesy of both branches of the legislature within the bar, for the purpose of reporting their proceedings.

Hartford, and succeeded Theodore Dwight in the editorship of the *Hartford Mirror*—a newspaper distinguished, during the earlier years of its existence, for its vigilant and spicy vindication of federalism. At the time, however, that Mr. Stone assumed its management, federalism had received its death blow. In the mind of the masses it had become tainted with a tendency to monarchy and a sympathy for England—suspicions which, it must be confessed, appeared to have foundation in the conduct of some of its leaders, especially John Adams. The latter, after becoming the candidate of the federalists, went over to the opposition. The son, John Quincy, followed the example of the father; Burr had killed Hamilton in a duel, and had subsequently sunk into contempt, besides proving treacherous and unreliable—and in addition to all this, the election of Oliver Wolcott in 1817 as democratic governor of Connecticut—the strong hold of federalism—completed its overthrow. This being the complexion of affairs, at the time of Mr. Stone's assuming the editorial charge of the *Mirror*, that paper became for a time—while the scattered *debris* of the old parts were consolidating themselves into a new one—more of a literary than a political organ. The two years he spent in Hartford were, therefore, taken up in the quiet pursuits of literature. Under his auspices a literary club was formed, composed of J. M. Wainwright (the bishop), S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley), Isaac Toucey, S. H. Huntington and others—each of whom took turns weekly in editing a magazine, called the *Knights of the Round Table*. “Mr. Stone,” writes the Hon. Isaac Toucey, “was Sir Lancelot Longstaff, and the president of the club, and was the life and soul of it.”

In the spring of 1821 he succeeded Mr. Zachariah Lewis in the editorship of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, becoming at the same time one of its proprietors. During the earlier years of connection with the *Commercial*, that paper was enriched with many gems from the pens of Lucretia Davidson, Percival and Sands, with the latter two of whom Mr. Stone was on terms of close intimacy.¹ Indeed, the last finished composition of the lamented Sands was a

¹ Percival, as is well known, was very eccentric, even if he was not at times deranged. He was more free in communications to Mrs. Stone than to most, perhaps to any one. He was subject to deep dejection; and when he was quite “in the depths,” he would come to her, usually spending several days at the house; but he came and went suddenly.

poem in the *Commercial*—*The Dead of 1832*. This appeared but a few days before his death. "By a singular coincidence," says Mr. Verplanck in his elegantly written sketch of the poet, "he chose for his theme the Triumphs of Death and Time over the illustrious men who had died in the year just closing—Goethe, Cuvier, Spurzheim, Bentham and Walter Scott; Champollion, 'who read the mystic lore of the Pharaohs;' Crabbe, the poet of poverty; Adam Clarke, the learned methodist—a goodly company, whom he himself was destined to join before the year had passed away."

Shortly after assuming the editorial chair of the *Commercial* his sympathies were strongly elicited in behalf of the Greeks in their struggles for independence. He was among the first who drew the attention of Americans to that people; and, perhaps, did more than any other man in New York state to awaken public sympathy in their behalf, and make that sympathy really useful to them and their

One morning, upon coming down to breakfast, she found, instead of *him*, the following piece of poetry. It was on her plate; and he was not seen or heard of for some time afterward.

MUSINGS AT THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND.

In the midst of my troubles and pain
I welcome this fav'rite retreat.
Unmolested I here can attain
A solitude quiet and sweet.
No troublesome visitor calls,
No modest enquirers perplex,
No insolent gazers appall,
No official civilities vex.

'Tis no place for repining or sighs,
No murmurings fall on the ear,
Duty teaches the blessing to prize,
Shed for *others'* misfortune the tear,
Love, peace, and benevolence meet
In union delightful and rare,
While religion provides them a sweet
To mix in the cup of their care.

You may call this a fanciful dream
And say it exists not in life,
You may tell me mortality's stream
Is ever with concord at strife.
But God, as if willing to show
His blessing can quiet the stream,
Has here made it peacefully flow,
And experience has proved it no dream.

To Mrs. Stone: by Percival.

cause. There was, however, no material aid in men or money sent to Greece during the first two years of the war. This arose, probably, from the fact that at this time the Greeks were in no need of assistance. Fighting with enthusiasm and upon their own soil, they had beaten off the Turkish hordes and cleared most of the country of their oppressors. In 1824, however, affairs wore a different hue. Byron had just died, and the dark days of the revolution had begun. The Egyptian vizier had responded to the appeals of the sultan; and his son, Ibrahim Pasha, landing an organized and regular army on the Peloponesus, swept everything before him. In less than two years the Greeks were driven from the plains and all the open country to the caves and recesses in the mountains, retaining only here and there a fortress. As it was a war without quarter, every one fled, for surrender was death to every man and dishonor to every freeman. Two seasons brought them to the point of starvation. Their vines had been pulled up; their olive trees burned; their fields desolated; their flocks slain and eaten; snails and sorrel were their only food, and the only alternative left was starvation or submission, on the part of the Greeks; guerilla bands alone hovered around the flanks and rear of the invading hosts. At this point Dr. Samuel G. Howe, urged by a pure philanthropy, set out for Greece. After experiencing many vicissitudes, and languishing for several months in a Prussian dungeon, he at length landed upon the Peloponesus alone, from an Austrian vessel going to Smyrna. As there was, however, no organization among the Greeks, he could do nothing, and accordingly returned to the United States to get help. On his arrival at Boston he found that Greek committees, under the lead of Edward Everett, were already formed; and after doing what he could to organize efforts for raising and forwarding supplies, he came to New York at the solicitation of Mr. Stone, with whom he had been for a long time in correspondence. Mr. Stone now threw himself heartily into the good work. He roused the public through the press; issued stirring appeals for aid; depicted in vivid colors the sufferings of the Greeks; and got up private meetings of wealthy men, at which large subscriptions were obtained.

After doing all that could be done in the city he accompanied Dr. Howe upon a tour up the Hudson river, and through the western

towns of the state, preaching a sort of crusade for the relief of Greece. "He loved to talk," writes Dr. Howe, "in a good cause; and he did talk most effectually on this tour. On the boats; in the coaches; in the hotels; on the side-walks, he talked to everybody about Greece, and interested them by his earnest and eloquent pleadings. He was a man who cared little about manner, and therefore seemed at first *brusque* and abrupt; but he had such a genial smile, such a loving look, that everybody trusted him at sight, and liked him upon acquaintance. We held public meetings at many large towns, and here, as by the wayside, he pleaded earnestly for the suffering Greeks."

The general results are well known. Large amounts of grain, flour, clothing and money were obtained, forwarded and distributed among the starving people of Greece, which, by the immediate relief thus brought, and by the moral support thus given, at the most critical period of the Greek revolution, helped materially to aid the cause.

The *Commercial Advertiser*, which had always been the organ of the federalists, became, under the management of Mr. Stone, a staunch advocate of the principles of the Clintonians. A strong personal friendship for Mr. Clinton, on the part of its editor, together with a firm conviction of the necessity for a canal through the interior of New York state, led to the position thus assumed. The trials and rebuffs experienced by Governor Clinton and his supporters in pushing the canal project, and the energy which fought it through to a successful termination, are matters of history. The Erie canal was completed in the fall of 1825. At ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-sixth of October of the same year the first canal boat left Buffalo, having on board Governor Clinton; and the booming of cannon, placed at intervals of a few miles along the entire line of the canal from Buffalo to Albany, and thence along the banks of the Hudson to Sandy Hook, announced the successful termination of the enterprise. In New York city, especially, this event was celebrated by extraordinary civic and military ceremonies; and the citizens gave themselves up to the wildest demonstrations of joy. Mr. Stone, as one of the most zealous champions of the canal, was appointed to write the narrative of the CELEBRATION;—receiving a silver

medal and box from the common council of New York city, together with the thanks of that body.¹

In connection with the Erie canal, and its influence in building up the interior towns of the statè, Mr. Stone was wont to relate the following anecdote: In 1820 he visited Syracuse with Joshua Forman, the founder of that city, and one of the earliest and most zealous friends of the Erie canal. "I lodged for the night," says Mr. Stone, "at a miserable tavern, thronged by a company of salt-boilers from Salina, forming a group of about as rough looking specimens of humanity as I had ever seen. Their wild visages, beards thick and long, and matted hair even now rise up in dark, distant and picturesque effect before me. It was in October, and a flurry of snow during the night had rendered the morning aspect of the country more dreary than the evening before. The few houses I have already described, standing upon low and almost marshy ground, and surrounded by trees and entangled thickets, presented a very uninviting scene. 'Mr. Forman,' said I, '*do you call this a village?* It would make an owl weep to fly over it.' 'Never mind,' said he in reply, '*you will live to see it a city yet.*'" Mr. Stone did, indeed, live to see it a city, when he wrote the above in 1840, with mayor and aldermen, and a population of more than twelve thousand.

Nor was Syracuse the only town that vindicated the wisdom of Clinton and Forman. In the fall of 1829 Mr. Stone made a tour of the towns and villages in the central part of the state, partly for recreation, but more especially for the purpose of observing for himself the great impetus given to internal improvement by the canal. Familiar, however, as he had been for the last four years with the progress which had been making, he was scarcely prepared for the signs of growth and prosperity which met him on every side. His amazement is pictured in a few extracts here given from the diary kept by him on this journey.

"Between five and six o'clock we entered Utica, which, nine years ago, the period of my last visit to it, ranked only as a flourishing village. It had now grown as if by magic to the dimensions of a large city; and it was with utter amazement that I beheld the long

¹ Mr. Stone's narrative of the celebration was published by the common council under the title of **THE GRAND ERIE CANAL CELEBRATION**, accompanied by a memoir of the great work by Cadwallader D. Colden.

streets and rows and blocks of large beautiful country seats, stores and dwellings through which our coach conveyed us in driving to the lodgings I had selected. I had heard much of the march of improvement in Utica, since the completion of the GRAND CANAL, but I had no idea of the reality. Rip Van Winkle himself, after his thirty years' nap in a glen of the Katsbergs, was not more amazed than I was at the present aspect and magnitude of this beautiful place. Baggs' Hotel, to which I directed my driver, was in the very heart of the village, and the centre of business at the period of my last visit. Now it was quite in the suburbs. The houses were then scattered though some were spacious and elegant; but now they are closely-built, lofty and spacious, and the length of some of the streets, like New York, begin to look like a wilderness of bricks. After dinner, sent my card to my old Hartford friend, Elizur Goodrich Esq., now settled in this place, and we were soon honored with a call from himself and wife.

"*Sunday, Sept. 20.* A cold and cheerless day, during most of which the rain descended in torrents. Attended the Rev. Mr. Aikin's church in the morning, but heard the Rev. Mr. Frost, of Whitesboro', on the *Unchangeableness of God*. It would have been a good sermon had the preacher stopped when he had done his best, but its effect was killed by its length. The church itself is a new and noble structure, finished with great taste and elegance, and planned with the utmost convenience. A fine organ added its full rich tones to the music of an excellent choir; and, considering the inclemency of the weather, the audience was a far more numerous and genteel one than could have been collected on a similar day in the city of New York. The original settlers of this place began right in laying the foundation of their society. They forgot not because they were pioneers, that they were gentlemen. Hence a cultivated society sprang up which continues to this day.

"*Monday, Sept. 21.* Called upon a few friends, General Ostram, R. R. Larking Esq., Ezekiel Bacon Esq., and some others, and talked of politics and anti-masoury. Visited a new museum, containing one or two dried alligators, a few worm-eaten snakes, and a number of wretched daubs in the shape of portraits, &c. Poor John Quincy Adams and Harry Clay! Never have the wicked cannibal

Jackson men abused you half as much as the cold-blooded artist has done! The other parts of the collection were miserable enough. From the top of the building, however, I enjoyed a glorious view of the whole village and the surrounding country for many miles. What a beautiful country!

“*Tuesday, Sept. 22d.* Arrived at Syracuse at half past ten o'clock, and had the unexpected pleasure of being greeted on landing by my old and highly valued friend Seth Hunt, a gentleman of extensive travel and vast general information. I looked about upon the village as I stepped on shore with still more astonishment than at Utica. Another enchanted city, I exclaimed, as I glanced upward and around upon splendid hotels, and rows of massive buildings in all directions—crowded, too, with people, all full of life and activity. The prediction of my friend Joshua Forman, when I was here nine years ago, is already realized. For if noble ranges of buildings, two or three large and tasteful churches, busy wharves and streets, and all the life and animation of a large commercial place will constitute a city, then, most assuredly, Syracuse may be called by that name. And as the county buildings, now erecting upon an extensive scale, have been located midway between Salina and Syracuse, the two towns will be soon united, as Greenwich now is to New York. Within twenty years, therefore, Syracuse will equal the present size of Albany. Salt of the best quality can here be produced, at the cheapest rate, for the whole continent.”

Leaving Syracuse Mr. Stone visited successively the pleasant villages of Marcellus, Skaneateles, Auburn and Lyons, the rapid growth of which surprised him scarcely less than had Utica and Syracuse. His enthusiasm for the canal, however, evidently was confined more to its effects upon the country than to any special love for it as a mode of conveyance. At least such is the inference from the adventures of a night passed on the canal packet between Auburn and Lyons—thus humorously noted in his diary. “After snatching a hasty supper we were compelled to crowd ourselves into the narrow accommodations of a merchant's boat. We passed a night uncomfortable enough for anybody, but of absolute wretchedness for poor S——. The cabins were too small to turn round in, the beds dirty, and the passengers very good for *universal*

suffrage folks—all Jackson men, as the color of their shirt collars abundantly attested. Fleas and bed-bugs are as fond of us as they are our utter aversion; and the moment we entered the cabin they collected to feast upon our blood from every part of the boat. Poor S——, she suffered as much penance as the holiest Catholic father could have imposed upon the veriest heretic in Christendom.” Their arrival, however, at Lyons the next morning soon dissipated all unpleasant recollections. “This village, too,” continues the diary, “was all but a wilderness at the period of my last visit; now it has grown into considerable importance. It is the shire town of Wayne county, and in addition to a number of shops and stores and the county buildings, it contains many respectable and some elegant residences. Among the latter is the seat of Myron Holley Esq., formerly one of the leading and most able and efficient of our canal commissioners, whose names will be perpetuated as long as the lakes and the ocean are connected by the golden commercial chain forged under the direction of the great Clinton. Mr. Holley showed me through his grounds; and I was much surprised to find one of the richest and most beautiful gardens that I had ever seen. It contains something like six or eight acres, which was woodland, I presume, at the time of my visit in 1820. Now it was elegantly laid out and cultivated, and planted with fruit trees, plants, shrubs and vines in rich variety and profusion. The size to which cherry, peach, pear and plum trees, quince bushes, to say nothing of the beautiful shade trees in the lawn, had attained since this land was appropriated to its present purpose was truly wonderful. Cherry and apple trees, planted eight years since, now measure ten and thirteen inches in diameter, and every vegetable seems to flourish in this genial soil with the same unequal vigor and thrift. * * * H. is a gentleman of high intellectual powers, of fine education and extensive acquirements. Latterly he has turned his attention to horticultural pursuits for his amusement, and already his labors have been most *fruitful*. Every thing upon his premises is disposed in the most admirable order, and according to the most correct principles of taste and beauty.”

Rochester, however, seems to have completed his astonishment.

“*Friday, Oct. 2d.* And this is Rochester! The far famed city of the west, which has sprung up like Jonah’s gourd! Rochester,

with its two thousand houses, its elegant ranges of stores, its numerous churches and public buildings, its boats and bridges, its huge mills of stone like so many castles, its lagoons, quays, manufactories, arcades, museums, everything—all standing where stood a frowning forest in 1812. Here I am, near the very spot, where, in a thick wood, my namesake, Enos Stone, in the autumn of 1811, had a remarkable fight with an old she bear, which, in anticipation of the present doctrines of Tammany Hall, was carrying out the agrarian principle by sharing his little patch of corn.”

Before leaving the Genesee valley he tarried a few days at the picturesque village of Geneseo. Here he found his old and highly cherished friend, James Wadsworth, the father of the late lamented General Wadsworth. In the diary a glimpse is given of the old patriarch and his home.

“This town was first settled by William and James Wadsworth, who were, I believe, its principal proprietors. They removed hither in the year 1790. Lands being cheap, and they, being gentlemen of sagacity, who foresaw the rapid growth of the country in no distant perspective, were enabled to accumulate splendid estates. The former, General William Wadsworth, served with his militia command upon the Niagara frontier during the last war with England, and acquitted himself with gallantry. He died several years since. Mr. James Wadsworth yet survives in a green old age, the patriarch of the Genesee country. The whole valley of the Genesee was studded with Indian towns when the white men made their advances thither, and the country was full of Indians when he planted himself down among them. His mansion—the abode of refinement and elegant hospitality—is finely situated at the southern extremity of the principal street of the village, embosomed in groves of ornamental trees, thickly sprinkled among which are the elm, locust and willow, and looking out upon a princely domain of his own, including a broad sweep of the flats. Mr. Wadsworth is a gentleman of cultivated mind and taste. He has traveled in Europe, where he selected a fine library, and being a student as well as philosopher, he is spending the evening of his days in elegant repose. Adjacent to his mansion is a large garden rich with every description of fruit which the climate will allow, and adorned with flowers of every variety and class of beauty.

Well was the beautiful situation of its estimable possessor chosen; nor can memory revert back upon its charming position without recalling also the lines of the poet, describing the rural seat of Pliny in Switzerland:—

“ This calm retirement virtuous Pliny chose;
 Within these groves he sought and found repose,
 When, sickening with the vulgar toils of life,
 The courtly homage, the forensic strife,
 He left the world which triflers hold so dear,
 And joyous sprang to feast on nature here.”

While upon this journey he wrote a series of letters to the *Commercial* over the signature of Hiram Doolittle Jr. Two of these are introduced in this connection for the purpose, both of showing the good humored raillery that he could adopt on occasion, and of giving a glimpse of the political views of the writer, who, as the reader may have already surmised from portions of the diary just quoted, was a strong anti-Jackson man. Some of the allusions contained in them may have faded from the minds of a younger generation, though doubtless many will still be remembered. The first letter, which is here quoted, appeared in the *Commercial* of October 2d, 1829, prefaced by a paragraph from the playful pen of Sands, who, during the absence of Mr. Stone, had charge of the paper.

“ It is dangerous, in conducting a public journal, to take notice of the productions of promising young writers. If you give them an inch they will take an ell; and if you could let them have their own way they would fill your columns with nothing but their own lucubrations. As an instance of this, we may mention the following communication from Hiram Doolittle Jr., whose virgin effort, in the printed way, we were unlucky enough to copy in our columns some weeks since. We give him a place now, partly out of respect to his awful impudence, and partly because his matter is good; though his manner might be improved, by a sedulous attention to the criticisms of our friend of the *National Gazette*. And, above all other things, let him eschew politics. If he expects to rise in the literary firmament let him avoid tying political crackers to the skirts of his coat. We have a great regard for Duff Green and Amos Kendall, and a property in them. They are not yet quite used up.

Amos has published another letter which we have looked for anxiously, but have not found among our files. Hiram must not interfere with our exclusive business."

Letters from Mr. Doolittle.

WESTERN REGION, Oct. 2, 1829.

Gentlemen Editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* and *New York Spectator*—for I believe you hail from both the news-boats which sail under these titles: As you have printed the hasty piece of scribblement which I sent to the Cooperstown paper a few days ago, for want of something better, and brains to make it, no doubt, I presume you will jump at the chance of having something *original* from me, albeit "a young and inexperienced writer." Not that I exactly relished your criticism about "style," and epithets, and all that sort of thing, or that I can expect to be more of an editor than I am now, as you predict I may be, when I get to writing as well as Queen Anne did. But still there is so much about your paper that I like, that I had determined to *favor* you with my correspondence for a short time, before I saw how you had *honored* me. I like the manner in which you support the present administration. Your defence of Amos, from the calumnies of the coalition, is very beautiful; and your occasional encomiastic allusions to Duff, absolutely killing. These gentlemen are particular friends of mine. You will recollect, if you ever read the *Pioneers*, that my worthy father, the primitive architect of Cooperstown, emigrated from thence westwardly—following the poet's "star of empire." In his progress he became the principal architect of all the successive villages which sprung up with the onward march of emigration; and he is now, in a ripe old age, superintending the erection of a capitol at *Indianapolis*, the seat of government of the state, which furnishes the first four syllables of this name, at once so classical and beautiful. It was in the west, therefore, that I became acquainted with the illustrious patriots named above. I saw Amos at the time Mrs. Clay sent her carriage to take him to her house, when he was sick, as she was in duty bound to do; but I must say, in candor, that I don't believe he had much money about him then, although in his pathetic apostrophe to the stones and trees of New Hampshire, he solemnly averred that he had seven-

teen dollars and fifty cents left, or something like that sum, after paying for his new jacket and trowsers. I knew Duff, also, very well. I saw him when he started for the Council Bluffs with that drove of cattle, which some people have been wicked enough to insinuate were sold by him to the Indians, and afterwards paid for by the government, under the pretext that they were taken from him by force. But that is neither here nor there. He hacked, and drew a bee-line soon afterwards. But perhaps you don't know what this last sentence means? Indeed! A pretty brace of critics you must be, to talk about Queen Anne's writing and not know the pure English of your own country! To "*hack and draw a bee-line*" then, means to turn round and clear out straight. For this act, however perhaps Duff was not so much to blame, as there was no doubt "a smart sprinkle of bears" in that region, and "a heap of Indians" besides. And some of the latter might perhaps have "knocked out the chunking, and let day light through him." At fault again? Well: I see you are not up to the march of mind after all your reading about Queen Anne;—and so I will enlighten you a small matter. Suppose, now, a "Riproarer" of Kentuck should ride up to the door of a "young earthquake," on the Red River— or, in other words, suppose, before Amos and Duff came to Washington to administer the government for General Jackson, that Amos should have called at the shanty of Duff in Missouri for a night's lodging:—Do you think there would have been any such palavering as—"Good evening, Mr. General Green: I am very happy to see you." And:—"Why, how d'ye do my dear Mr. Kendall?" Not at all. The dialogue, if Duff felt in a hospitable mood, would have run thus:—*Amos*. "Holloa, there! Can I *get* to stay with you to-night?" *Duff*. "Well, I reckon." *Amos*. "Then boy, *hang* my horse." *Duff*. "And give him a smart chance of roughness and toat in his plunder."¹ *Amos*. "A smart chunk of a boy, that." *Duff*. "Well, I reckon; but here's the crack honeylove in the gum."² *Amos*. "I don't quite let on to that." *Cætera desunt*. But enough for our lesson. In my next I will commence telling you where I have been,

1 *l. e.*—A large quantity of provender, and take in his baggage.

2 *l. e.*—Smartest child in the cradle, or properly, hollow tree, of which cradles are often made in the new countries. — *Printer's Devil*.

and some things that I have seen, since I left Cooperstown. At present, "I'm not in the humor on't." The fact is, the Oswego stage broke down with me last night; and we had a fearsome time on't, coming down the dug-way of the Irondequoit in the dark. I'd rather whip my weight in wild cats than try the experiment again.

Your friend,

HIRAM DOOLITTLE, Jun.

The next letter opens with a reply to Mr. Sands's squib as follows:

WESTERN REGION, Oct, 12th, 1829.

I guess this is the last letter you will have the honor of receiving from me, unless you mend your manners, or I change my mind. I wrote you what I call a crack letter, and a good long one, the other day, from the falls; but if I had then known how cavalierly you had been treating me, a second time, in your paper of the sixth, I reckon a good thing for once would have got into the *Courier and Enquirer*. A little spot of verdure would have cheered the eye of the disconsolate reader, as it glanced vacantly over that broad Lybian waste of paper. Do you think I am severe upon your enormous neighbor? Ask the good public, which, out in this quarter, has been groaning sine May day, for another Pope to indite another *Dunciad*. But I am losing sight of your honorable selves, whom I had singled out on this occasion for especial castigation.

"A *promising* young writer," you say again. Pray, gentlemen, have I ever *promised* you any thing that I have not performed? If you give these "young writers" an "inch," they will take an "ell" of your room! You ought to be much obliged to me for it, although your dreadful accident-maker may be confined to a more limited space. By the way, the *Journal of Commerce* beats you all in the manufacture of this species of literature. The people who read that paper here, are alarmed when any of their folks go to York, thinking it a sure thing that they will be robbed, and murdered, and torn to pieces at the Five Points.

As to the charge of "awful impudence," I scorn to reply. But there are other parts of your paragraph of the sixth, that I can't dispose of so readily. Not long since you recommended me to study Queen Anne. But I have not been able to find a volume of her

writings in any of the village libraries, and folks looked so plaguy queer at me whenever I ax'd for them, that I began to think I was running against a snag. Last week, however, you directed my attention to the criticisms of your friend of the *National Gazette*, and a pretty kettle of fish you cooked for me. Supposing your advice was friendly meant, as I may say, I went to the Athenæum and looked over all the *National Gazette* papers that I could find; and, having a pretty good memory, I committed all the fine words by heart, and then looked them every one out in the dictionary. The next day I had to go to a convention, to tell them whom Mr. Van Buren wished sent to the legislature, and I thought I might, peradventure, make such a sparkling sort of a speech as Harry Clay used to make before we found out that he hadn't any talents. But as I didn't want to get stuck, and make a fool of myself—the Doolittles have never had a fool in the family yet,—I concluded to lubricate my way with a little rill of eloquence, at the Half Way House. So glancing once more at a number of the *Gazette*, I rode up to the tavern, and addressed the hostler thus:—"Tom," says I, "here, just be so good as to refrigerate my quadruped, by circumambulating him two or three times about this fountain; then permit him to imbibe a moderate quantity of aqueous particles; after which, administer to him proper vegetable nutriment, and inform me what will be considered competent pecuniary satisfaction." The fellow rolled up the white of his eyes and stared at me as though I had been a Sioux chief. Then turning round to the landlord, who was making a gum tickler for a young Virginian who had been to the falls to see Sam Patch jump—"Here," says he, "Mr. Van Hosen, you came from Sopus, and understand Dutch; see what this man wants." "Sir," says I, "I invoke your interposition. Your hostler has manifested oppugnation, and refused to put in practice desires categorically made. Now, sir, I implore you to impart to this trusty steed quantum suff of provender—and then immediately to provide me some alimentary substance, to strengthen nature, cooked over vegetable fuel, as I equally abhor the gaseous effluvia of bituminous carbon, and the sulphureous tincture of anthracite. Remember, also, to furnish an ewer for my lavations, and a copious libation of some grateful stimulus." "Why, what the devil does the fellow mean?" exclaimed

the landlord. "No Dutchman unless it was the Flying one, ever talked in such nine cornered words. He must be the Yankee Turk that we have read of in the papers." At this insinuation I drew a bee line to the next tavern, where, after abusing you and your advice, and the *National Gazette* into the bargain, I had no difficulty in calling for two quarts of oats, some cold victuals, and a glass of whiskey in the old way. And I made a good use of them, I tell you, for I was powerful hungry.

Another of your kind cautions is, that I must keep clear from politics, and also, that I must not meddle with Amos and Duff, because, as you say, you have "a property in them." It is very difficult and pretty impossible for a whole hog Jackson man, like I be, to keep clear of politics, and I don't think it argufies much in behalf of your modesty to tell me to do it. And then as to your having a *property* in Duff and Amos, I can't well deny it, because they have sold themselves several times before. But I had no idea that they would sell out again so soon. Nor do I yet — pardon my "awful impudence" — exactly believe it. If I did — if I were quite sure that Old Nick has given his sanction to the transfer, and assigned his quit-claim over to you, — I should then deal very candidly with you — and say at once, that if you havn't got taken in, you are the first of their purchasers that has escaped. * * * You will please to pardon this break, as I have been interrupted by half a score of gentlemen who come to sue for recommendations to be reformed into the post office department. And now that that sharp sighted Bradley is out of the way I think I shall carry them all. I made a grand reform the other day. It was at the post office in the woods, between Lockport and the Indian village near Lewiston. There were but three houses in the village, one of which was the tavern, and another the post office. These were close together, and the third stood forty or fifty rods off. It was quite a lonesome place, and as the occupant was a "whole hog" man, and the other two coalitionists (who would'nt coalesce in such a place?), I thought it would cheer the poor fellow to reward him. No sooner said than done; and I had the pleasure of stopping there with the mail the other day. I am sorry on the poor fellow's account, that there are no fees derived from the office in this place, as no papers are taken

there ; but there is a maiden lady at the town, who has been expecting a letter from Barkhempstead every week for some time past. One third of the postage, you know, will go to the new post master ; and that will be something.

But as I was saying, about Amos and Duff. You must have been joking when you said you had bought them. Another mail has arrived since I have been hindered. By my letters I reckon I shall be sent for to take hold of the *Telegraph*, as Duff is to be sent out as an *extraordinary* minister to the court of our august ally, king Don Miguel. It was to make a place for Duff, that they received Miguel's minister the other day. I have not decided whether to accept the station as editor yet, as I reckon there is some chance of political preferment hereabouts. Both the masons and anti-masons have been at me to go to the assembly. But they don't catch a weazle asleep so easy. I go with *the* party or not at all. That's the only way to do the thing that's right. There's no mistake. When Constantine is crowned emperor of the new Babylonian kingdom at Constantinople, Amos is to go minister there.

I am afraid that I shall be obliged to write you again ; for I have forgotten most of what I meant to say to you in this.

I am, &c., &c.,

HIRAM DOOLITTLE, Jun.

On his return home, he stopped at Cooperstown to pay a visit to his old friend and master, Colonel Prentiss. The emotions which filled his mind upon revisiting for the first time the spot where he had begun life, and the changes which had taken place, are thus described in the diary before quoted.

“The village had undergone but little change since I had last gazed upon it ; and the general aspect of the scenery was the same. Many new and substantial houses had been erected upon the sites of less commodious and elegant wooden ones ; but the size of the town had not materially increased. There lay the lake, bright, placid and beautiful as ever ; and there rose the crest of the lofty mountain, its sides darkened by the tall evergreens as before ; and there ran the rivulet which swells, as it advances, into the noble and impetuous

Susquehanna. In all directions I met with objects dear to my memory :

“—— Every copse deep tangled,
Each tree irregular, and bush
Were prodigal of harmony.”

There stood the little Episcopal church in which I had first heard the Episcopal form of worship from my venerable friend, and my father's friend, the Rev. Daniel Nash. There, too, had I first seen the rite of confirmation administered by the late venerable Bishop Moore, of New York, whose blessing I had received a few days before, on an introduction by Mr. Nash. And on that hill stood the Presbyterian church, where the Rev. Dr. Isaac Lewis, and after him the Rev. Dr. Neill, now of Philadelphia, had officiated, and in which I had so often, twenty years before, listened with rapture to the glowing and impassioned eloquence of my late lamented friend, Dr. John Chester, of Albany, who is now tuning his golden harp to the praise of that God in Heaven, whose faithful servant he was on earth. O may my latter end be like his!

Among the people I found many of my old friends—many who were really delighted to see me. Many others had fallen asleep. Children, too, had grown up to manhood; and little girls and infants, scarce from their nurses' arms, had grown up, married, and were now settled in life, staid matrons, with as many children as they could well attend to. Time's changes, when occurring daily around us, are passed by almost unperceived. But how numerous and how manifest do they become, on returning to a community from whom you have long been absent for a few years only.

The changes most obvious in this place, however, were in the situation and prospects of the family of the late Judge Cooper, who had been the first distinguished enterprising settler of this country, soon after the close of the revolutionary war. Judge Cooper was the original of the Judge Templeton in the novel of the *Pioneers*, written by the distinguished novelist, his youngest son. He was the founder of the village, and of the country likewise. He died towards the close of the year 1809—leaving five sons and one daughter, heirs of handsome estates. All these were living and in affluent circum-

stances, when I was last in the village. Now four of the sons were dead, and their families left all but destitute. One son (my friend James F. Cooper), distinguished as an author, is now residing in Florence (Italy). To him, the loss of property has probably been of more real advantage, than the money ten times over would have been. It has called forth the slumbering energies of his mind, and given vigor and richness to his imagination, by the exertion of which he has acquired a proud name among the distinguished writers of the age, and added to the literary reputation of his country.

“*Sunday, Oct. 13th.* Attended the Episcopal church in the morning, and heard a sensible discourse from the Rev. Mr. Tiffany, a brother-in-law of my old friend, the Rev. Charles S. Stewart, formerly a missionary to the Sandwich islands, and now absent on a missionary cruize in the Pacific ocean. I met Mr. Tiffany afterwards in society, and was much pleased with him. In the afternoon I attended divine services in the Presbyterian church — Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Smith, the successor of Dr. Chester in 1810.

“*Monday, Oct. 14th.* Took a ride in the morning to Hartwick, with Colonel Prentiss. Occupied the remainder of the day in the interchange of greetings with my old friends and acquaintances.

“*Tuesday, Oct. 15th.* Made a visit with my wife to Burlington, a town ten miles west, in which my father once resided as the settled minister. Several years of my childhood were passed in this town, which was originally poor, and has held its own pretty well. Rode in a gig, and took a circuitous route by way of the Tunnicliffs, the family and settlement of which I have spoken in *A Border Tale*, written for the *Atlantic Souvenir*. This plantation was settled long before the war of the revolution, and within my recollection was a handsome, flourishing place. But alas! The old mansion was burnt down twenty-five years ago — and a poor substitute was erected. The family has run out, and the whole establishment looks ruinous and neglected.

“At Burlington found but few evidences of improvement. Lodged with my father's old friend and family physician, Dr. Richardson, who, with his wife, gave us a hearty welcome. In company with Dr. R. walked a mile to the ancient premises of my father, and strayed for an hour over the fields which I had assisted in clearing

and cultivating; and looked with mingled emotions of pleasure and affection upon the mature and vigorous fruit trees which, many years before, my own hands had planted. Dear are the days of youth! Age dwells fondly on their remembrance through the mists of time. I visited the stump of the old oak, and the only one on the premises; and again stopped beneath the shade of the only pine which, within my recollection, had ever stood upon the farm. Every thing else had changed, but that remained as in the bright and sunny hours of childhood. May the woodman's axe never be raised against it!

"*Wednesday, Oct. 16th.* Returned to Cooperstown and found the yeomanry—'all furnished—all in arms'—that is, arms of some sort.—'Those gallant sons who shoulder guns and twice a year go out a training.' But though it was a field day, and General Morell was prancing about with a brilliantly arrayed staff, surely I never saw so forlorn a regiment on duty. Some had sticks, and some muskets, and some not even a cornstalk, while many were as "ragged as Lazarus." * * * * *

"*Thursday, Oct. 17th.* Rode with Colonel Prentiss, with Mrs. P. and Mrs. S. along the eastern margin of the lake to Springfield, and had an excellent external view of the magnificent seat and beautiful grounds of George Clarke Esq., upon whom I had promised to call, but who was now absent.

"In the evening attended a brilliant party, given in compliment to Mrs. Stone, by Joseph Dottin Husbands Esq., of Hartwick. Mr. Husbands is an English gentleman of education and fine talents. He was formerly secretary of the colonial government at Barbadoes, but has resided here for about twelve or fourteen years. His habits are retired, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman—of a gentleman born and bred. His wife is a very amiable woman. They have a promising son in the study of the law, and two or three charming daughters. The entertainment was sufficiently rich and various, and served in excellent taste. The circle of ladies and gentlemen was numerous and genteel. There was much beauty among the ladies, and the circle of gentlemen embraced considerable learning and intellect. Among other literary gentleman was the Rev. Dr. Hazellius, the learned and excellent principal of the Hartwick Classical school. Mr. Husbands himself appears to excellent advan-

tage in conversation upon every subject. The whole evening's entertainment, intellectual and otherwise, was one of an elevated order, and passed very pleasantly away.

"*Friday, Oct. 18th.* Spent the morning, at the request of Colonel Prentiss, in writing an article for his paper — *The Freeman's Journal*. Dashed off something in the shape of a letter respecting my visit to the village, my reminiscences, &c., and signed it Hiram Doolittle Jr. Lounged the afternoon away — for I can never read to advantage, or write willingly or creditably to myself when out upon a visit.

"In the evening Colonel Prentiss and his wife gave an elegant party in our honor, which was graced by a brilliant circle of ladies and gentlemen. To my regret, Mr. D. Husbands, for whom I have contracted a very strong partiality, was unable to come, though his wife and family were present. The evening passed delightfully off, and, as we were to renew our journey on the following morning, we bade adieu to our friends who were collected on this occasion.

"*Saturday, Oct. 19th.* Rose at five to take the mail coach for Utica. Our friends, Colonel Prentiss and his wife, who had most kindly and hospitably entertained us during the week, were up to bid us a hearty farewell, and we parted with regret."

On his return to New York, Mr. Stone gave his readers the results of this tour in a series of articles — the publication of which confirmed more strongly than ever in the public mind, the forecast and wisdom of the originators and executors of the GRAND ERIE CANAL.

With the completion of the Erie canal, the chief element of cohesion which had held the Clintonians together was dissolved, and the party, as a strong political organization, ceased to exist: — most of its members, including Mr. Stone, becoming the warm supporters of Mr. Adams in his contest with Jackson for the presidency in 1828. The latter, as is well known, was elected; but this result did not diminish the *Commercial's* opposition, nor blunt the keenness of the shafts that it leveled at the administration, unsparingly, till its close.

It was just at this period that the Morgan tragedy, enacted on the north-western border of New York, tore asunder the threads of domestic society, and gave birth to a new political party, composed chiefly of the old Clintonians, and a considerable portion of the

Bucktails. At this point Mr. Stone, who was a "high mason," stepped forth as a mediator, taking, in so doing, a laborious and difficult task. He accordingly addressed a series of letters on Masonry and Anti-masonry to John Quincy Adams, who, in his retirement at Quincy, had taken considerable interest in the Anti-masonic movement — carrying, indeed, his antipathy to secret societies so far, as to exert himself to procure the abolition of certain passwords which formed a part of the ceremonies of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

These letters to Mr. Adams were afterward collected and published in 1832 under the title of *Letters on Masonry and Anti-Masonry*. In this work — which, though perhaps too voluminous, is nervously and elegantly written — the author took the ground that the terrible mysteries of masonry were not such great secrets after all; but so far as an obligation of secrecy had been taken not to divulge the nature of conventional signs and symbols, he was true to his solemn oaths. The conclusion arrived at by the author was, that masonry should be abandoned, mainly because it had lost its usefulness. "If that conclusion," says a masonic reviewer of the work, "should be unfavorable to masonry in the eyes of many, the order is, on the other hand, vindicated from many idle and gross charges brought against it by those who have not understood its nature, and have confounded its uses with its abuses." Thus the memory of many of the illustrious dead was rescued from the imputation of having been connected with a bad and dangerous secret society; and the character of many of the best men now living is also cleared from reproach. In particular the writer, by incontestible facts, cleared away the mists of slander which malice had wreathed around the name of Clinton. In all these objects Mr. Stone was successful; while by preserving strict impartiality, he secured that credence which no *ex parte* argument could obtain, however ingenious.¹ "I shall always consider myself and the public," writes

¹ "During the excitement which succeeded the outrage upon Morgan, Governor Clinton was charged not only with having been privy to, but, as Grand High Priest or Grand Master, with having *commanded* it to be committed, or, which is the same thing, with having directed that the publication of Morgan's book should be suppressed by *any means* and at *all hazards*! Even after the sudden and lamented death of Mr. Clinton, some individuals were base and cruel enough to charge that his death was caused by the goadings of a guilty conscience."—Hammond's *Political History of New York*.

John Quincy Adams, "indebted to you for the time and labor, and far more for the moral firmness and courage devoted to the publication of your book. The propagation of strongly contested truth is always slow, and there has been upon the question of masonry and anti-masonry a singular apathy prevailing in the community."² The book, however, did not have as extensive a circulation as it merited. Its strict impartiality may not, perhaps, have suited the taste of masons or anti-masons, and thus the very circumstances which gave value to the work prevented its popularity.

Upon the *removal of the deposits* by Jackson, in 1834, the Adams party, which had assumed the name of National Republicans became Whigs; and henceforth, until the decease of its editor, the *Commercial* gave an unqualified and a consistent support to the measures of that party. It took an especially active part in the great presidential campaign of 1840, a fact which was not unappreciated by the successful candidate, who, upon assuming the duties of office, tendered its editor, as a mark both of his political and personal friendship, the appointment of minister to the Hague. While the matter, however, was yet in abeyance Harrison died, and Tyler succeeding, the offer was, of course never repeated. Indeed the *Commercial* was always regarded as a kind of political barometer, and its signs were eagerly looked for alike by friend and foe. "I am suffering," writes Daniel Webster to Mr. Stone in one of the playful letters that frequently passed between them, "for want of the *Commercial*. I am, as you know, a good deal given to wandering about, but always hope the *Commercial* may hit me flying."

On the dissolution of the Whig party, in 1856, the *Commercial* became a Republican organ, a position which it could not do otherwise than assume if it would be consistent with its former principles. Mr. Stone always advocated in its columns the abolition of slavery by congressional action as soon as practicable; and at the great anti-slavery convention at Baltimore, in 1825, he originated and drew up the able plan of slave emancipation at that time recommended to congress for adoption. The position occupied by him on the slavery question, which, even at that early day, had become an important political element, will, however, best appear by the follow-

² Manuscript letter, John Quincy Adams to William L. Stone, Oct. 21, 1832.

ing letter written to him at this time by the Hon. Judge Jay. The letter itself seems like a prophecy.

BEDFORD, *Sept. 25th*, 1826.

DEAR SIR: I am persuaded that you will peruse and publish the enclosed correspondence with no ordinary pleasure. The promptness and firmness with which Governor Clinton has interfered, is highly honorable to him, and gives him new claims to the confidence of his fellow citizens.

It must be a source of gratification to yourself, that you have been so instrumental in calling the attention of the public to the iniquitous transaction at Washington, and that you have prepared the way for the repeal of a law, which is a disgrace to our country and an outrage on humanity. We intend to forward a petition to congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The abolition of slavery at the seat of government will, I apprehend, prove more important in its consequences than would at first be supposed; and will do more to remove the curse of slavery from our land, than the Colonization Society will effect in ages. This measure is clearly constitutional, and would interfere with no state rights, and the success of the experiment in the District and the vast advantage which would accrue from the exchange of slave for free labor, would have a powerful influence in mitigating the prejudices to emancipation in the neighboring states. I do not, however, entertain a hope of present, nor a doubt of final success. We shall be defeated, frequently defeated—but every conflict will add to our strength and weaken our opponents. The slave holders dread discussion—it is our part to court it. The attention of the public should be unremittingly directed to this subject. The dictates of religion, the principles of our government, the spirit of the age, and the safety of the republic, all unite in the support of our cause, and afford a sure pledge of a final and glorious triumph. The aid of the press is, however, indispensable, and the friends of liberty and humanity have reason to rejoice that that of *yours* will not be withheld.

I have the honor, Sir, to be

Yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM JAY.

COLONEL WM. L. STONE

Editor of the Commercial Advertiser.

The "enclosed correspondence," to which allusion is made in this letter, is the correspondence held by Governor Clinton with President Adams in reference to the case of Gilbert Horton, a colored man and a free citizen of the state of New York, who, without being charged with any crime, and without any evidence of the falsity of his representations, was imprisoned in the District of Columbia under an old and repealed law of Maryland referring to the recapture of fugitive slaves. Immediately upon hearing of this outrage Governor Clinton applied to President Adams for his release, on the ground that his incarceration in the District of Columbia was unconstitutional in its application to a citizen of New York. Before however, this letter was received, the president, realizing the injustice of the act, gave the negro his liberty. But the excitement which this flagrant act of injustice produced in New York did not so easily subside. Public meetings were held in many places, at which the representatives of the state of New York were requested to use their efforts for an immediate abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The course of the *Commercial* in this matter appears in the following editorial, written by its editor a few days after receiving Judge Jay's letter. Read in the light of recent events, it is interesting as showing the temper of the southern mind at this time.

As long as I have a voice to speak, this question shall never be at rest.—*For.*

Slavery in the District of Columbia.—We have often been taxed with "all uncharitableness" toward our Southern brethren, because we believe the professions of the great majority of the slave holders, of their anxiety to rid themselves of the evil, in the main to be "false and hollow." There are exceptions to this rule we know. There are numbers of good men, who, if they could, we have no doubt would wipe off the dark disgrace of personal slavery from our national character. But these numbers are lamentably few. The great majority of the slave holders cling to their slaves with the tenacity that the drowning man clings to the spar thrown to his relief; and they grasp for more with the same avidity with which they grasp for political power. Else why the angry Missouri question? Why the passion evinced by the southern statesmen, whenever the subject is broached in congress, and of southern editors,

whenever the discussion is attempted in the northern papers? Or why else did the president of the Colonization Society, on a recent occasion, sell some thirty of his spare slaves into the still more dreadful slavery of Louisiana, instead of sending them to the favorite colony on the western coast of Africa? The fact is, these professions, if properly scrutinized, will in the main be found hypocritical, as a thousand facts might be cited to prove. We have another, and a very precious piece of testimony of this sort now before us. The case of Horton, the Westchester resolutions, the tone of the northern press, the intended prosecution of the officers of Washington, and the determination to bring the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia before congress, has attracted their attention. And what do they do? Do they come forward and hail the anticipated freedom of a portion of their fellow men as a measure calculated to relieve themselves of what, when it suits their convenience, they tell us is a curse? No, far from it—so far from it, indeed, that the *Alexandria Gazette* is already discussing the question of obtaining a recession of that part of the District of Columbia back to Virginia—that they may enjoy the precious boon of slavery unmolested! “The measure,” says that journal [of abolishing slavery in that district], “will certainly be agitated, and it is folly to think of suppressing it with a protest, *unless backed by something stronger than mere ink and paper.*” What does the man mean! He surely forgets which party, in the event of an exertion of physical strength, would wield the club of Hercules. But we will not reply further to such language, as we hope it will be long ere such iniquitous threats proceed from the north, and in the mean time we trust the conductors of the southern papers will learn more prudence, if they do not imbibe sounder and more patriotic principles.”

Indeed the precipice toward which the north and south were fast tending, and which finally presented itself in the great rebellion of 1860, was foreseen by the writer of the above, even previous to the time that the great nullifier is generally supposed to have first contemplated secession. This is evident by the following letter written to him in 1829 by Chief Justice Spencer. The letter is given here, as furnishing, in connection with the editorial just quoted, additional historical evidence that principles inimical to the stability of the Federal government were openly avowed at an early day.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18th, 1829.

MY DEAR COLONEL: I have not been unmindful of my promise to write you whenever any thing of an interesting nature arose, and which the papers of the place did not convey to you. You could not expect me to give you the bickerings and tittle-tattle of the metropolis, and as yet I have been unable to learn any thing of a private nature worth a letter. You will ask then why I write you this? Simply to assure you that my engagements are unnumbered. I have also, another motive, which I will briefly explain. Has it not occurred to you that in all probability we shall have, three years hence, a warm contest for the presidency, and that the battle is to be between the *slave and the non-slaveholding states*? That present appearances indicate Mr. Calhoun as the candidate on the one side and Mr. Van Buren on the other? If we are driven to make our selection between these gentlemen, I confess to you that my preferences, at present, are decidedly for the latter. Need I advert to the many strong considerations which induce to this preference? With a man of your acumen this would be a waste of time, and I will, therefore, until I learn your dissent from this view, refrain to urge them. If this be so, will it be wise to keep up prejudices against the man we may be compelled to support? When I say compelled, I mean that sort of political necessity which in fact scarcely leaves a choice.

I hope you know me too well to believe that I will truckle to any man from unworthy motives. If, therefore, I should endeavor by my conduct to assuage prejudices against the *Magician*, it would be on public grounds, and with a perspective view to the state of things in 1832.

You have demolished Mr. Eaton, and he deserved it. Your strictures on the message are severe, but, I confess, just. How long the cabinet will hold together it is impossible to say—at present there are serious feuds. * * * * *

Mr. V. B., it is believed, enjoys the president's utmost confidence, having no wife to come in collision with Mrs. E.

You shall hear from me whenever I have anything material to communicate.

Very sincerely your friend,

A. SPENCER.

COL. WM. L. STONE.

The political horoscope, thus cast by the writer, appeared a year later even more nearly correct—since in a letter from the Hon. Judge Story to Mr. Stone, under date of April 15th, 1830, occurs this passage. “The friends of Van Buren and Calhoun are exceedingly hostile, and each party is playing a double and desperate game. It is understood here that Mr. Calhoun means to put down both Van Buren and the president—and that Mr. Van Buren is laboring to put down Calhoun—and President Jackson too—provided there shall be any chance of his own success.” John Quincy Adams, also, shared in this feeling of uncertainty. “The present aspect of the approaching presidential election,” he writes at this time to Mr. Stone, “differs little from that which I had expected. I very sincerely share in your anxiety for the free institutions, and the union of this country. But the welfare of the people is in their own hands. There seems to me to be, after all, but one very imminent danger impending over us; and that is the issue of the conflict between slave labor and free labor. *The rottenness at the heart of our Union is Slavery.*”

As events, however, ultimately proved, two other candidates were unexpectedly nominated; and although Mr. Clay was defeated by Mr. Jackson, yet both Mr. Stone and Mr. Spencer were saved from the disagreeable alternative either of supporting a pro-slavery candidate, or of giving their votes to one whose political principles they detested.

II

Though an acknowledged political leader, Mr. Stone's attention was very far from being absorbed by the party contentions of the day. He was an efficient member of historical and literary societies both of Europe and America; and while at Hudson, besides his political journal, he edited two literary periodicals, styled the *Lounger*, and the *Spirit of the Forum* which were distinguished for sprightliness and frequent sallies of wit. Subsequently, he furnished a number of tales to the *Annuals*, some of which, with additions, he republished in 1834, under the title of *Tales and Sketches*. Many of the incidents in these, as before hinted, are his own pioneer adventures, while others are founded on traditions respecting the early colonial

history of the United States. One of these tales, written in an exquisitely chaste and beautiful style, is based upon a romantic historical incident in the life of the accomplished and magnificent, but unfortunate Margaret Moncrieffe. The facts were related to the writer by Aaron Burr in one of the many and long conversations held between them upon Revolutionary times. The sketch appears in Miss Leslie's *Gift* for 1836, and is entitled

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Philologists have for ages bewildered themselves in search of the primitive language. As to its origin, the inquiry has long since been given up. Theories have been accumulated upon theories, and systems formed upon systems, but all to no purpose. Like the hitherto fruitless inquiries into the origin of *evil*, ending in the single and lamentable facts, — that no *good* ever came of it, — and that, being in Paradise, Adam fell; so in regard to language, being in Paradise, Adam talked, and Eve, too, beyond a doubt, or her daughters are very unlike her. And yet, even in this most enlightened of all ages, past, present, or to come — notwithstanding the schoolmaster has been abroad so long — the question as to which language is entitled to the honor of primitive formation, is still open for discussion. The Israelite will affirm it to have been the Hebrew, inasmuch as that is the language of the holy writings. But the learned Brahmin will contest the honor for the Sanscrit; while the literati of the Celestial Empire will maintain, with equal pertinacity, that it was spoken by Confucius; and both can fortify their positions with earlier dates than the age of Moses, or even of Abraham. The small cluster of real Iberians, yet retaining their distinctive character in Spain, will declare that it was the Basque. General Vallancy, the antiquarian, would assert, and prove by pages of argument, the Gaelic to have been the original language, derived by the Irish from the Phœnicians. Zeisberger would probably claim the honor for the Delaware; while from his long residence among them, the excellent Heckewelder may have adopted opinions in favor of the Mohawk; and last, though not least, the intelligent inhabitants of Communipaw are understood unanimously to concur in the opinion of Van Gorp, that Adam and Eve sung their morning and evening hymns, and held their sweet colloquial intercourse in low Dutch!

But I care not what was the language first SPOKEN, — whether it

was either of those to which I have referred, or neither,—whether it was the Coptic, or the Berber of Mount Atlas, or the Chickasaw. It is quite evident to my mind, that neither men nor women could have talked until they knew how. Meanwhile, and before they could have invented the mechanical parts of language, or mastered their grammars, some method must have existed by which they could interchange ideas, communicate reciprocally their thoughts, and make known to each other their feelings, their wants and their desires. Hence the language of signs and symbols—the representatives of objects and sounds—retained by the deaf and dumb to this day. Thus we hear of the “language of the eyes;” expressed more fully by the great English dramatist in *Troilus and Cressida*—“There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, nay, her foot speaks.”

Still the question recurs, what was the primitive language, whether of signs or of emblems, since it could not well have been a language of letters? It must have been some process by which the eye operated upon the mind, and, doubtless, very rapidly, or the primitive couple would have made slow work in telling long stories. I cannot admit the priority of the clumsy *ideographic* characters of the Chinese, or the awkward hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. The Mexican picture-writing answered a very good purpose among the subjects of Montezuma; but it has not yet been proved that Paradise was one of the countries desecrated by Fernando Cortes. There must, therefore, have been some method of communicating perceptions, and making ideas pass from mind to mind, since Jemmy Thomson’s conversion of *silence* into an *expressive* language will only answer the purpose on special occasions, and among people accustomed to make a good deal of noise.

After due consideration of the subject, therefore, and taking Milton’s description for my authority, as to what sort of a place the garden of Eden was, I have arrived at the conclusion, that the first understood language was that of the FLOWERS. Time immemorial in the east, the culture and appropriation of flowers, has entered into all their pleasures, their pastimes, and their religion. The bride at the altar, and the warrior in the triumphal procession, were crowned with flowers. Wreaths were twined by the hand of beauty, to grace victorious brows in their games; incense-breathing festoons were hung upon the altars of their divinities; while the victims for

their sacrifices were decorated with chaplets and garlands. The reign of beauty was emphatically that of flowers; and when the most lovely pair in creation suddenly found themselves in the midst of the most ample and luxuriant flower garden that ever bloomed beneath the eye of man, or scattered its dewy odors upon the air, what could have been more natural than that the happy and innocent couple, who had been placed there "to till and dress it," in waking the sweets, and calling forth the beauty of the countless blossoms blushing around them, should have fancied some peculiar expression in every flower, and bestowed upon each some definite signification.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels — whereby

They write on hills and fields mysterious truths,

says the poet; a fact which I cannot believe such bright and pure intelligences as Adam and Eve were slow to discover.

I think it was the celebrated Bishop Berkley, who, in a very ingenious treatise, has shown that colors are only a form of language, suggesting ideas to our minds, from the habits and associations of previous experience. If this be true, flowers must constitute a language, as well as the melting dyes of the rainbow, far more copious, from their great variety; and equally beautiful, both from the richness and the delicacy of their hues. A language, too, particularly adapted to the eye of a woman, of all others the most susceptible of whatever is tender, beautiful and expressive.

But however sweet, and peaceful, and passionless in appearance, flowers have not always been used as the language of innocence, or of Cupid; and Bellona herself has, in at least one instance, thrown aside her torch, to use with treacherous intent, the beautiful emblems which I have been aiming to illustrate. A little fragment of romantic history will inform the reader how, and for what purpose, the sister of Mars became a dissembler, by endeavoring to speak in a language which none of her family have any right to appropriate.

It was in the spring of 1777 that the veteran Putnam — a brave, bluff old soldier, who two years before had been transferred from the tail of his plough to a high post in the continental army — was first in command of the highland pass of the Hudson. That year was one of signal importance in the annals of the American revolution. The mother country had determined upon a more vigorous effort to subjugate her refractory colonies than had yet been put

forth since the commencement of hostilities; and campaigns were projected upon a broader scale of action than had before been deemed necessary, in order to the ultimate and even speedy success of the British arms. To this end a powerful blow was to be struck at the north, by the army of the gallant and accomplished Burgoyne; the most brilliant and formidable expedition that had taken the field in America since the invasion of Canada by Sir Jeffrey Amherst. Simultaneously with this movement from that direction, it was resolved to detach Sir William Howe, with a large division of the British army from New York, against Philadelphia, by way of the Chesapeake, for the double purpose of seizing upon the commercial capital of Pennsylvania, then the seat of the American congress, and of diverting the attention of the American commander-in-chief from the advance of Burgoyne—the vaunting soldier who had boasted that he could march through the whole Union with an army of five or ten thousand men. Not anticipating any serious impediment to his descent upon Albany, another part of the design contemplated the dislodgment of the Americans from their fortresses in the highlands, and the subjugation of all their works along the river, that the navigation to Albany might be unobstructed; thus, either to enable Sir Harry Clinton to meet the expected conqueror of the north in the old Dutch capital, if the business upon his hands should require a greater force in that quarter, or to allow General Burgoyne an undisputed and triumphant descent of the Hudson, as the case might be. Such, in brief terms, were the leading features of the British campaigns, as they were concerted for the summer of 1777; and it may well be supposed that the treason of Arnold was not an incident of the first attempt made by the British commanders in New York to obtain information as to the localities and the strength of West Point, and the other fortifications among the mountains of that celebrated pass.

New York being in possession of the British, and the highlands of the American troops, the intermediate portion of Westchester county was known as “the neutral ground,” being in actual possession of neither party, and yet subject to the incursions of marauders from both. Early in the month of June, while preparations for the movements already indicated were actively making, the attention of some of the lower outposts of the Americans in Westchester was repeatedly arrested by the equestrian exercises of a lady “from below,”

who rode with the spirit of Zenobia, — the beautiful and brave captive queen of Palmyra, who, in chains of gold, was made to grace one of the triumphs of Aurelian, — and the matchless grace of the Maid of Orleans, a noble animal, elegantly caparisoned, carrying herself with a gait as lofty as though she scorned the earth on which she deigned to tread. Not, however, that the lady was alone, since she was always attended, sometimes by one, but oftener by two or three gay cavaliers, from their port and bearing evidently officers, and all mounted upon chargers fleet as the wind. The little party were often observed galloping over the hills and dales in different neighborhoods; sometimes in Tarrytown, and at others in Rye and Mamaroneck; and those of the inhabitants who occasionally saw them pass along the highways and byways — their proud steeds now “telling their steps with gentle majesty,” and now bounding imperiously, showing “with glittering eye and nostrils drinking the air, hot courage and high desire,” — reported the lady to be young, and of surpassing beauty. At times, as from their frequent expeditions they became more intimately acquainted with the country, they grew more familiar; approaching by degrees, nearer to some of the American outposts, and lingering about the lines longer than they were wont; until, at length some of the officers of the latter began to think of making a pretty captive; under the impression, no doubt, that an officer or two of rank might perchance be captured with her. But the horses of our officers were no match for the blooded coursers of the mysterious equestrians, who approached, or galloped away from the American lines, as best suited their convenience or their caprice.

But good swimmers are drowned at last, says the proverb, and the dashing strangers were also caught at last. Waxing, apparently, bolder by their previous successes in flight, the fair reconnoiterer with her gallants ultimately threw themselves into a position in one of the glens of the Croton river, by reason of which a patrol of light-horsemen were enabled to cut off their retreat, and succeeded as Pat took the corporal's guard, in making them all prisoners, by surrounding them. The heroine, though evidently young, bore the reverse of fortune with commendable philosophy; and her two squires in attendance being soldiers, could, of course, do no less. She was indeed very beautiful; but “the spoils” did not in all cases “belong to the victors,” in those days of unsophisticated patriotism;

and as the lady entreated that she might be taken to head-quarters, to "her dear friend General Putnam," as she styled him, the captors could not be so ungallant as to deny the request. Even republicans acknowledge what Junius calls the divine right of beauty; and a pretty woman is a tyrant which no American soldier feels authorized to resist.

On her arrival at West Point it was found to be indeed true, that the veteran commander of the fortress, the ruins of which yet bear his own name, was the acquaintance and friend of the handsome captive, who was no other than the celebrated Margaret Moncrieffe, daughter of Major Moncrieffe, an accomplished officer in the British service. Major Moncrieffe had been successively in the staff of Generals Monckton and Gage, and also of Sir Jeffrey, afterwards Lord Amherst. The heroine of my tale was the daughter of Moncrieffe's first wife, by whom she had been left an orphan in tender infancy. Her father had married, as his second wife, a sister of Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, but she had soon deceased; and the major himself, having a third wife, was now attached to the military family of Lord Percy, the late Duke of Northumberland, whose timely assistance secured the retreat of the discomfited Britons from Lexington.

The recognition was instantaneous and mutual; and the veteran general received her more like a long absent daughter than a captive. I have repeatedly spoken of her beauty. It was indeed extraordinary. All eyes were riveted upon her, as she passed the encampment on the plain of the Point, and ascended to the mountain fortress, the citadel of the highlands; and the young officers were immediately up to their ears in love with the fair creature. She was not twenty, and was in the full bloom of youth, health and beauty; her step was elastic, and her form all symmetry and grace. Her countenance beamed with intelligence and vivacity. Her forehead was fair, and her eyebrows resembled delicate pencilings upon Parian marble. Her jet-black eyes rolled sparkling in liquid light. Her cheeks, blushing like the rose, and possibly heightened in color by the exertion of climbing the mountain to the garrison, vied with the yet deeper tint of her lip, turned with the most delicate outline. And then her dark, glossy hair, waving in clusters over her neck and bosom. Her voice was music itself, and her bright and dimpled smiles absolute witchery. In one word, as Dryden—"glorious John"—would have said.

“ Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,
Seemed drawn by love's own hand.”

Such was the beautiful apparition at the fortress in the character of a prisoner. It would be quite unnecessary to add, that every possible attention, and every proper indulgence was extended to the young lady, so suddenly and romantically introduced into their circle, and whose presence was so welcome. But this was not all; the officers of rank, and of the first families, were ambitious to study her wishes, and make themselves slaves in contributing to her comfort, while at the same time the beautiful girl was treated with as much kindness by the little community of ladies on the station, as though all their own personal attractions had not been amazingly obscured, if not totally eclipsed, in the brighter glow of her superlative charms. Among the young officers who were admitted to her society were the accomplished aids-de-camp of the commanding general, one of whom was Colonel Burr, of New York, although he was absent from the post at the time of her capture; Colonel Brooks, of Massachusetts, and Colonel Hamilton, than either of whom, none were more gallant or accomplished, whether in the drawing room or the field. Others, also, whose names, like those just cited, have subsequently filled a large space in their country's history, strove to render themselves agreeable to the fascinating captive, among whom was the illustrious Kosciusko, and with whom, to appear interesting to the ladies, was a passion.

Several days intervened, perhaps a fortnight, after the capture of Miss Moncrieffe, before General Putnam had occasion to despatch a flag to New York, and at the departure of the officer the young lady affected a strong desire to be allowed to accompany him. But the general was too much of a Yankee to lose so fine a chance of driving a bargain, and making something extra by the exchange of the officers taken in her attendance, for which reason she was yet detained. Her request to write to her friends was also denied; for although not the slightest suspicion was harbored as to any improper motive on the part of an artless, though accomplished, and manifestly well-educated young woman, yet the watchfulness of military usage must be observed with indiscriminate exactness. She yielded, therefore, to the force of circumstances, with a much better grace than most females would have done. As the officer was turning upon his heel to depart, however, she begged of him to obtain the permission of Sir

Harry Clinton to call at her father's house, and bring along her guitar, and a box of water-colors, with her pencils; at the same time, and as if by a sudden thought, pulling off one of her pretty slippers, and telling the messenger playfully, that by exhibiting that token to the family it would be recognized, and the articles desired sent in return; although the good general would not allow her to write for them, lest treason might lurk in her crow-quill. It was not, of course, suspected that a slip of paper might have been concealed within the lining of a lady's slipper, taken thus accidentally from such a beautifully turned foot, any more than it was imagined that a reply might have been breathed back through the medium of a guitar thus sent for;—suffice it to say, that the instrument and the paints were both received by the return of the flag; and sweetly did she play on the one, and mingle and spread the colors of the other.

But the exchange of the prisoners was not as readily agreed upon as might have been anticipated. Difficulties were interposed by the British general, occasioning considerable delay; meanwhile the charming captive was doomed to remain some two or three weeks longer under the protection of American gallants. She was most agreeably entertained, however, and her time pleasantly occupied, either with her guitar, her pencil, or the company of the gay cavaliers of the army. The old general, also, in his own plain, blunt way, contributed all in his power to meliorate her captivity. His language was quite unpolished, and a lisp in his utterance deprived it, apparently, of much of the real eloquence and strength which it possessed; but his conversations were marked by a vigorous understanding, and sound sense.

Miss Moncrieffe was fond of exercise, and with a firm and sure foot she would climb the rocks and precipices like a mountain goat. She had an eye for the picturesque, and in the rambles which she took with little parties arranged for her pleasure, there was not a summit in the neighborhood that she did not scale, nor a valley nor glen that she did not explore. And both from the crest of the Crow's Nest, and the yet loftier brow of the Fishkill mountain, she had ample opportunities of gazing, to her heart's content, upon the wild and magnificent scenery of that romantic region—mountain, crag and glen—and the glorious Hudson rolling onward to the ocean through the deep gulf below. Ever ready with her pencil, but a moment was necessary to sketch a landscape from every point

where a new view was presented to her admiring vision. The fair one was a botanist, too, gathering and studying every wild flower she saw, and carefully preserving every new plant for the leaves of an herbarium.

Thus the time passed pleasantly away, the beautiful captive contributing her full proportion to the social enjoyments of the post — now climbing a mountain like a chamois; now passing an hour in the cool of the evening with a select circle in Kosciusko's garden, fronting the grotto beneath the beetling brow of the Point; and now dancing in a pleasure-boat, light as a Venetian gondola upon the moon-lit bosom of the Hudson, joining the silver tones of her own sweet voice in the song, or accompanying it on the guitar. Not a few of her leisure hours, moreover, were spent in painting flowers; an amusement of which she was not only particularly fond, but to which she was assiduously devoted; and in the execution of which she was a remarkable proficient.

The conversation having turned upon the subject of painting one morning, and some one of the breakfast circle having complimented her upon her uncommon industry with her pencil, the old general expressed a desire to see some specimens of her skill in the divine art, and of which he heard such warm commendations. Accordingly, at the next visit she made to his apartment, she brought along a variety of pieces, which he examined with unfeigned admiration. After glancing from one to another for a moment, the veteran broke out with his usual preliminary exclamation:

“Odds curses! Miss Moncrieffe, you paint a-most equal to natur, and indeed I don't know but yours are better than the ra-al flowers!”

“No, general, you flatter me. I succeed with single flowers sometimes, tolerably well; but I don't get along in tying up boquets on paper, to my liking. I have been trying my hand at grouping flowers this morning, by disposing some clusters in various parts of the landscape of the parade ground, which you saw me sketching from the parapet the other day.”

“Upon my word, but they are prodigious handsome though,” exclaimed the veteran. “Them pond-lilies and bull-flags look as natural as in the swamps of Pomfret.”

“Yes: I have always admired the white water-lily for its purity,

of which it is the emblem. The virgin was often painted by the old masters, with one of these flowers in her hand. Indeed the whole lily family are beautiful—yellow, orange-color and white, and even the coarser tiger-lily is a splendid flower.”

“Odds curses! but I should have liked the lily better, had it not been for the blasted Frenchmen among the Indians up there on the Canada line. While I was a prisoner at Montreal, before Amherst’s expedition, the French officers were always boasting about the lilies of France, and the flower-de-lucy’s, as I think they called them.”

“The flower-de-luce, or fleur-de-lis, general, I presume you heard the French speaking of. This, in heraldry, is the bearing representing the lily, the queen of flowers, and the emblem of majesty. It belongs to the arms of France, and the lily has always been the emblem of the Bourbons. These bull-flags, as you call them, I have painted from a cluster gathered by us the other day, at the top of the cove, above the Point, where they are erecting the quarters for General Washington. It is more properly called the iris, than the flower-de-luce, but I think it a pretty flower in all its varieties, except the dull, forsaken blue.”

“And what you have said, Miss, accounts for the lingo about lilies, that I was speaking of,—but pray tell me what is that grand looking streaked flower, standing like a little cup by itself, there?”

“That is a tulip, or rather what I intended for one; but it’s painted altogether from memory, as I have not seen one since I left England.”

“Odds curses! but it’s ra-al splendid!”

“I have always admired the tulip exceedingly. My father has told me that within the last hundred years, such was the rage for these flowers, that a choice root, bearing a single blossom would bring two thousand dollars. The Turks and the Dutch have been celebrated for their tulips, and I could almost love even a Dutchman for his love of that flower.”

“But are you really so fond of flowers as you tell for, Miss?”

“Indeed I am; I have heard it said that the stars are the flowers of heaven, and why not call flowers the stars of earth. O how I should admire to visit the gardens of Holland, and of the Sultan’s harem, in the season of tulips! It is said that nothing can equal

the magnificence of those gardens, when covered with the innumerable varieties of these flowers. I wish Dr. Darwin would make haste with the poem which he is preparing to publish, on the loves of the plants and flowers."

"The loves of onions and turnips, as much! But there, Miss, I see you have been painting some of them yaller flowers, which you brought down from Butterhill the other day."

"That was the mountain ranunculus, general; a very beautiful flower, somewhat resembling in its form the anemone; a flower that is much valued in England, and of which I have been told, my mother was very fond. I think it is a lovely flower, though Pliny was mistaken in saying that it never opens its petals, but when the wind blows."

"Upon my word, you've given it a mighty fine name. I would think no more of it than of a dandelion in the meadow."

"Which is a very pretty flower, too. But, general, how do you like that passion flower? How accurately the circles are delineated upon the petals, and how prettily the stamens surround the pistils. The calyx, you will perceive——"

"It's all French and Mohawk to me, Miss Margery. I know nothing about calyxes or pistols, except those in my holsters!"

"But have you never studied botany, my dear general? You know not, then, how much pleasure you have——"

"No, no, not I. But the gals get down their books now and then, and talk over their calyxes and other gibberish."

"Still, you are fond of flowers, though—I know you are. So much kindness of——"

"Yes: my old lady and her darters always insist upon having a flower-bed in the garden at Pomfret, although there are rose-bushes all along the fence, and on both sides of the door. Roses, pinks, hollyhocks, marigolds, and sweet-williamses, poppies, and sun-flowers, are all there: and they are all that I know, or care much about."

"But, in your rambles in the woods after the French and Indians, in the last war, I suppose you must have met with many beautiful wild-flowers?"

"If I did, Miss Margery, Rogers and I had always too much business on hand to allow us to stop and look after them. Them plaguey

Iroquois made sharp work of it for our rangers, I calculate; no time for looking after thistle-blows and daisies, with them varmints at your heels, making us jump every now and then with their war-whoops."

"Not very agreeable botanizing, I should think. How do you like that single flower, general? Isn't it odd?"

"I took it for a bell-lily; such as we have in the Connecticut meadows."

"No: it's the *amaryllis formosissima*, and discloses one of the most beautiful examples of *art* in the vegetable economy."

"And those pert, forward-looking white flowers, in that other bunch—what *sisimas* are they?"

"That is the narcissus; named after the stupid fellow, who, as the poets tell us, fell in love with his own pretty face, when he saw it once in the water. I always hated the narcissus; it resembles so much an impudent, conceited coxcomb. But look here, general; I found a botanical treasure this morning, on the other side of the river, in the Cold Spring woods."

"What; those ugly, spiked-looking blossoms!"

"Don't call them ugly, general. It is the *vervain*, which was sacred among the Greeks and Romans, and the druids of Britain also. All their temples and sacrifices were sanctified with it, and no incantation or lustration was perfect without it."

"Poh, poh, how you rattle on; but we've millions of them in the woods, and if they will sanctify anything, I wish the skin of Joe Brant and his Mohawks might be rubbed over with it. We've heard that he is making bad work in the back settlements."

"And then, again, my dear general, the *vervain* was reckoned good to charm away evil spirits. The druids used it for that. I once heard an old woman in Scotland sing a ballad, how that when once on a time the devil, in the shape of a handsome cavalier, undertook to seduce a beautiful girl, she discovered his cloven foot by means of this sacred plant; and such was old Brimstone's repugnance to it, that he cleared out into Ireland, forthwith."

"Then I guess, Miss Moncrieffe, that you had best keep a sprig of it by you, when that young aid of mine comes back to the post. Odds curses! but he plays the mischief with the young wenches,

wherever he goes. His eyes are as light as a black-snake's; and he's the handsomest little piece of flesh and blood in the army. But I forget. I believe you saw my spruce little colonel, at General Miffin's?"

"Yes, sir,—I had the pleasure of meeting him several times, while we were out at Kingsbridge, and I do think him one of the most elegant and fascinating young gentlemen whom I ever saw. But did your daughters never study the language of flowers, general? I think both the girls and Mrs. Putnam would have liked such a study better than making up soldiers' shirts and other garments, as they were employed when I first had the happiness of an admittance into your family circle in New York."

"Ah, I see Miss Margery, you wish to turn the conversation from my macaroni of an aid. About the soldiers' shirts and trowsers though, you may see in that very circumstance, that your father, the king, Lord North, and the devil, are fighting in vain. When the women get their dauder up, in this way, making soldiers' shirts and trowsers with their own fingers, and stripping off their flannel petticoats to make cartridges, it's all up with those who oppose us. There's no mistake in the matter now; and if our Continental boys should quit the field to-morrow, the women would take their places."

"But, general, I'd much rather talk about flowers. I was telling you of the amusement of studying their language——"

"The language of flowers! That comes of going to a boarding-school, and getting one's head turned with reading novels. Sharp talk, I s'pose, between Canada thistles and blackberry briars. But what is it?"

"Why, it's just the sweetest language in the world. We use them as symbols; giving different significations to different flowers, and combining them so as not only to express single ideas, but connected thoughts. How sweetly Shakspeare introduces this beautiful language of the imagination and of love!"

"I never read any of your stage-plays. But pray tell me, how could you manage to speak with flowers?"

"Why, for instance, suppose the gallant colonel, of whom you spoke just now, should make an honorable advance to one of your daughters, and she took a fancy to him,—by handing him *a rose*

without thorns, without speaking a word, she would say to him, '*you may hope for every thing.*' But suppose, on the other hand, that she had plighted her love to Colonel Brooks, — by giving him *a rose without leaves*, it would be as much as to say, '*you hope for nothing.*' and may as well go drown yourself.— So you per——"

"Odds curses, here he comes!"

At this moment, the somewhat protracted conversation between the worthy general and his popular captive, was interrupted by the entrance of the accomplished member of his military family, of whom they had been speaking, and who had just returned from a distant service. Having briefly reported himself to his commander, he turned to the lady, who colored at his easy and elegant salutations and was silent.

"Look here, colonel," said the veteran, after the ordinary inquiries and compliments were over; "see what a charming collection of flowers Miss Moncrieffe has been showing me, and of her own painting, too."

"They are indeed very beautiful," replied the colonel. "I declare, Miss Moncrieffe, I think you might have stood in the place of the Queen of Sheba, when she so greatly puzzled Solomon with her artificial roses, that he could only decide which were the real ones, after letting the bees in at the window, and seeing upon which they would alight."

"You are quite complimentary this morning, colonel. But I must return to my apartment"—saying this, she began gathering up her drawings to retire.

"One moment," replied the colonel, fixing his attention upon the large sheet containing the flowery landscape heretofore spoken of; "that is indeed a beautiful piece; the flowers are so exquisitely drawn and finished, that they would have answered for the poetical garland of the beautiful Julia d'Argennes — the lady who would love none other than Gustavus of Sweden — presented to her after the death of that monarch, by the Duke de Montausier, and which was afterwards sold for fifteen thousand livres. I cannot pay so much, Miss Moncrieffe; but pray what are your terms for it?"

"Oh, Colonel Burr," she rejoined, with some slight agitation of manner, which the general did not observe.—"it's a mere—it's

only a hasty—a few groupings of flowers in a landscape, by way of trying my skill.”

“And you are very skillful, indeed, Miss Moncrieffe,” replied the colonel, as he cast a searching glance upon the lady. “There is mystery, if not a madrigal, under every one of your sweet peonies and roses; and although I do not want it for the Duke de Valiere’s library, yet I must have those flowers at any price.” Saying which, though with less courtesy than usually marked his demeanor to the fair, the colonel took the sheet—it was a large scroll of drawing paper—and began rolling it up.

“Why, surely, sir,” said the lady, in a tone of earnest remonstrance—“surely you would not——”

“Oh, colonel,” interposed the general, “if the young lady don’t wish to part with them, you——”

“Pardon me for one moment, general,” said the now increasingly earnest officer. “Will Miss Moncrieffe be so obliging as to name her price for the flowers?”

He spoke with decision. Their eyes met, and the look interchanged was sufficient. The beautiful and innocent captive saw at a glance, that she was detected, and that the “language of flowers” was understood by at least one officer on the post, if not by the commanding general.

“My price,” she replied instantly, and with great self-possession, “IS MY IMMEDIATE RELEASE, AND SAFE CONDUCT TO NEW YORK!”

“It shall be paid, with the general’s permission,” replied the gallant colonel,—and Miss Moncrieffe retired. The old general looked quite amazed at this closing scene of the interview; and the colonel promised him an explanation afterwards. The beautiful prisoner was speedily on her way homeward, under charge of more watchful attendants than she had anticipated when she brushed the poppies from her dark silken eyelashes in the morning.

The residue of my story is soon told. From the previous residence of Miss Moncrieffe in the general’s family, and their consequent acquaintance, charmed with her agreeable conversation, her sprightly manners, and her accomplishments, the veteran, since her arrival at the fortress as a prisoner, had looked upon, and treated her more like a daughter than a stranger, much less a captive. Nor had

a suspicion flitted across the minds of any, that she could have been thrown among them by design, and for purposes of treason, until the eagle-eyes of the general's favorite aid fell upon the flowery landscape, as just related. In a twinkling he saw its design, rendered the more evident by a still closer scrutiny. It has been already mentioned, that, schooled by her father, Miss Moncrieffe had been instructed in the science of engineering, and was a proficient in architectural drawing; and it now appeared, that under the guise of vines and flowers, variously disposed in a landscape, she had drawn with consummate art, a perfect map of the post, delineating the position alike of the main fortress and its outworks; and, indeed, affording all necessary information to an assaulting foe, of the defences of this western Thermopylæ, and the points of approach.

The after history of this celebrated woman—for she is no fictitious personage—is equally melancholy and painful. She is believed really and truly to have fallen deeply in love with the colonel in General Putnam's staff, so often mentioned in the course of the last few pages; and who was, even then, celebrated alike for the splendor of his talents, the elegance of his person, and the grace of his manners. The father of Miss Moncrieffe, however, from the love of money, compelled her to marry, in the same year of which we have been writing, an Irish officer by the name of Coghlan, whom from the first she disliked, and soon most cordially hated. The marriage ceremony was the last performed by Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, of Trinity Church in New York. On returning to Europe with her husband, by whom she was unkindly treated, she abandoned him, and became a courtesan, celebrated for her licentiousness and her beauty, her wit and her extravagance. She was successively the mistress of several noblemen, among whom was the late Duke of York; but, in the end, abandoned by all her paramours, she sunk into the most pitiable condition of poverty and wretchedness. In her distress she appealed, though in vain, to those who had courted her society in the days of affluence, while her "sin" was "plated with gold." And thus, when yet almost in the prime of life, she was left to illustrate the truth of the beautiful lines of Fredolfo:—

"Beauty hath no lustre,
Save when it gleameth through the crystal web
That purity's fine fingers weave for it."

At the close of the war of the revolution, Major Moncrieffe settled in New York; but amidst all the scenes of dissipation and iniquity which marked her profligate life, Mrs. Coghlan seems to have cherished a strong attachment for her father, from whom, however, she was of course estranged. In December, 1791, she dreamed of witnessing her father's funeral procession, and that a bleeding heart was placed upon the coffin. So strong was the impression upon her mind that the vision was true, that she went into deep mourning on the occasion, although her father was living in America—she living in London. The coincidence will be deemed extraordinary, but it is said to be no less true than strange, that her fatal apprehensions were realized. Major Moncrieffe died in the city of New York, on the 10th of December, 1791, from the bursting of a blood-vessel of the heart."

The happy facility, also, with which Mr. Stone entered into the time and circumstances of which he wrote, is illustrated in his account of President Washington's inauguration ball, in 1789, part of which appears in Griswold's elaborate *Republican Court*. The sketch, containing the account of the ball, is entitled *Setting the Wheels in Motion*, and comprises the only faithful historical record, political, festive and fashionable, of the observances in the city of New York on the occasion of the adoption of the federal constitution, the organization of the government, the pageantry attending it, and the demonstrations which followed that important epoch in our national history. The particulars were collected with much care and labor from such printed accounts as could be found in the scattered remnants of the little dingy newspapers of that day, and, also, such facts as were yet dimly floating in the recollections of those few who were then surviving, and had been actors in the scenes described.

It is well that the festivities attendant upon such a momentous occasion should be embalmed for American generations yet unborn. The adoption of the federal constitution—the instrument which was to bind the almost disjointed members of the republic together as one people—was the most important event that the citizens of New York had ever been called upon to commemorate. The period

intervening between the formation of the constitution by the convention, and its adoption by the number of states requisite to give it validity, was one of deep anxiety to the patriots of that day, not unmingled with fears as to the final result. A violent opposition sprang up in various parts of the confederation, which was so successfully fomented by demagogues, and by those who feared they might lose weight in the national scale, should the new federal edifice be erected, that the friends of the constitution, seeing nothing better than civil tumult and anarchy in the perspective should that instrument be rejected, entertained the most lively apprehensions upon the subject. There were, likewise, among the opponents of the proposed constitution some good men and real patriots, who honestly believed, that in the event of its adoption, too much power would pass from the states to the federal congress and the executive. The ablest tongues and pens in the Union were brought into action, and it was that contest which combined the united wisdom and talents of Hamilton, Jay, and Madison in the *Federalist*, the ablest exposition of the constitution that ever has been, or, perhaps ever will be written.¹

The action, however, of the respective states was slow. The proceedings of their conventions were watched with absorbing interest, and when it was found that the voice of New York would turn the scale—the convention being in session in Poughkeepsie—all eyes were eagerly turned toward that quarter. The contest, however, was not long doubtful. Hamilton redoubled his wonderful efforts, and Livingston put the whole energies of his capacious mind in requisition, and the federalists triumphed. The news was received in New York city with unbounded delight; the clubs celebrated the event with dinners and great festivity, and the citizens gave themselves up to the most unequivocal evidences of gratification. But private manifestations of the public feeling were held not to be worthy of the occasion, and no time was lost in concerting the necessary measures for a public commemoration of the event, upon the most extensive and splendid scale that the public means would allow. Nor has the pageantry of any American celebration since that day—not even excepting the Atlantic cable celebration of 1859—excelled

¹ Stone's *Setting the Wheels in Motion*.

it in the ardor of its enthusiasm or in the splendor of its effect. In describing the procession on this occasion, Mr. Stone says :

“After a brilliant military escort came Captain Moore, in the character and ancient costume of Christopher Columbus preceded and followed by a band of foresters, with axes, suitably apparelled. The next division consisted of a large number of farmers, among whom were Nicholas Auger, driving a six-ox team, and the venerable John Watts holding a plow. All the implements of husbandry and gardening were borne in the procession, and the Baron Poelnitz attended a threshing machine. Their horses were handsomely caparisoned, and led by boys in white uniforms. The tailors made a very brilliant display of numbers, uniforms, and decorations, of various descriptions. In the procession of the bakers were boys in beautiful dresses, representing the several states, with roses in their hands. There were likewise an equal number of journeymen in appropriate uniforms, with the implements of their calling; and a loaf of bread was borne in the procession, ten feet long and three wide, on which were inscribed the names of the different states. The display of the brewers was happily conceived and appropriate. In addition to their banners, fluttering gaily in the air, they paraded cars with hogsheads and tuns, decorated with festoons of hop-vines, intertwined with handfuls of barley. Seated on the top of a tun was a living Bacchus—a beautiful boy of eight years old—dressed in a flesh-colored silk, fitted snugly to the limbs, and thus disclosing all the fine symmetrical proportions of his body. In his hand he held a silver goblet, with which he quaffed the nut-brown, and on his head was a garland of hops and barley ears. The coopers appeared in great numbers. Their emblem of the states was thirteen boys, each thirteen years of age, dressed in white, with green ribbons at their ankles, a keg under their left arms, and a bough of white oak in their right hands. Upon an immensely large car, drawn by horses appropriately adorned, the coopers were at work. They had a broken cask, representing the old confederacy, the staves of which all their skill could not keep together. In despair at the repeated *nullification* which their work experienced, they all at once betook themselves to the construction of an entirely new piece of work. Their success was complete; and a fine, tight, iron-bound

keg arose from their hands, bearing the name of the New Constitution. The procession of butchers was long, and their appearance highly respectable. Upon the car in their procession was a roasted ox of a thousand pounds, which was given as a sweet morsel to the hungry multitude at the close of the day. The car of the Sons of St. Crispin was drawn by four milk-white steeds beautifully caparisoned. The tanners, curriers, and peruke-makers followed next in order, each with various banners and significant emblems. The furriers, from the novelty of their display, attracted great attention. It was truly picturesque. Their marshal was followed by an Indian in his native costume and armor, as though coming wild from the wilderness, laden with rare furs for the market. A procession of journeyman furriers followed, each bearing some dressed or manufactured article. These were succeeded by a horse, bearing two packs of furs, and a huge bear sitting upon each. The horse was led by an Indian, in a beaver blanket, and black plumes waving upon his head. In the rear came one of their principal men, dressed in a superb scarlet blanket, wearing an elegant cap and plumes, and smoking a tomahawk pipe. After these, in order, marched the stone-masons, brick-layers, painters and glaziers, cabinet and chair-makers, musical instrument-makers, and the upholsterers. The decorations of the societies vied with each other in taste and variety, but that of the upholsterers excelled. The federal chair of state was borne upon a car superbly carpeted, and above which was a rich canopy, nineteen feet high, overlaid with deep blue satin, hung with festoons and fringes, and glittering in the sun as with "barbaric pearl and gold." It was sufficiently gorgeous to have filled the eye of a Persian emperor, in the height of oriental splendor and magnificence. Twelve subdivisions of various trades succeeded in the prescribed order, after which came the most impressing part of the pageant.

This was the federal ship HAMILTON, a perfectly constructed frigate of thirty-two guns, twenty-seven feet keel, and ten feet beam, with galleries and every thing complete and in proportion, both hull and rigging. She was manned by thirty seamen and marines, with officers, all in uniform, and commanded by that distinguished revolutionary veteran, Commodore Nicholson. The ship was drawn by ten horses; and in the progress of the procession went through every

preparation and movement for storms, calms, and squalls, and for the sudden shifting of winds. In passing Liberty street, she made signal for a pilot, and a boat came off and put one on board. On arriving before Constable's house,¹ Mrs. Edgar came to the window, and presented the ship with a suit of rich silk colors; the yards were instantly manned, and the sailors gave three hearty cheers. When passing Old-slip a Spanish government ship gave her a salute of thirteen guns, which was returned by the Hamilton with as much promptness as though she had actually been a ship of war upon the wide ocean.

Next after the ships came the pilots and the Marine society. To these succeeded the printers, book-binders and stationers, led by those veterans of the type and quill, Hugh Gaine and Samuel London. They had a car, upon which the printers were at work; the press was plied briskly, and impressions of a patriotic ode distributed as they were taken, among the multitude. Their banners were worthy of their proud vocation. To these succeeded twenty-one subdivisions, of as many different trades, each moving under its own banners; after which followed the learned professions and the literary societies. The lawyers were preceded by John Lawrence, supported by John Cozine and Robert Troup. The Philological society, headed by J. Ogden Hoffman, the president, was the next. One of the founders of this society was Noah Webster, who was in the procession. The standard was borne by William Dunlap. The officers and members of the university came next; and their successors were the chamber of commerce and merchants, headed by John Broome, president, William Maxwell, vice-president of the bank, followed in a chariot, and William Laight, the secretary, was mounted upon a noble steed. Physicians, strangers, and gentlemen who were members of congress, then in session in New York, closed the civic procession; and the whole was brought up by a detachment of artillery.

The procession contained nearly five thousand people; and the spectacle was more solemn and imposing, and more truly splendid,

¹ No. 1, Broadway, now (1866) the Washington Hotel, and the head-quarters, for a time, of Sir Harry Clinton, while the British troops occupied the city, during the war of the Revolution.

than had ever before been presented to the eye of man on the American continent. It was, indeed, a pageant of indescribable interest, and to most of double attraction; the occasion being one in which the deepest sympathies were enlisted, and it being also the first display of pomp and circumstance which they had ever witnessed. The whole population of the city had given themselves up to the enjoyment of the occasion, and gladness, in all its fulness, was depicted in every countenance, while a noble enthusiasm swelled every bosom. The bond of union was complete; and every man felt as though his country had been rescued, in the last hour, from the most imminent peril.

When the procession reached the country seat of Nicholas Bayard, a noble banquet was found already spread for the whole assemblage, beneath a grand pavilion temple, covering a surface of eight by six hundred feet with plates for six thousand people. This splendid rural structure had been erected in the short space of four days. The two principal sides of the building consisted of three large pavilions, connected by a colonnade of one hundred and fifty feet front, and forming two sides of an obtuse angle; the middle pavilion rising majestically above the whole, terminating with a dome, on the top of which was Fame and her trumpet, proclaiming a new era, and holding in her left hand the standard of the United States, and a roll of parchment, on which was inscribed in large characters, the three remarkable epochs of the war of the Revolution — THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, THE ALLIANCE WITH FRANCE, and THE PEACE OF 1783. At her side was the American eagle, with extended wings, resting on a crown of laurel, gracing the top of the pedestal. Over six of the principal pillars of this colonnade escutcheons were placed, inscribed with the ciphers of the several powers in alliance with the United States, viz: France, Spain, Sweden, Prussia, Holland, Morocco; and over these were displayed the colors of those respective nations, which added greatly to the brilliancy of the entablature, already decorated with festoons and branches of laurels. The extremities of this angle were joined by a table forming part of a circle, and from this, ten more colonnades were extended, each four hundred and forty feet in length, radiating like the rays of a circle; the whole having one common centre, which was also the centre of the

middle pavilion, where sat the president of congress. At the extremity of each colonnade was a pavilion, nearly similar to the three before mentioned, having their outsides terminated in a pediment, crowned with escutcheons, on which were inscribed the names of the states now united. The whole of the colonnades were adorned with curtains elegantly folded, and with wreaths and festoons of laurels dispersed with beautiful and tasteful effect. The various bands of music which had enlivened the march of the procession were concentrated in the area within the angle just described, during the banquet, but so disposed as not to intercept the prospect from the seat of the president, through the whole length of the ten colonnades. The repast concluded, the procession was reorganized, marched again into the city, and were dismissed at the Bowling Green, where the Federal ship fired a closing salute.

Thus passed the 23d of July, 1789, in the city of New York—a day which deserves to be remembered by the patriot, the politician, and the philosopher, as that on which the people of the first city in the western world gave simultaneously the strongest and most enthusiastic demonstration of their attachment to the great principles of our Federal Union, as those principles were understood by the distinguished architects who formed the civil structure. On that occasion all narrow and bigoted distinctions were lost, and absorbed in that noblest of passions, the love of country, and the determination to secure and preserve the blessings of civil and religious liberty. ESTO PERPETUA.

In some of these tales his delineation of New England character is peculiarly felicitous—the comical oddity, as well as the beautiful self-denial of which, is aptly illustrated in two of his sketches, *Uncle Zim and Deacon Pettibone*, and *Dick Moon, the Pedlar*, both of which appeared in the *Atlantic Club Book* in 1833. Another of these sketches, *Mercey Disborough, a Tale of the Witches*, is based upon a thrilling incident in the colonial history of Goff and Whalley. For several months those two regicides remained hidden in a cave, near Guildford, Conn., daily supplied with provisions by Governor Leete, who, as his majesty's governor of the colony, publicly manifested a zealous interest in their discovery, at the same time that he availed himself of the common belief in witchcraft to throw the pur-

suers off the scent. In another story, *The Mysterious Bridal*, he draws the following life-like picture of a New England thanksgiving in Colonial times. In alluding to his sketch, in a letter to a friend, Chancellor Kent says, "I think it is worthy of a place by the side of Irving's picture of an English christmas, or of the festivities of our Dutch predecessors."

"The manner of celebrating the New England thanksgiving, was peculiar, and to this day it maintains a character *sui generis*, distinct from all other festivals; although, it must be confessed, that within the last thirty years, there has been a considerable falling off in the due and ancient mode of its commemoration; and we regret occasionally to observe symptoms of further degeneracy. The preparations commence weeks before the arrival of the happy day. The finest of the flour, the fattest of the poultry, and the choicest of the fruits, are carefully reserved against the time of the feast. Turkeys and ducks are the domestic birds specially designated for the thanksgiving sacrifice. Why that intelligent but much abused bird, the goose, is slighted on this occasion, is a paradox which we have never been able to solve. Were we to venture a suggestion, however, it would be, that the goose having once been instrumental in saving Rome, it may possibly have been suspected of an inclination to popery. Suffice it to say, no goose nor gosling can rightfully appear upon a properly spread thanksgiving table, while, in addition to those members of the feathered tribe already mentioned, chickens enough must fall at every house for a well ordered pie of fair round proportions; since there are certain dishes as essential to a legitimate thanksgiving dinner, as a bishop's wig formerly to his dignity. It is therefore no legal celebration of thanksgiving, without the dishes of poultry, already indicated, roasted, boiled and baked, together with baked meats proper. Then followed—we beg pardon,—the puddings came first in those days, and do so yet in the old and primitive towns on the sea coast, where the people continue most faithfully and uprightly to conform to the manners, and walk in the paths of their forefathers. These dishes were of two descriptions, the old English plum, and the Indian baked pudding, highly spiced, sweetened, and enriched with suet. The proper condiments for the baked meats and poultry, were a sauce of apples and quince, stewed in sweet

cider, together with cranberry tarts. Pies of various descriptions followed for the dessert; but above, and more abundant than all, was and is to this day, the unsurpassed, and, to a Yankee palate, the incomparable pumpkin-pie. Without an abundance of pumpkin-pies, all other things being ready and smoking upon the table, the thanksgiving dinner would be considered a sorry concern, if not a positive failure. This purely American luxury was early invented as a substitute for the more costly minced pies of the ancient churchmen, which were essential to Christmas dinners, and which for upward of a century, were no more permitted to appear upon the table of a Puritan, than swine's flesh upon the plate of a descendant of Abraham. But alas for the degeneracy of the times! The people will not walk in the ways of their fathers as they ought, and the minced-pies have been crowding in upon the more unsophisticated luxuries of the feast, until, for nearly a quarter of a century, they have become almost as common as the pumpkin. All wickedness, however, is sure to be overtaken, at some time, by its appropriate punishment; and the dyspepsia may have been sent by way of retributive justice!

The immediate evidences of the return of thanksgiving, or rather the "premonitory symptoms" of the festival, were first seen in the melancholy slaughter of pigs and poultry. The pitcous screams and distressing wailings of the pigglings, simultaneously raised through the towns and villages of Yankee land, made up a discordant concert which it was lamentable to hear. And then the bustle of housewife preparation! Such scourings—such bakings, and stewings, and choked ovens, and turning of spits! Let no young swain think of looking in upon his mistress at such a season as this, or no hungry husband hope to obtain a warm dinner, or a smile from his spouse. Damon would find his Phyllis but an indifferent looking angel;—and the husband—but the days of romance we may imagine to be over and gone with *him*. The preparations completed, however, and the day of happiness and joy arrived, the women-kind became themselves again, and nothing could be more delightful than to look upon the bright eyes and gladsome faces of these beautiful tyrants, or fiends angelical, as the case might be.

The thanksgiving was emphatically a *family* celebration. Beneath

each patriarchal roof were gathered, from far and near, as many of the sons and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, children and grand-children, as could be mustered; and those who had wandered from the paternal domicile, far into the new settlements, often returned to take their places in the family circle on this occasion, at no little sacrifice of time and expense; — for all of which they were amply compensated by the smiles of friends and kindred, and the warm embraces of affection.

At ten o'clock in the morning, the people moved sedately to the meeting-house,—all, excepting such portions of the women-kind in the various families as were obliged to remain at home to superintend and complete the culinary arrangements of the day. One hundred years ago, the festival sermon was three hours long; but it has gradually fallen off with the increasing laxity of discipline, until we no longer hear the thirty-second division of the argument, and the thirty-third of the improvement, and are compelled to leave our seats with much shorter treatises upon matters and things in general, and not half as learned, though perchance better digested. The thanksgiving sermon, however, is a great relief to the clergyman, since it is the only opportunity which the year affords him to discourse upon divers temporalities of various importance, wherein he is privileged to mingle an occasional dash of politics—sparingly, though, unless in times of high excitement.

The dinner was served at one o'clock. On other occasions, twelve o'clock was the regular dining hour throughout all New England, before the rage of innovation began. The parsons dined with the squire, or with one of his deacons, or some other of the princes of the people. But on these occasions, even the presence of the clergyman was no bar to the general hilarity, but his company rather contributed to the stream of happiness. They were, indeed, delightful repasts. All the members of the family, with their guests, were allowed to surround the social board at the same time. From the grandsire, with his snow-white locks, to the mischievous urchin who rode upon his ivory-headed cane,—from the grandmamma, in her rustling brocade and high-crowned cap, to the little prattler, toddling about with her spoon in one hand and her favorite kitten in the other,—parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and all—

all were admitted to the banquet which spoke a prolific soil, cultivated by the free and unfettered hand of industry.

Bountiful, however, as were the provisions of the table, they did not in those times sit the day out over their wine and walnuts, or protract their evening's amusements until so late an hour as to render it odds with morning which was which. The guests departed at a seasonable hour, to put their own domestic affairs in order before night should come stealing along to unfold her sables. To the young, nevertheless, those evenings were the most joyous in their lives. How pleasant, even in the fading reflection of memory, are the scenes of a thanksgiving evening forty years since, as in forms, figures, objects, spirits, they dance before "me upon the mellowing of occasion!" And how bright then were the rainbow visions that arched the undefined span of the future! It is very true that these latter visions have seldom been fulfilled. But the reminiscences of those days are still so delightful, that we have often thought whether it were not one of the wisest arrangements of Providence, that the soothing and hallowed recollections of the past should so frequently step in to supply the void occasioned by the endless chain of disappointments attending the journey of human life!

Those evenings formed such a striking exception to the general rule in well-regulated families, that the young lads, and the lasses just budding into bloom, were not compelled to retire to their beds precisely as the clock with its iron tongue and brazen voice proclaimed the hour of nine. But it was a time of general visiting, as well among the youngsters of both sexes, as with the young men and maidens so much their seniors as to be waiting with anxious hope for the flight of a few more months, or the revolution, perchance, of another year, when the minister was to unite the hands of those whose hearts were already fluttering responsively, or beating in unison. The assemblages of the youth on these occasions were marked with equal gayety and innocence. If, as was frequently the case, they were collected in a patriarchal family of affluence, where the mansion was sufficiently spacious, there was usually an ingathering of the elder people of the neighborhood or parish, as well as of the young. The parents and grandparents would sit by as spectators of the lively recreations of their descendants, often as much amused

with their diversions as the delighted youth themselves. At eight o'clock, — for the evenings were then allowed honestly to commence as soon as night had spread her dragon wings, — at the hour of eight came in the jovial can of flip, foaming and steaming from the effect of the red-hot poker submerged therein, and redolent of old rum and nutmegs. What a picture for a poet like Burns to describe, or a painter like Wilkie to draw! There was the grandsire, seated in his great armchair, and perchance beside him his son and daughter-in-law, gazing with delight upon the sparkling eyes and merry faces of the joyous groups, the winds howling wildly, or sighing plaintively without, the flames of the bright wood fire roaring and crackling up the chimney, while the merry jest, or the story of a troubled spirit, or a tale of murder, the innocent game, the song, and the exhilarating can went round, to add zest to the fleeting hours of frolic-pleasure, and of domestic bliss.

With the hour of nine, unless too much absorbed in the sweet song or legendary tale to take accurate note of time, the seniors retired to another apartment, forming a separate circle for the residue of the evening, charging the younger, as they withdrew, not to allow their festive gambols to transcend the bounds of decency and sobriety. Then came forth the old violin, played by an amateur, and if cracked a little, or deficient in a string, it was not much matter. Or, if the instrument of sin was not at hand, — for a fiddle was in most places an abomination, and was tolerated on no other occasion, — the residue of the permitted hours were devoted to a variety of plays at forfeits, kisses being the severest penalties imposed by the lenient judges, or to the singing of plaintive and affecting ballads that were worth listening to. In those days music was a language of feeling. It caused the bosom to thrill, and the beads of sorrow to swell like pearls in the eyes, and roll down upon the cheek of beauty. The Rossinis, the Paganinis, and the Signors and Signorinas Squallerinas, with the hosts of Italian music-monsters, who have torn melody to tatters, transforming every grave minim and crotchet into double demi-semi-quavers, were then unknown in our happy land. A song was not a short flourish of three staves in which the words were as a matter of course not to be heard; but consisted of a good long metrical narrative, comprising a romance or

a tragedy within itself, such as would make the hair to stand on end, the blood to run cold and curdling to the heart, and frightening the sensitive damsels so much that they dared not for the world go home alone, especially if the hour waxed late, and the way led by the churchyard.

Thus passed the blithesome hours away in one apartment, while in the other, the morning sermon was discussed, or the hardships of early life in the new settlements recounted, and the bloody wars with the French and Indians fought over again, until ten or eleven o'clock, when the colloquies of the old, and the amusements of the young, were brought to a close, and the honest people hid themselves to their respective homes and their beds, as cheerful and happy as innocence, and freedom, and plenty could render an orderly and moral people."

In 1833 appeared his *Mathias and his Impostures*, a curious picture of gross but remarkable delusions which occurred in the state of New York. In 1836, he gave to the public *Maria Monk, and the Nunnery of the Hotel Dieu*, a work which put an effectual quietus upon that extraordinary mania into which divines and laymen were led by the fictions of a silly, profligate woman. Preparatory to writing this latter work, he visited the Hotel Dieu, in Montreal, for the purpose of investigating for himself the alleged facts concerning it. This visit furnished the pretext for a bitter assault upon him by Mr. Laughton Osborne, in a satire entitled *The Vision of Rubeta, an Epic Story of the Island of Manhattan*. This poem, though grossly obscene, was cleverly written; but the intense personal malignity shown by the writer toward Mr. Stone completely blunted the point of the sarcasm, and notwithstanding its personalities, the book met with but few readers, and soon dropped out of notice. *Border Wars of the American Revolution* came next;¹ *Letters on Animal Magnetism* followed; and soon after a volume entitled, *Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distressed Gentleman*, intended as a satire on the follies of the day, although the main facts occurred in the life of an individual well known to the author.

It has been stated that the parents of Colonel Stone, during his

¹ This work was published in two volumes (12mo) as part of Harper's Family Library.

early childhood, removed into the valley of the Susquehanna. This section of the country was at that time in fact, though not in name, an Indian mission station, so that in his very boyhood their son became well acquainted with the Indians of our forests, and his kindness of manner and off-hand generosity won his way to their favor. To this it may be owing, that at an early period of his life, he formed the purpose of gathering up and preserving what remained concerning the traits and character of the red men of America, intending to connect with an account of these, an authentic history of the life and times of the prominent individuals who figured immediately before the Revolution, more especially of Sir William Johnson.

The amount of labor thus bestowed, and the success with which he found his way to dusty manuscripts, or gained knowledge of the invaluable contents of old chests and rickety trunks stowed away as lumber in garrets and almost forgotten by their owners, was remarkable. Still more noteworthy was the happy facility with which he would gain access to the hearts of hoary-headed men,¹ and bring them to live over again their days of trial and hardship—gleaning quickly and pleasantly desirable information from those who alone could communicate what he wished to hear. The result was an amount and a variety of material which could scarcely be estimated, for he had the habit of systematizing the retentiveness of a powerful memory by a time-saving process of his own—the very arrangement of his books and manuscripts assisting this process, so that his library served him a double purpose.

While following out his main design, the materials collected enabled him to give to the public several works on the general subject with which they were connected. The first of these was the *Life of Joseph Brant—Tha-yen-da-ne-gea*. This work, which includes sketches of the Indian campaigns of Generals Herkimer, St. Clair and Wayne, abounds in varied and thrilling incidents. It records many strong and peculiar traits of national and individual character; while the laborious and persevering researches of the

¹ From the late venerable Dr. Noah Stone of Guilford, Conn., father of Rev. A. L. Stone of Boston and David M. Stone Esq., of the *Journal of Commerce*, Colonel Stone gleaned most of those startling incidents which are woven into his tale—*The Mysterious Bridal*.

author brought together a mass of historical documents, personal anecdotes, original letters and extracts from manuscript journals, which, but for his ingenious labors, had, perhaps, never seen the light. The work, accordingly, attracted immediate attention by its evidences of patient investigation, and by the new light which it threw upon the character of the great Mohawk. Indeed, until this work appeared, it was universally believed that Brant and his Mohawk warriors were engaged in the massacre of Wyoming. Gordon, Ramsay, Thatcher, and Marshall assert the same thing; and Campbell, misled by history, in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, makes the Oneida say,

“This is no time to fill the joyous cup;
 ‘The Mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brant,
 With all his howling, desolating band.

* * * * *

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his tribe,
 ‘Gainst Brant himself I went to battle forth;
 Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe
 Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth.”

Brant always denied any participation in the invasion, but the evidence of history was against him, and the verdict of the world was, that he was the chief actor in the tragedy. From this aspersion Colonel Stone vindicated his character in his *Life of Brant*. A reviewer, understood to be Caleb Cushing, disputed the point, and insisted that the author had not made out a clear case for the chief. Unwilling to remain deceived, Mr. Stone made a journey to the Seneca country, where he found several warriors who were engaged in that campaign. The celebrated chief, Kaoundoouand (Captain Pollard), who was a young chief in the battle, gave Mr. Stone a clear account of the action, and was positive in his declaration that Brant and his Mohawks were not engaged in that campaign. The Indians were principally Senecas, and were led by Gi-en-qua-tah, a chief of that nation.

Upon his return, therefore, from the Seneca country, in the summer of 1841, he gave to the public the result of his researches in his *Poetry and History of Wyoming*, a work which, it is generally admitted, affords a complete refutation of the strictures in the review of Mr. Cushing, and dissipates, beyond the peradventure of a doubt

the aspersions under which the Mohawk for so long rested. Prefixed to this work was a biography of the poet, Campbell, kindly furnished to the author by his friend, Washington Irving.¹

Nearly simultaneously with the *History of Wyoming*, appeared his *Lives of Red Jacket and Cornplanter*, the two chief orators of the Seneca nation, works which contain much original and valuable information respecting Indian treaties held by the late Colonel Timothy Pickering.² In 1842, he was invited by the citizens of Norwich, Connecticut, to deliver an address on the occasion of the erection of the Uncas monument—an address which, with additions, was afterward issued under the title of *The Life of Uncas and Miantonomoh*. He had, also, completed the collection of the materials for his more elaborate work, *The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart.*, was ready to devote himself to its execution, and had already written the first seven chapters, when he was called to give up his earthly labor. This last work, however, completed by his son, with the LIVES OF BRANT AND RED JACKET, gives a connected history of the Six Nations and their relations with France and Great Britain during the most important periods of American history.

1 John Brant, a son of Joseph, while in England in 1823, on a visit to the late Duke of Northumberland, who served as Lord Percy in the Revolution, opened a correspondence with Mr. Campbell on the subject of the injustice which the latter had done his father in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*. The result was a partial acknowledgment of his error by the poet in a note to the next edition of the poem. He did not erase the objectionable words, but simply referred to the use of Brant's name there, concluding as follows: "His son referred to documents, which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brant's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of travels, and in Adolphus's and other similar histories of England, were gross errors. * * * The name of Brant, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction." An omission, however, after such a conviction of error, to blot out the name entirely from the poem, is unworthy the character of an honest man, and the result is, that the Thayaneganee of history is still the "monster Brant," to thousands who derive all their knowledge of him from the deathless *Gertrude of Wyoming*. In history, justice is justice whether it be toward a *Savage* or a *White*; and it would be considered a very curious piece of poetic license, if Longfellow, for example, should allude to Washington as an actor in an atrocious piece of villainy simply to fill out a line in a poem. Nor would it be considered by the public an excuse, for him to add in a note, that his name was merely made use of as a "declared character of fiction!"

2 "The speeches of Red Jacket preserved in this volume," says William H. Seward, in his introduction to the *Natural History of the State of New York*, "will for all time become more interesting, as authentic exhibitions of the rhetorical art as it existed in a barbarian community."

Nor were these labors unappreciated by the red men; for the same day that brought the news of his election as an honorary member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities of Copenhagen, brought, also, a letter from the Senecas, informing him that he had been elected, at a formal council, a chief of that nation.

When it is remembered that the investigations just referred to, and the volumes which resulted, were accomplished at the same time with the editorship of a leading daily paper in a great commercial metropolis, and that he acted up to his own views of the power, influence, and responsibility of the press, it may safely be asserted that his industry was untiring. "How, my dear Colonel," wrote Edward Everett to him in one of his letters, "with your daily labors, you can find time for such voluminous literary undertakings, passeth my comprehension."

Mr. Stone's editorial path, however, was not always free from thorns. In 1840, an action for libel was brought against him in the Supreme Court of New York by James Fenimore Cooper, founded on a review in the *Commercial* of the latter's *Home as Found*, and the *History of the Navy of the United States*. The review in question was not written by Mr. Stone, but by another better versed in nautical affairs than himself; but as he believed that great injustice had been done the gallant Commodore Perry, he allowed the article to be published, and of course assumed its responsibility.

As this case involved the question of the extent to which a reviewer might lawfully go in literary criticism, and as it was a case of "the first impression" in the courts, it excited unusual public interest. It was first argued at the August term, in 1840, at Utica; and such was the interest felt in the subject and in the parties that, in addition to the usual audience on such occasions, a large and brilliant assemblage of ladies attended to hear the argument. It was tried by Marshall S. Bidwell, Charles P. Kirkland and William W. Campbell for Mr. Stone, and for Mr. Cooper, by himself and his nephew. The court gave judgment for Mr. Cooper — a decision which gave rise to much animadversion, on the ground of its alleged interference with the just liberty of the press in the matter of reviewing and criticising literary works. After this decision the action

was withdrawn from court and submitted to arbitrators, who awarded two hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Cooper. To this decision, Mr. Stone yielded with a good grace. "Of course," he writes in the *Commercial*, "the award is final and we must abide by it. The publication was made by us, entirely from good motives, and for a justifiable end. Our desire was to vindicate, not only the true history, but the fame of the illustrious dead. The process has cost us a good many dollars, to say nothing of time and vexation. We have again to thank the arbitrators for their kindness and liberality; and in conclusion have only to add that on a calm review of the whole case, our views coincide substantially, though not in every particular, with those which have been set forth with such clear ability in the dissenting opinion of Mr. Foote."

Here the matter rested for a time, until Mr. Stone, chafed at some ungenerous remarks made by Mr. Cooper in reference to himself, unwisely, perhaps, responded in the *Commercial* as follows: "The money will be forthcoming on the day of the award, but we are not disposed to allow him [Cooper] to put it into Wall street for *sharing purposes before that period*. No locksmith will be necessary to get at the money."¹ Thereupon Mr. Cooper again sued Mr. Stone for libel in the Supreme Court, and obtained from that body, a decision in his favor. Mr. Stone then removed the case by writ of error to the Court for the Correction of Errors; and in 1845, a year after his decease, that court reversed the judgment of the Supreme Court and held that the words above quoted were not libelous,—Chancellor Walworth and other eminent jurists pronouncing opinions decidedly and very broadly in favor of a reversal, and the court deciding about four to one.²

Thus ended these famous libel suits. They caused Mr. Stone and his widow much trouble and vexation as well as expense; and with a nature as sensitive as his, added not a little to the annoyance incident to the editorship of a leading city newspaper.

¹ Referring to the case of Mr. Barber, of the *Osage Republican*, whose trunk was opened by an officer and several hundred dollars taken therefrom in satisfaction of a judgment rendered in Mr. Cooper's behalf in one of his libel-suits.

² This case is reported at length in the *St. Louis*. For an exhaustive editorial discussion of these libel suits, the reader is referred to the *New York Tribune* for the 27th of February, 1852.

Mr. Stone's love for historical investigation may not be dismissed without a somewhat particular mention of his connection with the New York State HISTORICAL AGENCY¹ of which project he was the sole originator.

The readers of this memoir need not to be informed that for many years Mr. Stone took no small degree of interest in elucidating the early history of his native state. At an early period of his life, as before hinted, he conceived the design of writing a series of historical works to embrace the history of the great Iroquois confederacy, commonly called the Six Nations. His design was to have written, first, the history of those nations, from the date of their earliest traditions down to the administration of Indian affairs by Sir William Johnson; second, the life and times of Sir William Johnson, embracing the colonial history of the French War of 1755-63, ending in the conquest of Canada from the French; third, the life of Brant and history of the Six Nations, as connected with the border wars of the American revolution; and fourth, the life of Red Jacket.

It was not, however, until about the year 1834, that he seriously began the work of preparation for the undertaking; nor had he long been thus engaged before he discovered a lamentable absence of authentic historical materials, both in the archives of the New York Historical Society, and of the state: and inasmuch as tradition avers that when the last of the royal governors took his final departure from the shores of New York, he carried away with him a "cart-load of documents;" inasmuch, also, as the original correspondence of the colonial governments during the period of a century and a half, must of necessity be sought in the archives of the parent governments of England and Holland, the project of a historical mission to those countries for the recovery of such papers and documents as were essential to the historian, was suggested by himself.

The farther he advanced in his researches, and the longer he meditated upon the subject, of the more importance did such a mission appear, and the more dear did it become to his heart. Being at Albany, during the administration of Governor Marcy, he took

¹ Since carried out by Mr. J. Romeyn Brodhead in his collection of the New York Colonial Documents.

occasion to counsel with him upon the subject. He also conferred with General Dix, the secretary of state, respecting it, and both those gentlemen favored the project. These conferences were before the Whigs had gained the ascendancy, and before there seemed to be any reasonable prospect of overthrowing the deep rooted power of the old Albany regency. The measure was not of a political but a literary character, and he thought not of politics in connection with it.

Thus the matter stood until the close of the legislative session of 1838, when the subject, at his instance, was agitated in the New York Historical Society—the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Mr. George Folsom, (who, although then but a recent resident of New York, had already become an active and efficient member of the society), and several others manifesting a deep interest in the project. A resolution was moved, either by Dr. Hawkes or Mr. Folsom, directing a memorial to be addressed to the legislature, praying for the institution of a historical mission for the purposes already indicated. Dr. Hawkes and Mr. Folsom spoke to the resolution, and Mr. Stone likewise advocated its adoption with earnestness, and at length the resolution was adopted, and a committee appointed to bring the subject before the legislature. A memorial for that object was also prepared, and Mr. Folsom, in behalf of the committee, proceeded to Albany forthwith. No action, however, was had upon the subject by that legislature.

In the autumn of the same year (1838) the subject was again brought up in the Historical society. In a brief consultation among a few of the members, before the society was called to order, Mr. William Beach Lawrence undertook to move the resolution for another application to the legislature; and on his doing so, it was seconded by Mr. Stone, who, at the same time, took occasion to illustrate, at considerable length, the importance of the measure, by showing from his own knowledge, the absence of materials for writing an adequate history of the state. The resolution was adopted, and Mr. Stone, P. G. Stuyvesant, W. B. Lawrence, George B. Folsom, and John Stephens, were appointed a committee to carry it into effect. The election came on soon afterward, and the Whigs swept the state, electing William H. Seward governor over Mr. Marcy,

and carrying a large majority of the popular branch of the New York legislature.

In December, as the time approached for the organization of the Whig state administration, and when he supposed the new governor to be engaged in preparing the annual message, having contributed his full share towards his elevation, and been in friendly, if not intimate correspondence with him for several years, he took the liberty of writing to him, suggesting sundry topics for his consideration, as worthy of recommendation in the message. Among other matters, he apprised him of the defectiveness of the manuscript historical records of the state, and of the action of the Historical society in the premises; stated to him that a memorial would be presented to the legislature, and respectfully suggested whether it was not a subject of sufficient moment to warrant an executive recommendation in the forthcoming message. When, however, the message appeared, he observed that all the topics he had indicated were adverted to in that document with the exception of the historical records.

Accordingly, at the close of the second week of the session he repaired to Albany, and took an early opportunity to call the attention of Governor Seward to the subject of the historical records, enquiring whether he had thought the matter unworthy of attention. His excellency, entering readily into the views of the society replied, "Certainly not." He said that he considered the subject of too much importance to be disposed of among the thousand topics necessarily thrown together in the annual message; and he had, therefore, reserved it for a special message, with which it would afford him pleasure to transmit their memorial to the legislature. Having thus secured the favor of the executive, and paved the way for the favorable action of the legislature, about three weeks afterward, Mr. Stone, in company with Mr. Stephens, waited upon the governor immediately, and presented the memorial, which his excellency soon after transmitted to the legislature by special message.

The bill appropriating the sum of four thousand dollars was at length passed, and on becoming a law, Governor Seward nominated Mr. Stone to the senate for the agency. It must be here borne in mind that the Whigs had not yet obtained the power in the senate—that body then consisting of eighteen Van Buren men, and fourteen

Whigs. And thus far, during the whole session, the majority had exerted its power by rejecting nearly every nomination put to them by Governor Seward.¹ The fact that he was to be nominated was communicated to him by Mr. James Bowen, on the morning of the day on which it was to be made. Knowing the disposition of a majority of the senate to reject Mr. Seward's nominations, and knowing that there were no public reasons why he should be made an object of their special favor, he supposed, of course, that he would share the common fate, unless he could have an opportunity of making such explanations as might induce the majority to yield their party discipline in regard to this particular subject, which, in truth, had no connection with politics of any sort. He knew it to be the usual practice of the senate, to refer all nominations to some proper committee, and to await its report before definite action. Presuming that such would be the course adopted in relation to himself, he hastened to Albany, and was met on the following morning by Senator Tallmadge, who informed him that his nomination had been made, debated, and rejected by a strict party vote. The governor had immediately, thereafter, nominated Mr. John P. Sargeant, the assistant editor of the *Courier*, for the station, which nomination had, also, been summarily rejected. As this was no political affair, he had been furnished by Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, with whom—although there was an impassable gulf between them in political principles—there had, for more than twenty years, been a warm personal friendship, with letters to several of his political friends in the senate. One of these letters was addressed to Mr. Edward P. Livingston, then of the senate, and a member of the Historical society. After reading his letter, Mr. Livingston informed him that he had misunderstood the history of the mission; and such was the fact with several of the members of the majority, whom he had reason to number among his personal friends, notwithstanding they had voted against him. Among these were Daniel S. Dickinson, Mr. Paige and Mr. Wager. With these gentlemen and Mr. Livingston, Mr. F. A. Tallmadge, then in the senate, held a consultation, the result

¹ The nomination of Mr. Glentworth was an exception. It is due to Governor Seward to say, that he was averse to making that nomination, and was pushed into the measure by his friends. Both the Van Buren and Whig wire-pullers were in favor of Glentworth. Each party intended to cheat the other by the operation, and both succeeded:

of which was, an agreement on their part, that if Governor Seward would renominate, they would vote for him. Mr. Tallmadge conveyed the information to the governor, and he was at once again nominated.

This was on Monday, the last day of the session but one — a joint resolution having been passed for an adjournment *sine die* at twelve o'clock at noon of the following day. There is, moreover, a rule of the senate, requiring that every nomination shall lie upon the table one day, if such course be insisted on by any one senator. Unexpectedly to both sides, the enforcement of this rule was demanded by Mr. H. F. Jones, then a Van Buren senator from Queens; and as the president of the senate declared the rule to be imperative, the nomination was carried over to the last morning of the session; and amid the general scramble upon the unfinished business, the senate refused to go into executive session that morning before the hour of twelve arrested business of every kind by a final adjournment.

Thus the matter lingered along until January, 1841, when — other influences being brought to bear upon the executive mind, and Mr. Stone refusing to pay the price demanded as being contrary to his sense of honor and self-respect — Mr. J. Romeyn Brodhead (then a young man acting as secretary to Mr. Bleecker, the American charge in Holland), was appointed; and thus, through political chicanery, that, which one had sown, was reaped by another.¹

III.

Although Colonel Stone's² influence was widely extended throughout the country, yet in New York city was it more particularly felt. For many years he was identified with all her interests; and she has reason ever to hold his name in kindly remembrance.³ The reli-

¹ In this statement, it is not intended to cast the slightest reflection upon Mr. Brodhead, who deserves all praise for the satisfactory and able manner in which his work was accomplished. Situated as he was, in Holland, at the time, he was probably entirely ignorant of the circumstances which preceded his appointment. Still, Mr. Stone's claim to the mission as a right and an honor belonging to him as a simple matter of usage in similar cases, unless moral, intellectual or literary unfitness should have been made to appear, will, perhaps, not be questioned.

² Mr. Stone acquired the title of *colonel* from having held that position on Governor Clinton's staff.

³ "Among the memorable editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* was the late Wm. L. Stone, a devoted man to his responsible trust, of great fidelity in his political views. The *Commercial* can boast of a succession of editors remarkable for their freedom from vio-

rious enterprises and benevolent associations of the day commanded his earnest efforts in their behalf; and, at home, the INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, and the SOCIETY FOR THE REFORMATION OF JUVENILE DELINQUENTS found in him a steadfast supporter. He became a director in the former institution in 1833, having been led to take an especial interest in the education of deaf mutes, from the fact that among the relatives of his wife were three deaf mute sisters, who have since become eminent examples of the blessings conferred by education on this once forsaken class.

"Colonel Stone," writes Harvy P. Peet, the president of the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum, "entered with characteristic energy into the effort to build up a superior institution for the deaf and dumb in New York. To his influence is due, in large measure, my selection for the position of principal: and I ascribe much of the success which crowned my labors to his ready sympathy and encouragement and his intelligent and zealous cooperation. From the time I became principal of the institution in 1831 to his death in 1844, he was the man of all others on whom I most relied for aid in urging the claims of our institution on the people of our city and state. He was constant in his attendance at our public exhibitions, ever ready and felicitous in suggesting tests of the acquirements of the pupils and ever prepared with appropriate anecdotes to be related by signs and translated into written languages, so that it always seemed much of the popular interest of those occasions was owing to him. The editor of a journal of wide circulation and extensive influence, especially among the more wealthy and benevolent classes, he was eminently successful in his appeals to public benevolence, and that because of the confidence generally felt both in his goodness of heart and in his discrimination. The columns of his paper were ever freely open for all statements in behalf of the institution and for full reviews of its reports and other publications, so that it was regarded as

least political aspersion, of extreme jealousy in behalf of moral and religious instruction, and strong attachment to American institutions. Lewis, who succeeded Webster, had been reared a divine and was hardly adapted to encounter the antagonistic assaults of the party press. Colonel Stone, equal to his predecessor in refinement of feeling and charitable impulse, with stronger devotion, and greater industry filled the measure of his renown by a perseverance in patriotism and benevolence that won the admiration of numerous patriots." *Id.* N. Y. 1844, in *Contemporary Characters*, delivered before the New York Historical Society, Nov. 11, 1884, by the late John M. Francis, D.D., LL.D.

our appropriate organ of communication with the public. His extensive personal and political influence was ever exerted to the utmost to favor all our applications to the public or to the legislature for the means of improving our system of instruction, or for extensions, whether of the number of pupils provided for, or of the time accorded to each. He held that the deaf and dumb should be raised to the social and intellectual level of their brethren who are blessed with hearing and speech, and that no expenditure should be begrudged necessary to secure the best teachers, the best apparatus, and the best system of instruction to a class condemned to grapple with difficulties so peculiarly great in their efforts to acquire language and knowledge.

As a director of this institution, his quick intelligence and sound judgment enabled him to appreciate the value of suggestions for improvements, and his influence with the board could always be relied on to secure their adoption, at the same time that his rare good sense preserved him from the error of some men of undoubted philanthropy, who, in a similar situation, have thought that theories formed in the closet might be made to overrule a life-long professional experience. He was a liberal donor to the library of the institution, and his newspaper was always sent free for the use of our teachers and pupils. His example and influence, moreover, obtained for it frequent donations of books and periodicals. The value of such gifts to an institution like ours needs no comment."

As an illustration of the labors he performed on behalf of this institution, may be instanced the Report on the Examination of the Institution for the year 1837. This is a document of nearly thirty printed pages, and is a monument both of his keenness of observation and of his acquaintance with the subject of deaf mute education. Two other gentlemen, Walter Boune and Prosper M. Wetmore, were by appointment of General John A. Dix — then the superintendent of the schools of the state — associated with him in the investigation, but the leading part in the examination, and the labor of writing the report devolved upon him.

In this report, after a review of the condition and management of the institution, and the acquirements of the several classes — interesting from its fullness and faithfulness of detail — he made and ably

advocated certain suggestions, the most important of which was the one urging an extension of the term of instruction from five to seven years. These suggestions were favorably acted on by the legislature, and the desired extension was promptly granted.

Nor was it only in the instruction of the deaf and dumb that his zeal in the cause of education showed itself. For many years he was one of the school commissioners of New York city, and during the years 1843-44 he was superintendent of the common schools.¹ Many will yet remember his famous discussion with Archbishop Hughes in relation to the use of the Bible in the schools—his last letter to whom—occupying two columns of fine type in the *Commercial*—was dictated on his death-bed, but two weeks previous to his decease. Stripped of all extraneous matter the gist of the controversy was as follows. By the provisions of an act passed by the board of education on the eleventh of April, 1842, it was declared that no school in which any religious or sectarian doctrine or tenet was taught, should receive any portion of the school moneys to be distributed by the act. Archbishop Hughes took the ground that

¹ The difficulty which the author experienced in endeavoring to discover the year in which Col. Stone was superintendent of common schools, deserves particular mention, as showing the shiftless manner in which the public records are kept in the city of New York. Wishing to ascertain the exact year in which Mr. Stone held the office, he went to a gentleman (we will call him A), whom he knew to be engaged in the history of our common schools and asked the question. The gentleman was unable to tell him at the moment, but referred him to the board of education as the place where, of course, the desired information could be obtained. The author went there and asked an officer of the board the question. He could not tell him, but referred him to a gentleman up stairs who would know. The latter, however, was equally in the dark, but, in his turn, referred his questioner to a gentleman down stairs in still another department, who, having been connected with the board for a long term of years, would certainly know. Upon repeating the question to this one, he was informed that he did not know, as until within a few years the school records had not been annually printed, and that the manuscript kept by the different secretaries before that time was mislaid. He, however, was positive that if he should go to Mr. —, in Wall street, he would know, as he was one of the school commissioners in the year designated. To him, therefore, the author went; but his astonishment may well be imagined when that person said he had entirely forgotten, but stated that if he would go to such a one — mentioning the veritable Mr. A — he could undoubtedly tell him, as he was now engaged upon a history of the common schools! This, if not "reasoning in a circle," certainly was questioning in a circle, the questioner having brought up at the very point from which he started! Finally, upon the author making a second visit to the room of the board, an attaché of the place, who had a dim recollection of a record book being in the cellar, went down stairs, and after much search examined the manuscript, from which, after patient search, the desired information was brought to light. Now if such difficulty exists in ascertaining — not an insignificant fact,

to allow the Bible to be read daily in the school was teaching a sectarian doctrine, and therefore demanded that the schools in which it was read, should not be included in the distribution of the moneys. In the discussion that followed the promulgation of this atrocious sentiment between the Archbishop and Mr. Stone, the latter carried the day; and at a meeting of the board of education, held November thirteenth, 1844, (two months after Mr. Stone's death) the act was amended by a resolution to the effect "that the Bible without note or comment is not a sectarian book, and that the reading of a portion of the scriptures without note or comment, at the opening of the schools, is not inculcating or practicing any religious, sectarian doctrine or tenet of any particular Christian or other religious sect."

IV.

In the early autumn of 1843, Mr. Stone began to experience symptoms which indicated the necessity of repose and the vigilant use of medical restoratives. The long and painful illness that followed was caused by excessive devotion to the toils of the study—

but one relating to the superintendent of common schools only twenty years since — what would be the difficulty in finding the history of events which occurred thirty, forty, or fifty years ago?

We have stated the above with no intention of throwing censure upon the officers of the present board (1865). The fault lies not at their door. On the contrary, with great courtesy, they endeavored to aid us to the extent of their ability, and realized in its fullest extent the evils of the manner in which the records had in former times been kept. Indeed, it is only justice to say that it has been through their exertions that the proceedings have latterly been printed.

Another remarkable illustration of the subject existed a few years ago in the basement of the City Hall under the county clerk's office. The ancient rolls of the colonial courts were one grand pile of parchment, lying in mass, and great quantities were stolen and sold to gold beaters. It would probably be impossible at the present time to find the judgment roll in any cause tried prior to the year 1787, unless by chance. Possibly there has been more care of late in the preservation of these records. Their value cannot be over estimated.

Although there may be spasmodic attempts by individuals to bring about a reform in this regard, yet we greatly fear that it will continue so long as the true cause of the difficulty remains, to wit, that political maxim — the bane of American institutions — "to the victors belong the spoils." New office holders care little for old records; and, throwing aside all sentiment in the matter, unless this thing is rectified it will, in time, embarrass the practical business relations of every-day life. More attention must be paid to preserving records. It is not necessary to make enormous jobs, such as the atrocity which was perpetrated in New York city in reference to the register's office. What is needed is, a general respect for the value of old records, and the adoption of preservative means. Better paper to record on, better binding to keep; and above all, fire-proof buildings for all public records.

to unremitted labor of the mind—the effects of which were not counteracted by sufficient exercise of the body. His employment in the editorial room required as many hours of each day as should be devoted to wearing mental occupation; but during the last four or five years of his life it had been his practice to shut himself up in his library, immediately after dinner, and there remain until a late hour of the night in the preparation of his historical volumes. Nor was this all. The important and laborious duties of his office, in connection with the public schools, exacted from him much time and mental exertion, and beyond all these, he was ever ready to meet the frequent calls that were made on him in the service of benevolent and literary institutions. Such a continuity of effort of such a kind must needs have had a deleterious effect upon his health, never very robust; but though the indications of serious derangement continued through the winter, often interrupting his labors both at home and at the office, his intervals of rest were commensurate only with the positive inability which enjoined them.¹ Though rarely free from pain or weakness, he persevered in hurtful devotion to his various

¹ The following extract from a letter, written by Mrs. Stone during the winter of 1844 to a member of her family, gives a glimpse of the manner in which she was accustomed to lighten her husband's labors, and, also, throws light upon the Andover Letters—the authorship of which was for a long time in doubt.

“My poor husband has had a relapse, which has confined him for the last ten days to the house, and being unable to write himself, he employed me to write to Mr. Webster, and Professor Stuart, who, by the way, wrote those admirable articles, you have seen in the *Commercial*, headed, “Mr. Webster and his Andover address.” I knew you would be interested to know the author. Is it not refreshing to meet with political articles, written with the frankness and sincerity, and honest warmth of these—entirely free from cant terms—the shibboleth of party, and all that mercenary *claptrapism*, so abundantly used on such subjects in general. The professor says, he heard the statement, and wrote from nothing else, but to relieve his feelings, and soothe his sense of justice. He was so impressed by Mr. Webster's having sacrificed himself with his party for the sake of serving his country, that he could not suppress his desire to enlighten the minds of honest enquirers, as his own had been enlightened. The professor sent the manuscript on by Mr. Webster, who handed it to Mr. Stone, and was so polite as to say he wished me to read it and make any alterations which struck me as expedient, he having no time to read it himself. Mr. Webster was very much afraid Professor Stuart would say too much in his praise. He thinks every body will say, the picture owes its excellence to the talents of the painter rather than its fidelity to the original. I should like to show you all the letters from the professor and Mr. Webster upon the subject. How interesting to the lovers of intellect to come at the mind of greatness in its undress—to have a peep at it beneath the disguises of policy or conventional forms. Mr. Webster often reminds me of dear brother Francis, [The late President Wayland of Brown University, R. I.] than any living contemporary.”

employments, until at last, early in the spring, he found himself obliged to abstain from labor and give serious attention to the repair of his broken constitution. He accordingly left the *Commercial* in charge of Mr. John Inman, who had been his assistant for several years, and repaired to Saratoga Springs in the expectation of deriving benefit from the waters. At first it seemed as if he would rally and recover; but the hopes of his physician and friends were delusive, and on Wednesday, the 15th of August, 1844, he died in that village, at the residence of his father-in-law, the Rev. Francis Wayland. His funeral took place on Saturday morning, and was largely attended. His companion in the editorial duties, Mr. John Inman, was present. The pall bearers were twelve in number, and consisted, among others, equally prominent, of Chancellor Walworth, Messrs. Hiram Ketchum and Seth Grosvenor, and his old master, Colonel Prentiss. The remains were borne to the village cemetery and placed in the bosom of a secluded grove, where the sun in his westward course casts a parting beam.

“He suffered greatly,” writes Mrs. Stone, “during his illness, physically and mentally. His mental depression was doubtless the result of his disease. But the sense which he had of his unworthiness, and the depth of his humility were most touching. He was constantly praying that he might not be deceived—that there should be no mistake. ‘Oh,’ he would say, in the midst of his mental distress, ‘if it be my Heavenly Father’s discipline to fit me for heaven, and I may have the very lowest place at his footstool I shall rejoice in it all.’ Although, as you know, he never allowed himself pleasure or recreation, and was constantly endeavoring to help every good cause, he seemed to feel as if he had done nothing, he judged himself so severely.”

“One day he said, ‘I may go suddenly, and not be able to say anything to bear testimony to my belief.’ He then repeated in a very audible and impressive manner the creed as it is in the Book of Common Prayer, adding, ‘should my opinion be realized, remember this, my dying testimony—this I solemnly believe.’ He had his reason till the last, though he dropped away very suddenly and unexpectedly to us all. But at the closing struggle, a beam of heavenly light overspread his features, and the expression upon

his face was that of unalterable, unutterable happiness. There was also an expression of holy triumph, which seemed to say, 'I have escaped the tempter forever.'"¹

Indeed, it may be truly said, that to the cause of education he gave his whole energies, and spared not even his decaying strength. To the end he spoke with the kindest interest of his associates in the Board of Education; and wished very much to dictate a letter, giving them his views on one or two topics which he thought important. "I entreated him," writes Mrs. Stone to Gerardus Clarke, president at that time, of the Board of Education, "to spare himself. Indeed, to the last, I hoped he might recover, and could not endure that he should make the least effort for fear it should injure him.

¹ Mrs. Stone survived her husband not quite eight years. A few days after her decease, which occurred, also, at Saratoga Springs, the following just tribute appeared in the *Commercial*, from the pen of one who knew her well in all the relations of life:

"Mrs. *SURANNAH P. STONE* was so long a resident of this city, that a notice somewhat more particular than the simple announcement of her death will be grateful to those friends who cherish her memory with affectionate interest. She was from youth remarkable. From her childhood she held rank with the very first of her associates, maintaining her place as she grew up. She was every where recognized as a superior woman. Her powers of conversation, whether in discussion, in sympathy, or in satire, were remarkable. As a Christian, she was distinguished for her faith, and for her constancy in prayer. This spirit seemed to pervade her life, and continued through all those circumstances which in other persons might have subdued it. Her affections were strong, and almost unalterable; they sometimes abides her strong judgment, and they, perhaps, were the only medium through which her judgment could be biased.

When she employed her pen, which was often in the columns of this paper, she displayed rare excellence. Even when confined by sickness, her range of observation was wide; everything connected with the true progress of the human race awakened her deepest interest. Her nice discrimination enabled her to form a just estimate of the relative importance of passing events, and her animadversions on these topics were indicative of a shrewd and sagacious mind. Deprived as she was for several years, by the progress of disease, of many social enjoyments, her desire for the improvement and true happiness of those about her, and especially the young, was apparent in all her arrangements. Those who were privileged with this intercourse, will recall in after years the Bible stories, and numberless lively narratives, which engaged the attention, while they improved the heart; and should her letters addressed to children and young persons ever meet the public eye, they would be highly valued by many a Christian mother.

Days of pain, and wearisome nights, were appointed her, yet she repined not, nor forgot the interests of others. Indeed her own sufferings seemed to quicken her sympathies. If she could not "go about doing good" as she desired, her active mind was always devising kindly acts. Many are the children of want and sorrow, who will not know, till the great day of revelling, whence came the timely counsel and unlooked for aid. The chamber of sickness was to her the school of Christ, and there it was that her graces matured and her soul ripened for immortal life. Though so long laid aside from actual duty in her Master's service, she was often comforted by the thought that — "They also serve, who only stand and wait."

He two or three times spoke to my brother, Dr. Wayland of Brown University, who was with us, to the same effect, and he, for the same reason, declined being his amanuensis."

"In the decease of our associate," said Mr. Clarke, in announcing the fact to the Board of Education, at a special meeting called for that purpose, "not only have his family and immediate circle of friends been visited by an overwhelming calamity, but this community, and this board have sustained a loss, the severity of which will be long severely felt and deplored. In truth, our departed friend filled a space that cannot be easily supplied. Possessing talents of a high order, a mind highly cultivated, an industry that never tired, and a disposition to apply all his energies to promote the welfare and happiness of his fellow-men, he was eminently qualified for being (what he really was) a most valuable member of society; and hence it was that he had become identified with most of our literary and benevolent institutions. When such a man is struck down in the meridian of his life, in the maturity of his faculties, and in the full career of his usefulness, the event is well calculated to excite the most painful emotions, and to cause those who survive to pause for a moment in their career, and stand appalled at the uncertainty of human life, and the vanity of human pursuits.

As superintendent of common schools his loss is irreparable, and, from any knowledge I possess of the qualifications of others, I fear it will be long before his place will be fully supplied. His qualifications for that office were preëminent; and to his enthusiasm in the cause of our common schools, and to the arduous duties he performed during the last summer, I believe may be imputed in part the commencement of that disease which terminated his valuable life. Such, I know, were his own sad convictions."

V.

The character of Colonel Stone can not be fully presented without mentioning his sympathy with those who were struggling in life, and how readily a word of kindness was written or spoken, or his purse opened for their assistance. The ingenuousness, transparency, and freshness of character, which he always retained, shone forth with great beauty amid scenes and in circumstances little likely to

elicit them. Unsparring as he ever was in exposing error, and criticising men and measures, he was equally ready to retract or make amends when convinced of having unwittingly committed injustice.¹ Mixing largely and actively in the political struggles of his time—ardent in every cause in which he engaged—and enlisted in a profession of all others the most trying, it would be strange indeed, if he made no enemies. Such, however, was the kindness of his heart, and the natural evenness of his temper, that it is believed, no one ever continued his personal enemy after becoming acquainted with him. “If,” writes Rufus Choate to William Powell, “there is a humane and an upright editor in the world, it is Colonel Stone.”

While possessing, also, great powers of logic and sarcasm—as shown, among other instances, in his discussion with the archbishop—he was equally ready with a playful ridicule, which was

1 WILLIAM H. HARRISON TO WILLIAM L. STONE.

WASHINGTON, 26th, May, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR: I am much gratified to find by your letter of the 24th inst., that you are willing to do me ample justice in relation to the publication which appeared in your paper some short time since. * * * * *

Your letter betrays the feelings of a man of honor; and after having received this statement and the extract from Commodore Perry's letter and ——'s remark, you will not, I am sure, hesitate to say that your Washington correspondent, ——, has attempted a base imposition upon yourself and the public.

I am, very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

COL. WM. L. STONE.

WM. H. HARRISON.

EDWARD EVERETT TO WILLIAM L. STONE.

WASHINGTON, 6th Feby., 1834.

MY DEAR SIR: Your friendly letter of the 2d is before me, and removes any disagreeable impression produced by the article, in your paper, which was in truth unfair. The use of certain words, such as exegetical, led me to trace it to a particular religious school, and set it down to sectarian pique. Hence my remark. Nothing can be kinder than your proposal relative to a regular analysis of the several numbers [*The North American*] which you made to me orally in New York and now repeat. My brother will desire to avail himself of your very kind offer. * * * * *

I read your paper with great pleasure and regard it as one of the ablest—perhaps the very ablest—published.

I have taken no part this winter in debate, perhaps shall not. I am sick and weary of the scene, and shall slip my neck out of the yoke, (it never, I trust, was in the collar), as soon as possible.

Yours, dear Sir,

With great regard,

COL. WM. L. STONE.

E. EVERETT.

often quite as effective as the adoption of a more serious tone. When *womens' rights* were first advocated by Fanny Wright he brought the absurdity of many of her positions into a strong light by assuming them for the time to be correct, and carrying them to a legitimate conclusion. This he did by a series of letters in the *Commercial*, supposed to have passed between a husband and wife, while the latter was serving in congress. Two letters from this imaginary correspondence are here given.

NEW YORK, *April 27, 1849.*

HONORED WIFE: I received your letter of the 15th, and have attended to all your directions as well as I could. But I am sorry to say that things do not go very well during your absence, partly, no doubt, from my want of skill and experience. I unfortunately spoiled most of your white dresses in the last wash, by rubbing them too much in one place, so that they frayed into holes; and James has ruined nine or ten of your best lace collars, by making his irons too hot, so that they are quite scorched. I had to send out and hire a man to finish the ironing, which has considerably increased the week's expenses. I am afraid James heated the irons on purpose, through dislike to the business, which does not seem to come natural to him, having been brought up, you know, by his Uncle Glover, in England, where the new system of female supremacy has not yet been established. Also, I find that the cold corn-bread and water plan don't agree with me very well; perhaps because I don't mix the dough properly. Charlotte is in danger of losing her election to the legislature, I believe; I don't know for certain, because she don't of course tell me anything about public affairs; and she sends the newspapers to you as soon as she has done reading them; but I had a talk about it this morning with neighbor Bigelow, while he and I were sweeping the street before the corporation cart came along. I hope she will write to you about it, for old alderman Purdy has just dropp'd in to say that while he was carrying up dinner yesterday, he heard his wife telling Miss Morris, the Mayor's first marshal, that Charlotte would certainly lose her election. But you know Charlotte is full of confidence, and perhaps she may not think it necessary to write.

I met Mr. Lenox yesterday, as I was coming home from the mar-

ket, and he told me that he believed Mrs. Lenox was thinking of proposing a match to you, between her Maria and our William. How he got his information I don't know, for of course Mrs. Lenox would not speak to her husband about it; but I should not wonder if it was true for he is very clever in finding out things, you know; almost as clever as a woman. If I might venture an opinion, I should think William with his fine voice, and his skill in music, might make a better match, for he is accounted very handsome—and Mr. Lenox's Maria is not likely to distinguish herself. What would you think of Miss Griswold, or Miss Olyphant, as a substitute for Maria? Miss Olyphant, it is whispered, is talked of as our next Minister to China.

Should you meet the Hon. Mrs. Ely Moore, or the Hon. Mrs. M'Keon at the *Soirée* on Thursday evening, please say that their husbands are less troublesome than they were, and are well.

I should be glad to know whether it is the Russian, or the French mission you are expecting. If the former, as the climate is cold, I was thinking that perhaps it might suit your pleasure for me to speak to young Mr. Ramsay Cooks in season for a stock of furs. However, you know your own business best.

I would be glad to know when we will set about cleaning house; also, whether you wish the carpets taken up in the bed-room, as well as down stairs. Please also let me know whether I shall get any more coal, or buy wood for the summer.

I shall have to trouble you for a little more money, as that you left with me is nearly all gone.

Your very faithful husband,

CHURCHILL C. CHICKERING.

THE HON. MRS. LOUISA CHICKERING.

P. S. What do you think? Our old cook, Peg Snodgrass, is preparing to start for Alderman, in opposition to Lee, in the Seventeenth ward; and the Hon. Miss Sophronia Caroline Matilda Slamon, after all her high notions, has taken the office of tobacco inspector!

WASHINGTON, *May 2d*, 1849.

MR. CHICKERING, *Sir*: I cannot spare you any money at present. Send me what dresses and collars you have ready, the spoiled ones

and all, by mail. They will come free under my frank. The washing and ironing must not be attended with such stupid disasters hereafter, or I shall hire a man to do it, and his wages will come out of your allowance. I have written to Charlotte. You did right to let me know what you had heard about the election. I will take care of Mrs. Lenox and her matters. The match, or any of those which you suggest, are not to be thought of. You spoke of Mrs. Moore and Mrs. M'Keon. Pshaw! Their husbands made better members, when they were here. As to the session, you know very well, Mr. Chickering, that I keep my own counsel. Buy furs when you are told, and not before. There must be coal enough left to last till I come home. Take up *all* the carpets. 'Tis as I expected about Slamon. Peg will make as good an alderman as any of them. The corporation has always been a board of grannies. And besides, she don't want feeding. On second thoughts, let the house cleaning alone till I come home.

Yours, &c. &c.,

LOUISA CHICKERING.

P. S.—That old difficulty with the Hon. Mrs. Calhoun has broken out again. I see what it must come to. By some faithful hand, therefore, send me my new case of hair-trigger pistols. See that the locks are in good order, and send along a few balls that are a true fit. If our Julia would like a captaincy in the rifle corps better than cornet of dragoons, tell her to write and let me know.

In temperament he was eminently genial. He overflowed with humor; and the public dinners of New York were often illumined by the scintillations of his wit. He always had a pleasant word for every one, no matter how busied he might be; and often by a timely repartee he accomplished real good. An instance in point occurs to the writer at this moment. The Colonel once called upon John Jacob Astor to obtain a considerable amount for some charitable object. To all his persuasions Astor turned a deaf ear, finally alleging that he himself was really quite poor. "Yes, Mr. Astor," replied the Colonel, "every one is poor now-a-days but you and me." Astor knew that the Colonel was, at that time, very much embarrassed, having lost nearly all his property by endorsing; and upon this reply,

so archly given, Astor joined in the laugh, and handed the Colonel his check for considerably more than the sum asked for.

Another prominent trait in his character was his childlike trust in Providence. From the day on which he left his father's roof, to the one that witnessed his death, this reliance remained unshaken; and in many a dark hour of his early life struggles he owed his successful extrication from the difficulties which beset him to the power of that Being in whose special guardianship he always believed. This trait is illustrated in the following entry in his private diary made on the occasion of his visit to Cooperstown in 1829—the first one since his departure from that village to enter in earnest upon his life-work:

“Cooperstown was the favorite spot of my boyhood. From childhood to youth, and even manhood, I grew up in the vicinity of this delightful village, which, until I was of legal age to become my own master, was the nearest approach to a city that I had seen. And my present visit to a scene, consecrated by so many early recollections and endearing associations, is after an absence of fifteen years. I had left it, a poor young man, without experience in the world, with but little knowledge, without means, and without friends to aid or influence my destiny, or to push me forward in the great world. And through the blessing of a kind Providence, I now return, accompanied by an intelligent, educated and accomplished wife, in prosperous, if not in affluent circumstances, and known for ten years as the editor of one of the oldest and most respectable daily papers in our country. When I departed, it was with the determination of attaining success in the profession I had chosen. I have now accomplished it: but if I know my own feelings, this pleasure is unalloyed with pride or vanity. On the contrary, such are my demerits and deficiencies, that I cannot but wonder at my own success, and I am constrained to raise my heart in humble thanks to that God who has thus prospered my earthly career.”

The personal characteristics of the man, however, will best appear in the following letter to the writer from one of Mr. Stone's contemporaries, the Hon. Horace Greely.

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE,
New York City, Dec. 26th, 1865. }

MY DEAR SIR: You ask me for some personal reminiscences of your departed father: and I very gladly furnish them. Short they must be, but I hope not without interest.

I had become acquainted, in early boyhood, with the country edition of his journal, known to us as the *New York Spectator*; and which I liked much the more, doubtless, that its politics exactly suited me. When, in 1826, I became an apprentice in the office of the *Northern Spectator* at Poultney, Vermont, its editorial conduct was soon confided to your father's younger brother, Ebenezer G. Stone, now so many years deceased; in whose family I lived some two or three months. Hence, when I came to New York in 1831, your father was no stranger to me, though I was utterly unheard of by him, until having work in a little job-printing office at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, not far from the office of the *Commercial Advertiser* I was time and again called over to help on the composition of that journal whenever there was a press of matter; and thus I made the personal acquaintance of its chief editor. This was in 1832-3, several years before your birth (which I remember very well); but your father was then at least forty years old, and a life of editorial labor and care had made their mark upon his face and frame. But, absorbed in his duties as he habitually was when I saw him, his was an eminently genial, kindly, companionable nature, and we were soon on excellent terms. As I had recently been employed likewise in the office of the *Evening Post*—then a leading democratic journal—and had always there been made to realize that there was a wide distance, if not an impassable barrier, between an editor and a journeyman printer, I appreciated more keenly the kind familiarity of the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, especially since the contrast afforded confirmation to my cherished theory that political democracy and social aristocracy were opposite phases (or facts), of what was essentially the same thing. At length, I received the offer of a regular situation as compositor on the *Commercial*, one that I would have given all my real and personal estate for a bare year earlier, but I had now involved myself in business so that though grateful for the offer, I could not accept it.

Years passed—two, or perhaps three. I had started a weekly paper of my own, (*The New Yorker*), and was struggling on with it, (my chin just above water) when the Morris and Essex rail road was just opened to Morristown, and many were invited to participate in the opening trip; among them several editors. Your father and I were of those who accepted that invitation; and we devoted the time mainly to each other. I recollect few days spent more profitably or pleasantly on my part. He had probably been twenty-five years an editor, I some three or four; and his stores of experience and wisdom were as freely imparted as they were gratefully received. I trust we were friends before; I am sure we were ever afterward. Though our meetings were infrequent—for time was precious to both—they were always improved and enjoyed.

I think few editors were ever more generally respected as honest and fearless of personal consequences than the late William. L. Stone. Freely avowing unpopular opinions—conservative, not of slavery and caste, but of the restraints of law and the deference due to rightful authority—he was generally in a minority in the union and state, and almost always so in the City; yet the greater number of those who contrived to vote him down at the polls esteemed and honored him as a proclaimer of wholesome though discredited truth. In the councils of the National Republicans and thereafter of the Whig party, he was heard and deferred to; and I remember his addressing an enormous Whig Young Men's Convention at Syracuse in 1840, when, frankly avowing himself an unchanged Federalist of the school of Hamilton and Jay, he was vociferously cheered and applauded—a tribute, not so much to the soundness of his views as to his frankness in thus avowing them.

A few months before his decease he told me he had resolved to retire from editorial responsibilities—a resolution which I profoundly honor, and hope in time to imitate. He had done a man's full work—he had fairly earned a few years of comparative rest and freedom from incessant care; and though (as I have understood), he had achieved but a moderate competence, he felt that he might better devote his remaining years to the proper training of his only child (yourself), than to be heaping up gold for that child's use (or abuse), after he should be left as, in the course of nature, he would

inevitable be left—an orphan while yet in his minority. And though I think your father had less need than most of us of deliberate preparation for the great inevitable change, I rejoice that he was not stricken down amid the din and bustle of a great city, but enjoyed opportunity for solemn, though not painful meditation on life, death, accountability, eternity, and was enabled to enjoy even in this life, a foretaste of that serenity of peace and bliss to which his many years of unstained Christian profession and practice enabled him to look forward humbly but trustfully. Green be the sod above his honored grave! and may the virtues of the father be reflected and illustrated in the character and career of the son!

Yours,

HORACE GREELY.

Many tributes, both public and private, were paid to the memory of Mr. Stone—one of which will close this sketch.¹

¹ "Colonel Stone," writes the Hon. Thurlow Weed in a long editorial obituary upon his decease, "was ardently devoted to his profession. He had taste and talent which qualified him eminently, for the duties of that profession. He always published an excellent and interesting newspaper. He was, also, a most laborious student. He wrote rapidly and with great mental ease. Besides conducting his newspaper, he sought and reached the highest walks of literature. In his historical researches he was alike diligent and successful. His *Life of Brant* will endure, while letters last, as evidence of his research, talent and genius. Our periodicals and annuals also bear testimony to the fertility of his imagination, the purity of his taste, and the excellence of his heart. We very much doubt whether, for the last twenty-five years, any other man among us has gone through with an equal amount of editorial and literary labor.

"Colonel Stone, though an ardent and impulsive politician, was always guided by convictions of duty. In differing with him, as we sometimes did, we knew him too well to question the purity of his motives. He edited his paper, as he discharged every other duty, with a conscientious conviction of the justice and rightfulness of his course.

"Our acquaintance with the deceased commenced in 1813. We presented ourself to him at Herkimer, in February of that year, a half-grown and half-learned itinerant printer, without friends or money. He not only gave us employment, but became and remained our friend; and through all differences of opinion, we have never ceased to cherish for him feelings of affection and gratitude—feelings which, in the hour of bereavement and separation, bring back, with the freshness of youth, a long train of 'sweet and bitter fancies.'"

The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler of Philadelphia, for many years the able editor of the *United States Gazette*, writes, also, as follows: "Colonel Stone has passed away in the midst of usefulness. I will not write his eulogy to you—yet you know how I feel his loss, for you have witnessed our quiet communings—you have seen with what warmth we dwelt upon sentiments and principles common to us both, and how we turned aside from those on which we differed. We had learned to understand each other, and where we could not walk together, there to separate—each resolving that there should 'be no



Allusion has been made to the friendship which existed in his early life between himself and Sands. In later years a close friendship sprung up between Mr. Schoolcraft and himself, which their community of tastes rendered enduring until death. Both loved the red man; both used their best efforts freely in his behalf; and both became the pioneers in hewing down the prejudices which had grown up around his character. The affection existing between them is beautifully illustrated by the following incident. A few days after Colonel Stone's death, Mr. Schoolcraft visited Saratoga; and while standing one afternoon, in the mellow sunset, among the evergreens that hung over the grave of his friend, he composed the following stanzas:

"They bore him up by a winding road,
To a burial-ground in the wood,
Where the tall pines cast their shade around
To hallow the solitude.

Away from the town and the waters bright,
Where fashion and beauty cling,
Remote from the thoughtless multitude
And the gayeties of the spring.

'Tis a new-made ground—a mile away—
And stumps and trees stand round,
As monuments of the forest rule
Upon that virgin ground.¹

strife between us, for we were brethren.' He was an accomplished editor, but he aspired, and successfully aspired to permanency of fame as a writer. I do not know that it was a natural proclivity of his mind, or an acquired habit, but there was in him a tendency towards the past for the benefit of the future, and he seemed to dive into the midst of the undigested records of other times, as if it was his delight to bring order from chaotic masses. We both loved the salient points of the times in which we lived—he had time and determination to seize upon them, and the world judges of him more by these efforts than by his constant exhibition of sound morals, and advocacy of correct, social and political principles—his illustrations of domestic propriety and domestic happiness.

"I loved the playfulness of his humor, and the promptness of his repartees, and it was a source of pleasure to turn aside from the barrenness of some of the paths before me, to tread the track over which his wit and genius strewed flowers—and it was my pride as an editor, that the profession had in him so powerful an advocate of the principles we professed—so bright an example of the virtues that illustrate our nature. * * * I know not the history of the last days of my friend—but he who stood constantly prepared for a journey, could not be alarmed when the intimation was given that he must depart."

¹The present picturesque Greenridge Cemetery, at Saratoga Springs. Colonel Stone was the first one whose remains were there interred.

And it is well; it would never quit
The spirit that slumbers there,
To lie in the noise and hot pursuit
Of empty pride and care.

For though he took note of the world's advance,
And the heaving surges of life,
Its manners and politics, business and toil,
His was not a spirit of strife.

He looked upon morals and letters and men,
With a deeper and holier view,
And sought by his counsel, and aimed by his pen,
To show forth the good and the true.

To better mankind, by example and word,
Was still the firm aim of his life,
And there were but few, who succeeded as well,
Nay — *his* was no spirit of strife.

In the long dark shades of the whispering pine,
In the winding forest recess,
It was tasteful to find out a peaceful spot,
A spot that the good may bless.

The ancient wood genii shall wake up to life,
And join with the white man to weep
O'er one who remembered the red sons of strife,
And scattered fresh bays where they sleep.

And oft shall the fair and the wise thither go,
Away from the circles they trod,
To pay the fond tribute of heartfelt regret
To one who rejoiced in his God."



Portrait of a man in a military-style uniform.



Handwritten text, possibly a name or date, is visible below the photograph but is illegible due to fading and blurring.

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, OR RED JACKET.

CHAPTER I.

SUBJECT of the biography—His name—Preliminary glimpses of his character—His nation—Incidental discussion concerning the Iroquois, or Five Nations—Tradition of the origin of the Senecas—Hill of Genundewah—Romantic story—The Hurons—History of the Five Nations—Chapter closes in doubt.

“I am an orator!—I was born an orator!”—were the prompt exclamations of the subject of the present memoir, in reply to an inquiry, by an obtrusive white man, respecting his deeds in arms. The evasion was alike spirited, quick-witted, and adroit. No man, either savage or civilized, probably, was ever more conscious of the strong and the weak points of his own character than the celebrated Seneca chief, SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, or *He-keeps-them-awake*,—better known to the public under the less imposing name of RED JACKET.¹ His original Indian name was

¹ The Indian name of Red Jacket, here given in the text, has been variously spelt, by different authors. I have adopted the orthography of an old manuscript record of the Seneca chiefs, invited by Colonel Timothy Pickering to attend a council in Philadelphia, in 1792. The usual translation of the name, *Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, has been, *The keeper-awake*. It was so rendered by De Witt Clinton, in his celebrated discourse before the New York Historical Society, in 1811. But the translation is erroneous, as *The keeper-awake* does not convey the idea intended. The ancient manuscript referred to gives the true meaning, as adopted in the text—*He-keeps-them-awake*.

O-TE-TI-ANI, in English, *Always Ready*. The other name was conferred upon him, in after years, on his election to the dignity of a sachem.

That he was an orator, in the most exalted sense of the term, of great and commanding power, is the universal testimony of all who enjoyed opportunities of forming a just opinion upon the subject. And no other man was more conscious of the fact than himself. That he was a warrior he did not positively deny to his unwelcome catechist, while he studiously avoided its acknowledgment.

It is well for his veracity that he did not, since nothing is more certain than that the impartial testimony of history would have been invoked in vain to sustain the assertion. Yet, notwithstanding the absence of that physical quality, the lack of which is so rare among a people living in the hunter state, and the possession of which is considered so indispensable among all barbarians, few men have arrived at a greater degree of consideration among his own people, or exerted a more commanding influence, than Red Jacket. He was upon the war-path during both conflicts between the United States and Great Britain. In the former—the war of the revolution—he served, with his nation, the cause of the crown. In the war of 1812–1815—the Senecas having changed their *quasi* allegiance—he served under the colors of the United States. But in neither contest did he win for himself the *right* to wear the eagle-plume. In the former he was openly charged by his brother chiefs with cowardice and treachery; while in the latter the impression made upon the mind of the general, under whose immediate eye he served, was by no means favorable in regard to his courage.¹ His entire character formed a bundle of con-

¹ General Peter B. Porter, late secretary of war, whose opinion will be quoted hereafter.

traditions. If he lacked firmness of nerves, he nevertheless possessed unbending firmness of purpose, and great moral courage. His intellectual powers were unquestionably of a very high order. He was a statesman of sagacity, and an orator of even surpassing eloquence; yet he was capable of descending to the practice of the lowest cunning of the demagogue. But he was still a patriot. He loved his nation and his race; and if, in the eyes of his people, the deficiencies of his character were not lost in the blaze of his genius, they were certainly more than counterbalanced by the admiration with which was contemplated the greatness of his mind.

The Seneca nation, whence Sa-go-ye-wat-ha sprang, and whose principal chief he was for many years, was, even at the time of the discovery by the Europeans, by far the most powerful of the Aquanuschioni,¹ or United People, known originally as the Five Nations, and afterward as the Six, by the addition of the Tuscaroras to the confederacy, about the year 1712. The reason of this addition to the number of their communities has been variously given. It is well known that the Five Nations carried their arms as far south as the country of the Cherokees, with whom they waged a bloody war, even within the last century.² The Tuscaroras

¹ Aquanuschioni is properly the same word which the early French missionaries among the Hurons wrote *Hotinonchiendi*, and which Bruyas, long a missionary among the Mohawks wrote *Hotinnonsionni*, and Morgan adopting the Seneca form, Hodenosaunee. Bruyas translates *Hotinnonsionni*,—*They form a cabin*. The translation therefore given in the text, United People, is a paraphrase of the literal meaning of the word.

² A fierce battle continuing two days, was fought between the Cherokees, Catawbas, and their associates, and the warriors of the Six Nations, at the junction of the Cumberland and Red rivers, in Kentucky, near the present line between the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, in the year 1731. The leader of the Six Nations on that occasion was Hioatou, a celebrated Seneca chief, who died in 1811, at the great age of 103. The slaughter was great on both sides, but Hioaktou was victorious.

were natives of a territory now forming the states of North Carolina. Bancroft speaks of them as "kindred with the Five Nations," and refers to several villages in that region, of the Huron-Iroquois, or Wyandot family. According to some authorities, the Tuscaroras, having formed a deep and general conspiracy to cut off the whites, were signally defeated, and driven from their country, under which circumstances they were adopted as a Sixth Nation by the Iroquois.¹ It has been asserted by others that they were conquered by the Iroquois, and by them removed to their own country, where they were planted down, and reckoned as an additional nation, but only upon the condition that, like the Delawares, they were to be ranked as women, and inhibited the use of arms in war. This is a most unlikely tale of their removal—since they "were the most powerful tribe in North Carolina," occupying, in 1708, fifteen towns in the upper country, on the Neuse and the Tar, and numbering twelve hundred warriors, as brave as the Mohawks.² Other authors have assigned a kindlier motive for the transplantation, viz: the discovery, by the Five Nations, of the marked similarity of the Tuscarora language to their own—there being no labials in either. Hence they concluded that the latter either were, or of right ought to have been, members of their own great family. Hence, also, probably, Bancroft speaks of the Mohawks as their *brothers*.

The Senecas were the fifth nation of the original confederacy—their duty being to keep the western door of the long house, as the territory occupied by their principal range of towns was called. The Mohawks guarded the eastern door, at Skä'-neh-tä'-de.³ Whenever,

¹ Smith's *History of New-York*, sanctioned by the *Historical discourse of De Witt Clinton*.

² Bancroft's *United States*, vol. iii, p. 245.

³ The present site of Albany. The meaning of the term, literally, is *Beyond-the-pine-plains*." Morgan paraphrases it "beyond the open-

at either door of the long house, other nations, or their ambassadors, knocked upon business, the first duty of the nation keeping the door was to ascertain its character and importance. If not of great moment, the council of the separate nation attended to it. But whenever the subject matter presented from without was of interest to the whole confederacy, or of sufficient weight to require the consideration of the united council, the messengers charged with it were sent forward to the Onondaga valley, where the grand council fire was kindled, and it was discussed by the national congress. The Mohawk nation was the first in rank of the confederacy, and to it appertained the office of principal war-chief. To the Onondagas, in like manner — the nation whose peculiar province it was to guard the council fire — appertained the office of principal civil chief, or chief sachem. Still numerically considered, for a long time past, and perhaps always, the Senecas were by far the most powerful of the confederacy.

The questions as to the origin of the Seneca Indians, the entire confederacy to which they belonged, and the length of time they had been in the occupancy of "the long house," when first visited by the white man, are all involved in darkness, too deep, probably, for human penetration. According to the early French historians and tourists of America — among whom Charlevoix is probably the best authority — the Iroquois were occupying the country along the St. Lawrence, in the neighborhood of Hochelaga, at the time of the discovery of Canada by Jacques Cartier. When Cartier went to Hochelaga, now

ings." These plains are those between Schenectady and Albany — separating the Mohawk valley from that of the Hudson. By some mistake, the name was erroneously bestowed by the whites upon the Indian town of *Con-nugh-harie-gugh-harie*, literally *A-great-multitude-collected-together*. Standing at their castles, and looking toward the east *Skä'-neh-tä'-de*, (now Albany), was *Beyond-the-pine-plains* to the Mohawk.

Montreal, in 1535, he discovered a town of the Huron-Iroquois, containing about fifty huts. Cartier landed about six miles from the town, to which the way was well beaten and frequented. It was situated in the midst of large fields of Indian corn, and must even then have been a considerable place, and the metropolis of the neighboring country. It was encompassed by palisades, or trunks of trees set in a triple row. The outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit, while the upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength. Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of the assailants.¹ A single entrance was secured with piles and stakes; and every precaution adopted against sudden attack or siege. The town consisted of about fifty oblong houses, each fifty feet in length by twelve or fifteen in breadth, built of wood and covered with bark, "well and cunningly joined together." Each house contained small chambers, built round an open court in the centre, in which many fires were kindled. The inhabitants were devoted to husbandry and fishing, and the lands of the island were well cultivated to the base of the mountain, three miles from the present city of Montreal.² In a word, according

¹ Parkman.

²The following graphic and picturesque description of Cartier's visit to Montreal is taken from Parkman's charmingly told story, *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, p. 98, 188.

"Slowly gliding in their way, by walls of verdure, brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape-vines, and waters alive with wild fowl; they heard the song of the black bird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. The galleon grounded; they left her, and advancing with the boats alone, on the second of October, neared the goal of their hopes, the mysterious Hochelaga. * * * At dawn of day, marshaled and accoutered, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led them through the forest which covered the site of Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp, the leaves were changing hue, and

to the history of Cartier's voyage, the Indians of Hochelaga were more than usually civilized, for barbarians, and greatly in advance of the Iroquois a century afterward. It has also been held that the war in which the Iroquois were engaged with the Adirondacks,¹ a powerful division of the Algonquins — at the time when Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence, in 1603, was the same in which they conquered the territory of the Mohawk valley, and that lying south of lake Ontario, in the possession of which they were found by the Dutch and English. Such is, moreover, the received opinion of various writers, European and American, who have glanced superficially at this question.

But this supposition, though entertained by Governor Colden, and afterwards by Governor Clinton, is beyond doubt erroneous.² At the time of Cartier's discovery the five Huron nations occupied Stadaconé, (Quebec) and

beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns. They soon met an Indian chief with a party of tribesmen, or, as the old narrative has it 'one of the principal lords of the said city,' attended with a numerous retinue. Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth, and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital of his eloquence, two hatchets, two knives, and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. This done, they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields, covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grains gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frosts, rose the ridgy back of the mountain of Montreal, and, below, encompassed with its cornfields lay the Indian town."

¹Several of the old French writers speak of the word *Adirondack*, signifying *Manjeurs d'Arbres*, as a nickname given to the wandering portions of the Algonquin family. — *N. Y. Col. Doc.*, v, 791; also, *Hist. Magazine*, v, 253.

²Colden's statements must generally be received with great caution. Not only was his *History of the Five Nations* written to subserve a political purpose, but he stole, and stole very carelessly, from La Potherie, who in turn borrowed with little acknowledgment from Nicolas Perrot.

the country of St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. A most powerful clan of that people then lived, chiefly, upon the Ottawa; and it is more than probable that those were the occupants of Hochelaga. Seventy years later no trace remained of Stadaconé, and the town at Hochelaga, described by Cartier, had dwindled into insignificance at the time of Champlain's visit, having probably been destroyed by the Iroquois — a body of whom were met by Champlain in 1609 while voyaging upon the lake, since bearing his name, on their way against the Hurons and Adirondacks with hostile intent. Champlain was accompanied during this voyage by a war party of the latter, with whom he fought in alliance against the Iroquois, who were struck with amazement at the reports and the execution of the fire-arms used against them — engines of death which they had never seen before — and defeated, of course. Five years later, moreover, in 1615, that redoubtable pioneer-warrior attacked a town of the Senecas, the site of which was near one of the lakes of central New York, perhaps Canandaigua. This time, however, owing to the rashness of his dusky allies, the Iroquois, fighting behind their palisaded work, were the victors; and Champlain, wounded and crest fallen, was fain to make a hurried retreat into the country of the Hurons.¹

But, in addition to these circumstances, all the principal towns and cantons of the Five Nations gave evidence, at the period of the discovery, of a much longer occupancy of the territory in question than most authors have conceded; while according to their own traditions, affording yet better authority, they had been in the actual possession of that fair region of country for a length of time whereof

¹In connection with this discussion compare Parkman's *French Pioneers in the New World*, 189, note 2. Also, M. Faillon's *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, folio 1865, vol. I, note 18.

the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.¹ It is true that there is a dim and shadowy tradition among some of the people of the Five Nations, that they originally came from the north; but they date the period of their migration a long number of centuries back. Cusick, the Tuscarora author—and the only Indian who has written upon that subject—dates the event more than twenty-five hundred years before the discovery by Columbus—as correct, probably, as the Chinese chronology.² The tradition of the Senecas is, that the original people of their nation broke forth from the earth, from the crest of a mountain at the head of Canandaigua lake. The mountain which gave them birth is called Ge-nun-de-wah-gauh, or the Great hill. Hence the Senecas are called the *Great hill people*, which was their original title. The base of the Genundewah mountain, as it is usually called, they believe to have been encircled, when their nation was in its infancy, by a huge serpent, so vast in his proportions that he was enabled to coil himself entirely around the mountain. The head and tail of the monster united at the gateway of the path leading to and from the steep; and few who attempted either ingress or egress escaped his voracious jaws. Thus environed, the people remained a long time, as it were, in a state of siege; the serpent rendering their condition almost insupportable, not only by his war upon their lives, but by reason of his fœtid and poisonous breath. At length their sufferings becoming severe beyond longer endurance, the Indians determined to make a sally. Arming themselves, therefore, with such weapons as they had at hand, they descended the hill, but in attempting to escape the gate, were all seized and swallowed by the serpent, with the exception of two children, who by some means over-

¹ Charlevoix; Colden's *Six Nations*; Moulton's *New York*.

² This tract of Cusick's is a wretchedly puerile performance

leaped this fearful line of circumvallation, and avoided the terrible fate of the body of their infant tribe. Having escaped, these children were reserved for a yet higher destiny. They were informed, by an oracle, of means by which they might rid the world of the great monster so inimical to their race. They were directed to form a bow of a particular kind of willow, and an arrow of the same, the barb of which was to be dipped in poison, and shot in a direction that would allow it to penetrate the skin beneath the scales. The children obeyed the divine injunction, and the result was the serpent's death. No sooner had the arrow penetrated the skin than he was thrown into violent convulsions. Uncoiling himself from around the mountain, and writhing into the most frightful convolutions, in his agony he threw up the heads of the people he had devoured, which rolled down the steep into the lake. With agonizing throes the serpent himself then rolled into the lake, sweeping down the timber in his course. The heads of the Indians, that had been disgorged, were petrified by the transparent waters, and are to be seen at the bottom of the lake, in the shape of large round stones, to this day. From the two orphans, thus preserved, and who thus vanquished their terrible enemy, sprang the new race of Senecas. The tradition is equally absurd and puerile; but not more so than are the legends of the aboriginals of other nations, or even of the so-called civilized nations of India and China. But it is cited to show that the Senecas themselves have no idea of a modern occupancy of their territory. And that they were sincere in entertaining the tradition, may be allowed from the circumstance that the Genundewah has been held sacred, as being the place of their birth. For a long time past, and down to a recent period, it was a place of holding their councils. It was also the hallowed place of their religious services, some of which were instituted in commemoration of the death of

the serpent, which had thus threatened the extermination of their race.¹ This legend is less poetical, perhaps, but it is not more absurd, than the classic fable of the hydra of Lerna, or the monster which, according to Ælian, was the terror of India in the time of Alexander. The monster of Genundewah did not discharge volumes of flame and smoke from his mouth, like another Typhon; but the effluvium of his breath was even more destructive. The credulity of the wild Senecas was no greater than that of the polished Greeks; and they did not fall into the absurdity of paying divine honors to their monster, as the oriental Indians did the dragon-cotemporary of Alexander.

Connected with this sacred mount of Genundewah, and a wild precipice in its vicinity, which hangs beetling over the silver Canandaigua lake, called the Lover's leap, is an interesting story of love to distraction, and courage to death, on the part of a young Indian beauty, which may perhaps warrant a digression for its recital— more especially as the American aborigines have generally been accounted, comparatively, strangers to *la belle passion*. The legend is of a later day than that of the serpent, but, nevertheless, descends from remote tradition. During the wars of the Senecas and the Algonquins of the north, a chief of the latter was captured and carried to Genundewah, whereon a fortification, consisting of a square without bastions, and surrounded by palisades, was situated. The captive, though young in years, was famed for his prowess in the forest conflict, and nature had been bountiful to his person in those gifts of strength and symmetry which waken savage

¹ This tradition was related to the author, in November, 1838, by a Seneca chief, called *The Blacksmith*, a relative of Red Jacket, and to whom descended the medal given to the latter by General Washington. It is also given, in substance, by Mr. Seaver, author of the *Life of Mary Jemison*. Mr. Seaver received it from the late Captain Horatio Jones, for several years a prisoner among the Senecas, and long a government agent and interpreter among them.

admiration. After a short debate, he was condemned to die on the following day, by the slow torture of impalement. While he was lying in the cabin of death, a lodge devoted to the reception of condemned prisoners, the daughter of the sachem brought him food,¹ and, struck with his manly form and heroic bearing, resolved to save him or share his fate. Her bold enterprise was favored by the uncertain light of the gray dawn, while the solitary sentinel, weary with his night-watch, and forgetful of his duty, was slumbering. Stealing with noiseless tread to the side of the young captive, she cut the thongs where-with his limbs were bound, and besought him in breathing accents to follow her. The fugitives descended the hill by a wooded path conducting to the lake; but ere they reached the water, an alarm-whoop, wild and shrill, was heard issuing from the lips of the waking guard. They tarried not, though thorny vines and fallen timber obstructed their way. At length they reached the smooth beach, and leaping into a canoe, previously provided by the brave and considerate damsel, they plied the paddle vigorously, steering for the opposite shore. Vain were their efforts. On the wind came cries of rage, and the quick tramp of savage warriors, bounding over rock and glen in fierce pursuit. The Algonquin with the reckless daring of a young brave, sent back a yell of defiance; and soon after the plash of oars was heard, and a dozen war canoes were cutting the billows in their rear. The unfortunate lovers, on landing, took a trail leading in a western direction over the hills. The Algonquin, weakened by unhealed wounds, followed his active guide up the acclivity with panting heart and flagging pace; while his enemies, with the grim old sachem at their head, drew nearer and nearer. At length, finding farther attempts at flight use-

¹ The Indians always supply their prisoners with every comfort until the time for their execution arrives.

less, she diverged from the trail, and conducted her lover to a table-crested rock that projected over a ravine, or gulf, one hundred and fifty-feet in depth, the bottom of which was strewn with huge misshapen rocks, scattered in rude confusion. With hearts nerved to a high resolve, the hapless pair awaited the arrival of their yelling pursuers. Conspicuous by his eagle plume, towering form, and scowling brow, the daughter soon descried her inexorable sire leaping from crag to crag below her. He paused abruptly when his fiery eye rested on the objects of his pursuit. Notching an arrow on the string of his tried and unerring bow, he raised his sinewy arms—but ere the missile was sent, Wun-nut-hay, the Beautiful, interposed her form between her father and his victim. In wild appealing tones she entreated her sire to spare the young chieftain, assuring him that they would leap together from the precipice rather than be separated. The stern old man, deaf to her supplication, and disregarding her menace, ordered his followers to seize the fugitive. Warrior after warrior darted up the rock, but on reaching the platform, at the moment when they were grasping to clutch the young brave, the lovers, locked in fond embrace, flung themselves

“From the steep rock and perished.”

The mangled bodies were buried in the bottom of the glen, beneath the shade of overhanging rocks; and two small hollows, resembling sunken graves, are to this day pointed out to the curious traveler, as the burial place of the lovers.¹

¹This interesting legend was derived many years ago from a Seneca chief of some note, named Chequered Cap, and was communicated to me by W. H. C. Hosmer, Esq., of Avon, of whom more hereafter. On the top of Genundewah the remains of an Indian orchard are visible—a few moss-grown and wind-bowed apple-trees still linger, sad, but fitting emblems of the wasted race by whom they were planted.

But to return from the alluring field of romance to the graver details of historical inquiry. There is yet farther, if not stronger evidence to sustain the position, that the Five Nations had for ages been in the possession of their Long house. For example, speaking of the mounds in their country, which, like many others scattered between the lakes and the coast of Florida, have occasioned so much of speculation and curious inquiry, some of the Senecas told Mr. Kirkland, the celebrated missionary to the Indians, "that those in their territory were raised by their ancestors, in their wars with the western Indians, three, four, or five hundred years ago."¹ Indeed it was the belief of that people "that they sprang and grew up, in that very place, like the trees of the wilderness."² Still it is and must ever remain a question of doubt how long the Aquanuschioni had occupied the Long house. Their traditions are confused, and not in harmony with each other. De Witt Clinton inclined to the opinion that they first inhabited the country on the north side of the great lakes, whence they had been expelled by the Adirondacks — they in turn driving from the country south of the lakes a now lost nation, called the Satanas; and this hypothesis is not inconsistent with the subsequent claim of the Iroquois to the country west of lake Ontario, and north of lake Erie, as a conquest from the Hurons, at a later day. The Hurons and Wyandots, without controversy, were then driven from the country of the Georgian bay to the north west, beyond lake Superior — "hiding themselves in the dreary wastes that divided the Chippewas from their western foes."³ They were afterward driven back by the Sioux to Detroit,

¹ Clinton's *Discourse*.

² Note in Drake's *Book of the Indians*.

³ Bancroft. Doctor Colden pronounced the Adirondacks "the most warlike and polite nation of all the Indians in North America." He adds — "they were almost entirely destroyed by a people they at first despised."

and subsequently removed to the northern shore of lake Erie. The Indians called *Satanas* by the English, the *Chaouonons* of the French, resided farther west, upon the *Mississippi*. Brant, in a letter to Colonel Timothy Pickering, says the country south of Buffalo creek and lake Erie "was obtained by the joint exertions of the Five Nations, in a war with a powerful nation of Indians called *Eries*, and another nation then living at *Tioga point*; so that, by our successes, all the country between that and the *Mississippi* became the joint property of the Five Nations. All other nations now inhabiting this great tract of country were allowed to settle by the Five Nations."¹

There is yet another tradition, that the Five Nations came originally from the remote west. But, so far as is known, there is no language in that vast region assimilating to theirs, while the languages of the Indians east of the *Hudson river* were evidently from the same root as the different dialects of the great *Delaware family*, who are allowed to have come from that direction. The tradition, imputed by some writers to the *Senecas*, that they were once occupants of the territory of the *Creeks*, at the south, is not worthy of consideration.

While, however, the exact length of time in which they had been in the occupancy of the *Long house* is wrapped in the mists of uncertain tradition, yet it is believed that the time and circumstances under which the league itself was made, can be arrived at with more certainty. The tradition of the old men of the *Onondagas* on the subject, and in which they all agree with wonderful uniformity, is as follows: The league was formed at a period about the length of one man's life before the settlement of *Quebec*. Previous to that time the Five Nations were bound to-

¹ Manuscript letter from Joseph Brant—*Thayendanegea*—to Colonel Pickering, dated 30th December, 1794, in the author's possession.

gether by no common tie, and although they were generally on amicable terms, yet differences often arose, which terminated in bloodshed. At this point an Onondaga warrior, whose name was Da-gä-no-we'-dä, observing that the Five Nations had radically the same language, and were probably descended from a common origin, and, also, that in consequence of contending singly against their enemies they were often defeated, conceived the plan of a permanent union among the several tribes, so as the more effectually to defend themselves, and to wage offensive war. He, accordingly, proposed his plan to the principal chief of the Onondagas, a man of great influence and reputation as a warrior, but of a jealous and imperious temper. The latter viewed the communication with displeasure, and forbade Daganoweda to speak or act further in the matter, as it was a subject belonging to warriors more distinguished, and councillors wiser than he. The young warrior was not, however, to be deterred, and dissembling to avoid suspicion, bided his time. The opportunity soon came, and under the pretext of going on a hunting excursion, he went first to the Mohawks and Senecas, and upon consultation with their principal men found them favorably disposed. He then returned home, and again under the same pretext, visited the Oneidas and Cayugas, with the same result. Returning home he once more sounded his chief upon the subject, and wrought upon him by saying that if he would invite delegates from the other tribes to confer together, and the plan should be adopted, it would add greater luster than ever to his reputation. The consequence of this last appeal was that the chief gave the invitations, and the delegates met at Onondaga. Each tribe had one delegate except the Senecas, who had two, for the reason that they were the most numerous tribe. The plan of the confederacy was settled at this council, and was afterwards adopted by the several tribes in council assembled. The spot which tradition has marked

as the place where the delegates assembled, is on the east bank of the Onondaga creek, on the road to Syracuse, about one hundred rods north of the old turnpike, running through the village of Onondaga Hollow.¹ The Onondagas, having originated the league, were called **THE FATHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY**; the Mohawks, having been consulted, and having first given their consent, were called, **THE ELDEST BROTHER**; while, for a similar reason, the Cayugas were known as **THE YOUNGEST BROTHER**, having given their assent last; the Senecas were **THE WATCHMEN**, being located nearest their most powerful enemies from the west—probably the Hurons; and the Oneidas assumed the name of **THE HEADS**, for a reason not quite clear.² The great councils were to be always held at Onondaga; and then and there was planted the great tree whose roots were supposed to penetrate, and whose shade covered the whole country of the confederates.³ When the league was first organized, fifty sachemships were created, each having a distinct name as an official designation. These titles, moreover, were hereditary; and whenever a sachem died, his successor was installed into office, and took the name of the deceased delegates from at least one other tribe being required to be present and assist at the ceremony.⁴

¹ The exact spot, so near as can be ascertained, is the site of the house formerly occupied by Mathew M. Jackson—an old settler, and an old house yet well remembered.

² There is to be found a confirmation of this account of the origin of the league in the speech of Farmer's Brother in 1792 to Colonel Pickens, in which he speaks of "*an elder Brother the Mohawk*,"—also in the *Life of Brant* at pages 402 and 408 where the Onondagas speak of their children, the Oneidas, as the "*heads of the confederacy*." This tradition also corresponds with what is now pretty clearly established as a fact, namely, that the Onondagas, Mohawks and Senecas originally constituted the league before the Oneidas and Cayugas were admitted.

³ Compare Morgan's *League of the Iroquois*, chapter iii.

⁴ This traditionary account of the origin of the league is derived from Ephriam Webster—a person always considered perfectly truthful and

The question which now arises is, how much credit is to be given to this story. To as much as most traditions are entitled, — perhaps more. There is no doubt but that it is the tradition as handed down by the Onondagas, and probably conveys *general truth*, although, perhaps, blended somewhat with fiction. It is not at all unreasonable in itself; for the state of things described, is such as most naturally might

reliable — who related it to Asher Tyler Esq., by whom it was in turn told to the author. That the reader may judge for himself as to how much respect his testimony is entitled, a brief outline of his life is here given. At the close of the revolutionary war, Mr. Webster went as a trader, first, among the Oneidas, remaining with them some little time, until he had acquired a knowledge of their language. He then removed into the country of the Onondagas and opened a trading establishment on the spot where the village of Salina now stands. At this time the Onondagas were yet smarting under the chastisement inflicted by Van Schaick in his expedition against their villages; and on one occasion he narrowly escaped with his life from some Indians who insisted that they had seen him among Van Schaick's troops at the time of his invasion. He did not long remain a trader, but soon joined the Indians; was formally adopted into the tribe; married an Indian wife; and, for the time, became an Indian in all his tastes, habits, and pursuits. He lived in this way until the white settlers began to occupy the country, when he returned to civilized life — the Indians upon his leaving them, making him a present of a square mile of land in the Onondaga valley — a grant that was subsequently confirmed by the legislature. Upon returning to civilized society he married a white wife; was always esteemed a highly reputable man; and although of limited education, yet was observing, sensible and sagacious. In the last war with England, he accompanied the Onondagas to the frontier, and was in the battle of Chippewa — not holding any command but acting as an interpreter. He continued to act as interpreter until his decease, which occurred in the year 1823, at Tonnewanta, while on business with the Indians at that place. Webster was intimately acquainted with many of the chiefs and warriors among the Six Nations who were active during the French war, at a time when the confederacy existed in full force, with all its forms and traditions undimmed. "I well remember," writes Mr. Tyler to the author, "Webster's account of the invasion by Frontenac in 1692, as derived from the Indians; and on reading Bancroft's account of the same event, I was forcibly struck with their general agreement. This shows that in one case, at least, history and tradition coincide." Mr. Tyler further adds, "Mr. Webster was a man of strict integrity and veracity, and of sound judgment and understanding."

and did exist, while the remedy that was applied was certainly an obvious one. This incidental discussion, therefore, respecting the origin of the confederacy, and the length of time in which they had been in the occupancy of what they figuratively called their Long house, has, so far as *actual certainty* goes, necessarily left the question in as much obscurity as it was before, save that it is believed to have been pretty clearly shown, that they were by no means recent occupants of their territory, at the time when the white men first came among them.

CHAPTER II.

Nativity of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha — Origin of the name, Red Jacket — Serves with the Indians against the United States — Charges of treachery and cowardice — Hatred of Brant — Called The Cow-Killer — Cornplanter — Treaty of 1784, at Fort Stanwix — Views of Washington — Course of Red Jacket and Cornplanter there — the former opposing the treaty, and the latter effecting it — Dissatisfaction of the Indians at the result — Cornplanter attempts to reconcile them — His failure — Appeals to General Washington — Claims of Massachusetts to Western New York — Massachusetts acquires the preemption title — Sells a part to Phelps and Gorham — Stupendous scheme for dismembering New York — The plot crushed by Governor George Clinton and the legislature — Inkings of Red Jacket's duplicity — 1750 — 1788.

The Seneca chief, SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, or *He-keeps-them-awake*, has, by some writers upon Indian history, been designated as *The Last of the Senecas*, and perhaps with figurative justice. He had several able contemporaries, names not unknown to fame, among whom were Farmer's Brother and the Cornplanter. But these chiefs were older than himself, and distinguished rather as warriors than as orators; while Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, whose eloquence was the glory of his people, has left no one behind who can fill his place at the council-fire. The orator "owed nothing to the advantages of illustrious descent."¹ On the contrary, his parentage was humble, even in the estimate of his own people, among whom the democratic principle of positive equality is as nearly approximated, perhaps, as in any other country in the universe. He is believed to have been born about the year 1750, at a place called Old Castle, three miles west of the present beautiful and flourishing

¹ De Witt Clinton's *Historical Discourse*.

town of Geneva, at the foot of Seneca lake.¹ Of his early history little is known beyond the fact asserted by tradition, that he was remarkably swift upon the chase, and from his fleetness was often employed as a messenger, first among his own people, and afterward, during the war of the American revolution, as a runner for the British officers engaged in the border service. His name of *Red Jacket*, by which he was so long familiarly known among the white people, is said to have been acquired in the following manner: During the war just mentioned, his activity and intelligence attracted the attention of several officers in the service of the British crown, and acquired for him their friendship. One of them, either as a compliment, or for services rendered, "presented him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, which he took great pride in wearing. When this was worn out, he was presented with another; and he continued to wear this peculiar dress until it became a mark of distinction, and gave him the name by which he was afterward best known."² At the treaty of 1794, held at Canandaigua, Captain Parish, one of the interpreters in the service of the United States, gave him another red jacket, "to perpetuate the name to which he was so much attached."³

The most authentic information that has been obtained respecting his earlier career presents him in the outset of his slender military service, in a very unfavorable attitude. It was while he was upon the war-path, during the invasion of the Genesee country by General Sullivan, in 1779.

The author of the spirited sketch of his life just quoted speaks of the "activity and intelligence" by which he distinguished himself in that war, "though he had scarcely

¹ Sketch of Red Jacket, written by the Rev. John Breckenridge, D. D., for M'Kenney's *Indian Biography*.

² *Idem*.

³ *Idem*.

reached the age of manhood when he engaged in it." But the writer, soon afterward, observes, with greater justice— "in that contest he took little or no part as a warrior; and it would appear that like his celebrated predecessors in rhetorical fame, Demosthenes and Cicero, he better understood how to rouse his countrymen to war than to lead them to victory."¹ It is well known to those who are accurately versed in the Indian history of the last half century, that the celebrated Mohawk leader of the Six Nations, Thayendanegea, more commonly known as Joseph Brant, ever regarded the Seneca orator with mingled feelings of hatred and contempt. The Mohawk chief was wont to charge him with conduct perfectly in keeping with the classical parallel indicated by Dr. Breckenridge. According to the statements of Brant and others—made, too, with inconvenient directness in the presence of Red Jacket himself—the latter had been known to exert his eloquence to enkindle a war-spirit in the bosoms of the braves of his nation, and provoke them to take up the hatchet, while he ingeniously avoided the war-path, and availed himself of the absence of the warriors, thus procured, to plunder the goods, and even live stock, wherever he could—not caring to discriminate between the property of an enemy and that of the absentees of his own people. Hence the name of *Cow-Killer*, bestowed upon him by Joseph Brant, in a letter to the Duke of Northumberland, written in 1805.²

¹ Sketch by Rev. Dr. Breckenridge. Cicero, it is true, gave evidences of irresolution, if not timidity, in the struggles between Cæsar and the republic; and Demosthenes was accused of having been corrupted by the presents of Alexander. Thus far, between both the ancient orators and the Seneca, it will appear that there is a seeming parallel. Of the former two, cowardice was predicated of the one, and treachery of the other. The Seneca, as will be seen, has been charged with both.

² *Life of Brant*, vol. ii. p. 417. "Red Jacket was, from the following circumstance, nick-named The Cow Killer: During the revolutionary war, he had on some occasion exhorted his followers to behave with courage in an en-

But the origin of the Mohawk chieftain's enmity is to be traced to a more remote and still more aggravated cause, while, as will hereafter appear, there were transactions on the part of Red Jacket of deep personal concern to Brant, which added to the bitterness of his hatred. During the campaign of General Sullivan, already referred to, in which the Americans, like a stream of fire, swept through the fine country then inhabited by the Cayugas and Senecas, and now forming the western portion of the state of New York, the Mohawk chief was the leader, and the master-spirit, of the Indian forces. The battle of Newtown, so disastrous to the Indians, the Tories, and other more regular troops in the British service, left Captain Brant no choice but either to abandon the whole country at once, or adopt the Fabian system, and harass the American army by counter-marches and ambuscades. But the Mohawk was not a man to fly while a blow could be struck, and the latter alternative was adopted; with, at times, no inconsiderable degree of success. Yet, on the whole, the campaign of Sullivan resulted in the sad discomfiture of the Indians; and it was in after life urged by Brant, that the conduct of Red Jacket had not only caused him much trouble and embarrassment during that invasion, but had been the principal cause of the disasters of his people. Sa-go-ye-wat-ha was then twenty-nine years old, and although it does not appear that he had yet been created a chief, he nevertheless seems to have been already a man of influence. He was in the practice of holding

agement expected to take place, promising that he would himself be found in the hottest of the fight. But when the engagement came on, Red Jacket was missing, and was found, during the battle, cutting up a cow, belonging to an Indian, which he had killed. One day, when dining at my house with Captain Brant, Cornplanter told the story as if the act had been committed by some other Indian. He and Brant laughed exceedingly at the anecdote, and at Red Jacket's confusion. The latter attempted to join in the laugh, but was evidently very much embarrassed." — *Letter to the author from Thomas Morris.*

private consultations with the young warriors, and some of the younger and less resolute chiefs, for the purpose of fomenting discontents, and persuading them to sue for what Brant considered ignominious terms of peace. On one occasion, as Brant had alleged, Red Jacket had so far succeeded in his treachery as to induce some of the disaffected chiefs to send a runner into Sullivan's camp, to make known the dissensions he himself had awakened, and invite a flag of truce, with propositions of peace to the Indians. But the eagle eye of the Mohawk penetrated the conspiracy. Still his own position was too precarious to allow the exercise of force in crushing it. Watching every movement, therefore, he despatched two confidential warriors to intercept the American flag, possess themselves of the bearer's despatches, and put him to death. This bloody but necessary commission was executed with true Indian adriotness, and the purposes of Red Jacket were for that time frustrated.¹

The charge of positive cowardice, during the same campaign, rests upon the testimony of another — the brave and war-like Cornplanter, a chief of the same nation. It had been the intention of this chief to make a stand against a detachment of General Sullivan's forces, on the beach of the Canandaigua lake—the Indian village at that place having been a very considerable town. But “on the approach of the Americans, a small number of Indians, among whom was Red Jacket, began to retreat. Cornplanter exerted himself to rally them. He sprang in front of Red Jacket, and endeavored to persuade him to fight, but in vain. Whereupon the indignant chief, turning to the young wife of the recreant warrior, exclaimed, “Leave that man — he is a coward!”²

The name of Red Jacket occurs not again in history,

¹ *Life of Brant*, vol. ii, . 35.

² Rev. Dr. John Breckenridge.

written or unwritten, until in connexion with the great Indian Treaty held at Fort Stanwix, in the year 1784.¹ It redounds little to the credit of the British ministry of 1782-83, that in the treaty of peace with the United States, by which the independence of the latter was conceded to the fullest extent, no stipulation was inserted in behalf of the red allies of the crown. Four of the Six Nations, viz., the Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, had adhered to the royal cause with the utmost constancy and with perfect fidelity. They had all poured out their blood like water; their country had been ravaged by fire and sword, and the Mohawks had been entirely driven from their own peculiar and beautiful region; and yet not the slightest provision was interposed in their behalf by those whom they had served so bravely and so long.

But although the hatchet was not formally buried, its use was suspended by the treaty of 1783, and no farther acts of hostility were perpetrated by the Six Nations. Still, smarting as were the borderers of New York from the cruelties of the Indians, the legislature of that state began to agitate the question of an entire expulsion of the race from beyond its remotest western confines, and the confiscation of their lands. The humane feelings of General Washington revolted against so harsh a measure, as also did those of General Schuyler. The best relations had ever subsisted between the Dutch and the Six Nations, and likewise, for the most part, between the latter and the

¹ Fort Stanwix from its central position seems to have been a favorite place for holding Indian treaties. In 1768, the celebrated treaty was held there between the crown of Great Britain and the Six Nations, at which time Sir William Johnson, on behalf of the crown, obtained by purchase the title to Kentucky, Western Virginia, and Pennsylvania. For a full account of this treaty see the *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson*, vol. i, chapter 16.

English colonists;¹ and it was held by Washington and Schuyler, and others whose opinions were entitled to consideration, that the Indians who had been deluded into the service of the crown during the late struggle should be conciliated, if not won back to the interests of the United States, by humane and liberal treatment. In the opinion of Washington, their expulsion by force would inevitably involve the young republic in another general Indian war: whereas, were they treated with that degree of kindness and benevolence which the United States could then so well afford to extend to them, and which would be so creditable to the character of the confederation, their country might from time to time be obtained by negotiation as fast as it would be wanted for settlement by the whites, and at much less cost than it could be acquired for by conquest. Happily these principles prevailed, and a grand council was held by the chiefs of the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, in the autumn of 1784, which was attended by Oliver Wolcott, Richard Butler, and Arthur Lee, on the part of the United States, and at which a treaty of peace was negotiated. The journals of this council have been lost, and nothing remains but the naked treaty, by the provisions of which the Six Nations were received under the protection of the United States, and secured in the possession of all the tracts of country within the boundaries of New York, of which they were then the occupants.

This treaty was not signed by the chiefs in attendance upon the council, as is the usual practice, but by the names and arms of the nations represented, comprising the whole six of the Iroquois confederacy. There is, therefore, no catalogue extant of the sachems and chiefs present at the council; but from other and subsequent passages of

Indian history, it has been rendered certain that among the more prominent of the Indian leaders on that occasion—the most influential and the most eloquent—were the Cornplanter and Red Jacket. At what time the latter had been elevated to the dignity of chieftainship is not known. The means employed to obtain the rank are less uncertain. His conduct upon the war-path could not, by possibility, have purchased for him the favor of his people, for that conduct had been most emphatically stamped, both with treachery and cowardice—the latter imperfection being ever an unpardonable offence among warriors of all nations, with whatever leniency the former may perhaps be looked upon by Indians. But the Six Nations, above all others of the American aboriginals, were lovers of eloquence, and cultivators of the art.¹ Red Jacket's intellectual powers were of a high order, and he was an orator by nature.² He was, moreover, as artful and ambitious as he was eloquent. Aspiring to the rank of a chief, he not only wrought upon the minds of his people by the exertion of that faculty which was ever with them a high standard of merit, but he succeeded in availing himself of the superstitious constitution of his race, to effect his purpose. "His first essay was to dream that he was, or should be, a chief, and that the Great Spirit was angry that his nation had not advanced him to that dignity. This dream, with the

¹ "The most remarkable difference existed between the confederates [Six Nations,] and the other Indians, with respect to eloquence. You may search in vain in the records and writings of the past, or in the events of the present times, for a single model of eloquence among the Algonquins, the Delawares, the Shawanese, or any other nation of Indians, except the Iroquois. The few scintillations of intellectual light, the faint glimmerings of genius which are sometimes to be found in their speeches, are evidently derivative, and borrowed from the confederates." — *De Witt Clinton*.

² General Erastus Root once remarked to the author, that he considered John Randolph and Red Jacket the two most perfect orators whom he had ever heard.

necessary variations, was repeated, until, fortunately for him, the small-pox broke out among the Senecas. He then proclaimed the loathsome infliction a judgment sent by the Great Spirit, to punish them for their ingratitude to him. The consequence, ultimately, was, that by administering flattery to some, working upon the superstitious fears of others, and by awakening the admiration of all by his eloquence, he reached the goal of his ambition."¹ Hence his appearance in the council at Fort Stanwix, in company with the same brave chief by whom he had been so bitterly reproached for his cowardice, on the margin of Canandaigua lake, five years before.

Nor is it the least singular circumstance in this portion of his history, that he was the sturdy opponent of Cornplanter in the debates of the council, and although so utterly unfitted, by the absence of physical courage, for war himself, he was nevertheless opposed to peace—at least on the basis upon which it was granted. It appears from the proceedings of a great Indian council held at the mouth of the Detroit river, in 1786, two years after the treaty of Fort Stanwix, that the council at the latter place—the chiefs especially, who, with their nations, had been engaged on the side of Great Britain, in the struggle then recent—were, for the most part, opposed to the conclusion of any treaty which did not include the Hurons, Ottawas, Shawanese, Chippewas, Delawares, Pottawattamies, and the Wabash confederates, as well as the Six Nations, and cover the entire question of boundaries for the whole.¹ They desired that these several nations might be invited to join the council, that the pacification might include all who had borne a part hostile to the United States in the war. Red Jacket was strenuous upon this point; contending, with great vehemence, that, unless it

¹ *Life of Brant.*

were conceded — no matter for the withdrawal of Great Britain from the contest — the Indians ought to make common cause, and prosecute the war on their own account. His speech was characterized, by those who heard it, as a masterpiece of oratory, and it has been declared that every warrior present was carried away by his eloquence.¹ But the commissioners would listen to no such proposition; and the Cornplanter, who was an old and wise man, though less eloquent than his junior associate, ultimately succeeded in giving a favorable turn to the negotiation. Cornplanter was a warrior of unquestionable bravery. His trail had been bloody; and he therefore, at that time, stood high in the confidence of his people, and of course exerted a corresponding influence. He saw how utterly hopeless must be a contest between the Indians, single-handed, and the United States, and he ultimately succeeded in effecting a pacification — surrendering, by necessity, a large portion of the Indian territory within the state of New York, but yet retaining ample ranges of the forest for his own people. But although the result of the negotiation was more favorable to the Six Nations than they had any just right to expect, it nevertheless gave great dissatisfaction to the Indians generally; and several years elapsed before the Senecas became reconciled to it.

After the conclusion of the treaty, the commissioners engaged Cornplanter to make special endeavors to pacify his people, the Senecas and others; as a compensation for which exertions a special grant of land was made to him on the Alleghany river, within the state of Pennsylvania, on which he resided until his death. But his people were not easily reconciled; and they were yet more exasperated at the conduct of Cornplanter, when, five years afterward,

¹General Lafayette, who was present at the treaty of Fort Stanwix. Vide Levasseur's account of the general's interview with Red Jacket, at Buffalo, in 1825.

at the treaty of Fort Harmar, he gave up a still larger portion of their territory. He was bitterly reproached for this transaction; but, as in the treaty of Fort Stanwix, his motives were beyond impeachment. His life was even threatened¹—a circumstance to which he referred in the pathetic speech delivered by him to “the Great Counsellor of the Thirteen Fires,”² at Philadelphia, in 1790:

Father, we will not conceal from you that the Great God, and not man, has preserved the Cornplanter from the hands of his own people.

The speech here cited is a long and moving appeal to the Thirteen Fires, to reconsider their treaties and other proceedings with the Indians, and especially for a redress of alleged grievances, connected with the purchase of a large portion of their lands in Western New York, by Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham. In regard to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, the history of which is eloquently reviewed in the speech, the Cornplanter declares that its concessions were yielded only to force.

You then told us that we were in your hand, and that by closing it you could crush us to nothing, and you demanded from us a great country as the price of that peace you had offered us—as if our want of strength had destroyed our rights. Our chiefs had felt your power, and were unable to contend against you, and they therefore gave up that country. There were but few chiefs present, and they were compelled to give it up; and it is not the Six Nations only that reproach us for having given up that country. The Chippewas, and all the nations which lived on those lands westward, call to us, and ask us, “Brothers of our fathers! Where is the place which you have reserved for us to lie down upon?” What they agreed to has bound our nation; but your anger against us must, by this time, be cooled, and though our strength has not increased, nor your power become less, we ask you to consider

¹ Drake's *Book of the Indians*.

² Washington.

calmly, were the terms dictated to us by your commissioners reasonable and just? ¹

It is evident from the whole strain of this remarkable speech, that Cornplanter was harassed by the murmurs of his own people, and himself grieved at their condition. And it will be seen in the sequel, that the crafty Sa-go-ye-wat-ha afterward availed himself of the position he had himself occupied at Fort Stanwix, to advance his own ambitious views at the expense of his more ingenuous superior.² Still, it must in justice be conceded to the orator, that the treaty of peace having been concluded, he ever after maintained it with the most unwavering fidelity.

The names of Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham have been incidentally mentioned a few sentences back, in connection with the griefs which Cornplanter was pouring into the ears of his Great Father, the Counsellors of the Thirteen Fires; and the name of Red Jacket appearing in the same connexion, a few words of explanation seem to be required. It is well known that in consequence of the loose and indefinite manner in which patents had been granted by the crown, in the earlier history of the colonies, to vast tracts and regions of lands unknown, several difficult questions of land titles and jurisdiction arose between New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. In the adjustment of these difficulties, Connecticut became dispossessed of a tract in the Susquehanna country, called The Gore, and, on the other hand, received that portion of the state of Ohio, commonly known as New Connecticut, or The Western Reserve. Pennsylvania obtained a tract of land lying immediately beyond the western boundary of New York, and northeast of her own, embracing the harbor of Presque isle, upon lake Erie, familiarly

¹ Public Documents — *Indian Affairs*, vol. i, pp. 206, 207.

² *Life of Brant*, vol. ii, p. 245.

known as The Triangle. This was an important acquisition to Pennsylvania, affording the only passage, upon her own territory, to lake Erie. The difficulties between New York and Massachusetts were more serious, and of more difficult adjustment, by reason of the claim of the latter to a very large portion of Western New York. But an amicable arrangement was effected toward the close of 1786, by mutual concessions. Massachusetts relinquished the *jurisdiction* which she had attempted to claim, and New York relinquished to Massachusetts the *præemptive right* (or the right of purchasing the soil from the Indians), to a tract of land embracing six millions of acres, comprehending what is generally known as the Genesee country, and the territory beyond to lake Erie and the Pennsylvania border. New York thus retained her sovereignty, but lost the fee of one of the finest regions of country in the new world.

Pending the adjustment of these difficulties, and emboldened, probably, by the success which crowned the efforts of the Green Mountaineers in robbing New York of the territory composing the state of Vermont, a daring company of speculators, residing upon the banks of the Hudson, had attempted to grasp the entire country remaining to the Six Nations after the treaty of 1784, with a view, as it was believed, of ultimately dismembering New York, and creating a separate state from its western territory.¹ The laws of New York, even at that early day, prohibited the purchase of any Indian lands whatever, by individuals, or by companies, within the state. But Colonel Livingston and his associates attempted to escape the legal difficulties by an evasion. Instead of making a *purchase*, they negotiated with the chiefs of the Six Nations,

¹The gentlemen concerned in this vast project were, John Livingston, Caleb Benton, Peter Ryckman, John Stephenson, Ezekiel Gilbert, and their associates, of the county of Columbia, and state of New York.

in the autumn of 1787, for a *lease* of their entire territory within the state of New York, exclusive of certain reservations, for and during the period of *nine hundred and ninety-nine years*, at the nominal yearly rent of two thousand Spanish milled dollars, to be paid annually on the 4th day of July.¹ A lease of such extended duration was equivalent to a purchase of the fee of the land, and was so considered by the lessees, whose object, as it was understood, was to throw a large population as rapidly as possible into that territory, to form the nucleus of another independent state. But the government of the state, and the people, took the alarm. Remonstrances were poured in upon the legislature from Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and other towns, expressing the surprise and anxiety with which the remonstrants had observed the movements of the association, and protesting against the application making by the latter to obtain the sanction of their claim by the government. George Clinton, then governor of the state, was strongly opposed to the transaction, and called the attention of the legislature specially to the subject. Finally the hopes of the company were extinguished by the law of March, 1788, proposed by Egbert Benson, then in the Senate, declaring the preëmptive right to the lands to be vested in the state, and authorizing the strongest measures of force to be used by the Executive, in the removal of all intruders from the lands.²

Before proceeding farther with these explanations, not

¹ In the *same spirit*, Governor Livingston and his associates attempted to obtain possession of the Canajoharie lands in 1763, a design which was happily frustrated by Sir Wm. Johnson.—Vide *Life of Sir Wm. Johnson*, vol. ii, chap. 9.

² In order that not even the color of injustice toward the lessees might remain, the legislature, five years afterward, made a grant to them of a district of country, ten miles square, in the northern part of the state, and subsequently they received grants of several large tracts in the Genesee country, from Phelps and Gorham.

as foreign to the purposes of this biography as they may seem at the present stage of the narrative, it must be noted, and the fact should be remembered, that Red Jacket was a party to the transaction with Colonel Livingston and his associates, as also was the Cornplanter. The importance of keeping the name of Red Jacket in close connexion with this subject will presently appear.

Meantime, another feature in the great land operations now under consideration must be unfolded. It has just been seen that, in the year 1786, Massachusetts acquired from the state of New York the preëmptive right to a large tract of the Indian lands, comprehended in the Seneca country proper. This preëmptive title to all the lands claimed by, or accorded to Massachusetts, lying east of the Genesee river, was sold by the legislature of that state, in the following year, to Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, for the sum of one million of dollars, payable in three annual instalments. In the next subsequent year—that is, in the summer of 1788—Mr. Phelps led an expedition of colonists into the newly purchased territory, and causing a council of the Six Nations to be convened at Buffalo creek, in the month of July, succeeded in purchasing the fee of the soil, for the small sum of five thousand dollars in hand paid, one half in cash, and the other in goods—subject to an annual rent of five hundred dollars forever. The deed to Phelps and Gorham was dated on the 8th of July, 1788, and bears the signature of Sha-go-yagh-wat-ha,¹ or Red Jacket. Joseph Brant was also a party to the deed.

As the lease of their whole territory, executed the preceding year by the Indians to Colonel Livingston and his associates, had not yet been declared invalid by the government of the state, the sale to Phelps and Gorham rendered

¹ Thus spelt by the person who wrote the name to which Red Jacket placed his mark.

a farther arrangement with the former parties necessary. Accordingly, in the course of the same season, a second instrument was executed to Colonel Livingston and his company, setting forth the sale to Phelps and Gorham, and for that reason relinquishing to the former one half of the annual rent of two thousand dollars per annum, for the period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. And here, again, it is necessary to note the fact that Red Jacket was a party to this third document, connected with other papers and transactions, equivalent to an entire sale of the territory of his people within the state of New York.

CHAPTER III.

INDIAN relations of the United States in 1790 — Bad feeling of the Senecas — Council at Tioga Point — Red Jacket — Colonel Pickering — Hendrik — Red Jacket revives the land controversy — His speech — Extraordinary Indian ceremony — Visit of Cornplanter and Big Tree to Philadelphia — Appeal to General Washington — Duplicity of Cornplanter — The probable motive — Kindness of Washington to the deputation — Mission of Colonel Proctor — Council at Buffalo Creek — Salutatory speech of Red Jacket — British interference — Attempt to remove the council to Niagara — Resisted by Proctor — Farther difficulties — Intermeddling of the British officers — Council broken up — Interposition of the women, and proceedings resumed — Red Jacket's speech for the women — Proctor's mission abruptly terminated by Colonel Gordon — Colonel Pickering holds a council at Painted Post — Influence of the Indian women — Favorable result of that council — Propositions for aiding the Indians in the arts and manners of civilization — 1790–1791.

In the year 1790 the Indian relations of the United States were in a most unhappy, if not unfavorable, condition. A savage war, fierce and bloody, was raging upon the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania and Virginia; and the strong confederated Indian nations inhabiting the country of the great lakes, even to the regions beyond the Mississippi, acting under the advice of the officers of the British Indian department, and encouraged in various ways by the government of Canada, were gathering to the contest with a determination that the Ohio river should form the ultimate boundary between the United States and the Indian country. All the sympathies of the Senecas, who had never been quite satisfied with the provisions of the treaty of Fort Stanwix, were with their brethren of the west, as also were not a few of their warriors; although Cornplanter, their principal chief, remained unshaken in his friendship for the United States. Still, the popular

feeling among his nation was rather hostile ; threatening, in fact, open and general hostilities. Unluckily, just at this inauspicious conjuncture, the Senecas found fresh cause of exasperation in the murder of two of their people by some of the white border-men of Pennsylvania. The effect of this outrage had well nigh provoked an immediate outbreak, but the government of the United States lost not a moment in disavowing the act, and in the adoption of measures to bring the murderers to punishment, by the offer of a large reward for their apprehension. A conference with the Six Nations was also invited at Tioga point, at which Colonel Timothy Pickering, who then resided at Wyoming, was commissioned to attend on the part of the United States. The council-fire was kindled on the 16th of November, and was kept burning until the 23d. Among the nations present, either collectively or by representation, were the Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, a small party of Chippewas, and also several of the Stockbridge Indians, among whom was their veteran captain, and the faithful friend of the United States, Hendrik Apamaut. The Indians were in a high state of excitement on their arrival, in regard to the outrage for the consideration of which they had been convoked, and which was deeply felt. The chiefs who took the most active part in the proceedings of this council were Red Jacket, Farmer's Brother, Little Billy, Hendrik, and Fish Carrier, a very old and distinguished warrior of the Cayugas. Old Hendrik made a very eloquent and pathetic address to the commissioner, in the shape of an appeal in behalf of his people, reminding him of their strong and uniform attachment to the United States during the war of the revolution, of the hardships they underwent, and the losses they had sustained during that war, and complaining bitterly of the neglect with which they had been treated since the peace, in consequence, as he supposed, of the small number to

which they had been reduced. In referring to their services in the field, he used these expressions :

We fought by your side—our blood was mingled with yours—and the bones of our warriors still remain on the field of battle, as so many monuments of our attachment to the United States.¹

Cornplanter was not present at this council, and the principal speaker was Red Jacket, whose efforts produced a deep effect upon his people. Still, by a wise and well-adapted speech, Colonel Pickering succeeded in allaying the excitement of the Indians—dried their tears, and wiped out the blood that had been shed.

But no sooner had that important business been disposed of than Red Jacket introduced the subject of their lands, and the purchase of Phelps and Gorham. In a set speech to Colonel Pickering he inveighed against the procedure, (although, as has been seen, he had himself been a party to it), and declared that the Indians had been defrauded. It was not, he said, a sale which they had contemplated, or which they had stipulated to make to those gentlemen, but only a lease; and the consideration, he declared, was to have been ten thousand dollars, together with an annual rent of one thousand dollars, instead of five thousand dollars and a rent of five hundred, which only had been paid to them. He declared that after the bargain was concluded in council at Buffalo Creek, the Rev. Mr. Kirkland,² Colonel John Butler,³ and Captain Brant, were designated by the Indians to draw up the papers. The Indians supposed all to have been done correctly until the year following, when they went to Canandaigua

¹ The Stockbridge Indians suffered very severely in the battle of White plains.

² The celebrated missionary to the Indians.

³ Of the British Indian Department—the invader of Wyoming, then residing at Niagara.

to receive their pay. Expecting to receive ten thousand dollars, they were told that five thousand only was their due.

When we took the money and shared it, we had but about a dollar a piece. "Mr. Street!"¹ said the chief, "you very well know that all that our lands came to was but the price of a few hogsheds of tobacco." "Gentlemen who stand by," (addressing the gentlemen in attendance with Colonel Pickering), "do not think hard of what has been said. At the time of the treaty, twenty brooches would not buy half a loaf of bread, so that, when we returned home, there was not a single spot of silver about us. Mr. Phelps did not purchase, but he leased the land. We opened our ears, and understood that the land was leased. This happened to us from our not knowing papers.

The speech under immediate consideration, is the earliest of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha's forensic efforts of which there is any written memorial, nor does it promise much either for the eloquence, genius, or talent of the orator. On the contrary, it is remarkable for its tameness, rather than for spirit or mental power—sinking indeed below the dead level of mediocrity. But aside from the fact that his theme, for the most part, was not inspiring—it being chiefly a dry recapitulation of business transactions—there is reason to believe that great injustice was done him by the interpreter. A gentleman, now venerable in years, who was present at the treaty,² asserts that both in matter and manner, Red Jacket, during the sittings of the council, spoke with extraordinary eloquence and power. Much depends upon the interpreter in the preservation of Indian eloquence. If he

¹A gentleman then connected with the Indian department, who was present at the treaty with Phelps and Gorham, and who was now with Colonel Pickering.

²Thomas Morris, Esq., who has favored the author with his written recollections of that council.

be a dull and prosaic man, without genius himself, and incapable of appreciating the glowing thoughts, the burning words, and the brilliant metaphors of his principal, the most eloquent and stirring passages — evidently such from the impassioned manner of their delivery, and their kindling effect upon those understanding the language to whom they are addressed — will fall from the interpreter's lips as insipid as it is possible to render language by the process of dilution.¹ Hence, from the acknowledged genius of Red Jacket, and the known powers of his eloquence upon his auditors, this speech to Colonel Pickering is to be received rather as a poor paraphrase by a bad interpreter, than as the speech of the orator himself. The following is the best passage it contains. After recapitulating his own statement of the negotiation with Phelps and Gorham, and asserting the anxiety of his people to appeal to congress for a redress of their grievances in this transaction, the orator proceeded :

Now, Brothers, the Thirteen States, you must open your ears. You know what has happened respecting our lands. You told us, from this time the chain of friendship should be brightened. Now, brothers, we have begun to brighten the chain, and we will follow the footsteps of our forefathers. We will take those steps, that we may sit easy and choose where and how large our seats should be. The reason we send this message is, that the President, who is over all the Thirteen States, may make our seats easy. We do it that the chain of friendship may be brightened with the Thirteen States, as

¹“I have heard an old Indian sachem speak with much vivacity and elocution, so that the speaker pleased and moved his audience with the manner of delivering his discourse, which, however as it afterwards came from the interpreter, disappointed us in our expectations. After the speaker had employed a considerable time in haranguing with much elocution, the interpreter often explained the whole by one single sentence. I believe the speaker, in that time, embellished and advanced his figures, that they might have their full force on their imagination, while the interpreter contented himself with the sense, in as few words as it it could be expressed.” — *Colden's Six Nations*.

well as with the British; that we may pass from one to the other unmolested. We wish to be under the protection of the Thirteen States as well as of the British.

During the progress of the negotiations with Colonel Pickering at this council, an episode was enacted, of which some account may be excused in this place, as an illustration of Indian character and manners. It was in this year, that Robert Morris, of Philadelphia—the great financier of the revolution—purchased from the state of Massachusetts the preëmptive right to that portion of her territory in Western New York, that had not been sold to Phelps and Gorham, viz: the entire tract bounded on the north by lake Ontario, on the south by the Pennsylvania line, on the east by the Genesee river, and on the west by the Niagara. Preparatory to the negotiations which Mr. Morris well knew he should be obliged to hold with the Indians, and for the general management of his concerns in that country, his son Thomas had taken up his residence at Canandaigua, and was diligently cultivating an acquaintance with the Indians. In this he was successful, and he soon became popular among them. He was in attendance with Colonel Pickering at Tioga point, where the Indians determined to adopt him into the Seneca nation, and Red Jacket bestowed upon him the name he himself had borne previous to his elevation to the dignity of a sachem—OTETIANI, *always ready*. The occasion of which they availed themselves to perform the ceremony of conferring upon young Morris his new name, was a religious observance, when the whole sixteen hundred Indians present at the treaty, united in an offering to the moon, then being at her full. The ceremonies were performed in the evening. It was a clear night, and the moon shone with uncommon brilliancy. The host of Indians, and their neophyte, were all seated upon the ground

in an extended circle, on one side of which a large fire was kept burning. The aged Cayuga chieftain, Fish Carrier, who was held in exalted veneration for his wisdom, and who had been greatly distinguished for his bravery from his youth up, officiated as the high priest of the occasion — making a long speech to the luminary, occasionally throwing tobacco into the fire as incense. On the conclusion of the address, the whole assembly prostrated themselves upon the bosom of their parent earth, and a grunting sound of approbation was uttered from mouth to mouth around the entire circle. At a short distance from the fire a post had been planted in the earth; intended to represent the stake of torture to which captives are bound for execution. After the ceremonies in favor of Madame Luna had been ended, they commenced a war-dance around the post, and the spectacle must have been as picturesque as it was animating and wild. The young braves engaged in the dance were naked excepting the breech-clout about their loins. They were painted frightfully, their backs being chalked white, with irregular streaks of red, denoting the streaming of blood. Frequently would they cease from dancing while one of their number ran to the fire, snatching thence a blazing stick, placed there for that purpose, which he would thrust at the post, as though inflicting torture upon a prisoner. In the course of the dance they sang their songs, and made the forests ring with their wild screams and shouts, as they boasted of their deeds of war and told the number of scalps they had respectively taken, or which had been taken by their nation. During the dance those engaged in it, as did others also, partook freely of unmixed rum, and by consequence of the natural excitement of the occasion, and the artificial excitement of the liquor, the festival had well nigh turned out a tragedy. It happened that among the dancers was an Oneida warrior, who, in striking the post,

boasted of the number of scalps taken by his nation during the war of the revolution. Now the Oneidas, it will be recollected, had sustained the cause of the colonies in that contest, while the rest of the Iroquois confederacy had espoused that of the crown. The boasting of the Oneida warrior, therefore, was like striking a spark into a keg of gunpowder. The ire of the Senecas was kindled in an instant, and they in turn boasted of the number of scalps taken by them from the Oneidas in that contest. They moreover taunted the Oneidas as cowards. Quick as lightning the hands of the latter were upon their weapons, and in turn the knives and tomahawks of the Senecas began to glitter in the moon-beams, as they were hastily drawn forth. For an instant it was a scene of anxious and almost breathless suspense, a death struggle seeming inevitable, when the storm was hushed by the interposition of old Fish Carrier, who rushed forward, and striking the post with violence, exclaimed :

You are all of you a parcel of boys : When you have attained my age, and performed the warlike deeds that I have performed, you may boast what you have done : not till then !

Saying which he threw down the post, put an end to the dance, and caused the assembly to retire.¹ This scene, in its reality, must have been one of absorbing and peculiar interest. An assembly of nearly two thousand inhabitants of the forest, grotesquely clad in skins and strouds, with shining ornaments of silver, and their coarse raven hair falling over their shoulders, and playing wildly in the wind as it swept past, sighing mournfully among the giant branches of the trees above — such a group, gathered in a

¹ Manuscript recollections of Thomas Morris. Mr. M. was known among the Indians by the name conferred upon him on this occasion, for many years. After his marriage, his wife was called by them Otetiani squaw, and his children, Otetiani papposes.

broad circle in an opening of the wilderness, the starry canopy of heaven glittering above them, the moon casting her silver mantle around their dusky forms — and a large fire blazing in the midst of them — before which they were working their spells, and performing their savage rites — must have presented a spectacle of long and vivid remembrance.

In December of the same year, a deputation of the Senecas, consisting of the Cornplanter, Half Town and Great Tree, visited Philadelphia, then the seat of the federal government, for the purpose of again remonstrating against the hardship of the treaty of fort Stanwix, and of reclaiming, if possible, a portion of the territory ceded away by that treaty. It was on the occasion of that visit that Cornplanter delivered the speech to General Washington, then president of the United States, cited in the preceding chapter. They wished, in particular, to obtain a restoration of the territory, bordering upon Pennsylvania, then occupied by Half Town and his people, who were, and had been from the first, dissatisfied with the treaty.

In the course of his appeal, speaking in reference to Half Town's clan, Cornplanter exclaimed with moving earnestness :

They grew out of that land, and their fathers grew out of it, and they cannot be persuaded to part with it. *It is a very little piece.* We therefore entreat you to restore to us this little piece of land.

The appeal is as simple and touching as that of Lot to be allowed to flee into Zoar. "*Is it not a little city?*" But such has not been the course of events. Vain are the appeals of Indians to the pale faces, for a restoration of territory — no matter how it may have been acquired. Yet, in the case under consideration, the Indians had less cause of complaint than usual, since the

treaty of fort Stanwix could not justly have been deemed oppressive.

But the provisions of the fort Stanwix treaty did not constitute the entire burden of Cornplanter's remonstrances. He, too, complained of the conduct of Phelps and Gorham, imputing the same frauds that had been charged by Red Jacket — and adding that Street was to receive from Phelps a grant of land ten miles square, for his agency in the deception practiced upon the Indians. This feature in the conduct of Cornplanter, considering the general fairness and integrity of his character, as exhibited in his intercourse with the whites, subsequent to the revolutionary war, is not of easy explication. He, like Red Jacket, had been a party to the sale of territory to Phelps and Gorham; and when the subject was afterward brought before congress, the report of Mr. Butler, from the committee of Indian affairs, supplied the most ample testimony, from gentlemen of irreproachable veracity, that the said purchase had been made in the most fair and honorable manner, and that the papers had been thoroughly and truly explained to the Indians, by whom the terms were perfectly understood. The charges of fraud, therefore, first publicly made by Red Jacket in his speech to Colonel Pickering, and afterward repeated, as has been seen, by Cornplanter, fell to the ground. But how came these chiefs — the Cornplanter being the head of his nation — to prefer the charges? May it not have been that Red Jacket was even then plotting to supplant his principal in the affections of his people, by inducing them to believe that he was more their friend, and a better patriot, than his rival? And may not the latter have taken up the false charge, and repeated it to General Washington, for the purpose only of sustaining himself, and circumventing the crafty demagogue, whose machinations were ultimately but too successful?

The bearing of Washington toward these sons of the forest was such as to allay the unpleasant feelings under which they arrived in Philadelphia, and to send them away in good humor. Nay, the Cornplanter was engaged to accompany Colonel Proctor on a friendly mission to the country of the Miamis, for the purpose of bringing the hostile Indians to reasonable terms of peace. This mission was not undertaken until the following spring, when Colonel Proctor proceeded into the Seneca country, to join Cornplanter. Meeting with him at his own town, situated upon Oil creek, one of the upper tributaries of the Alleghany river, it was found necessary to convoke a grand council of the Six Nations at Buffalo creek, before they could safely proceed to the country of the hostile nations. The fact was, that the repulse of General Harmar's expedition in the preceding autumn had greatly emboldened the hostile Indians, with whose cause those four of the Six Nations which had been engaged in the war of the revolution on the side of the crown, especially the Senecas, strongly sympathized. Numbers of their young warriors, disregarding the restraints, feeble at best, of their own principal chiefs, were in the ranks of the enemy, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, during the whole of that border conflict, that the greater part of the Six Nations were kept from joining their brethren. Just about this time, also, the Senecas had again been exasperated by the murder of several of their people, who had given no offence, by some of the Pennsylvania borderers living at Big Beaver creek, in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh. Hence Cornplanter and Colonel Proctor were obliged to proceed with the utmost circumspection; and a grand council at Buffalo being demanded before the nations would allow Cornplanter to proceed to the west, the measure was acquiesced in, though attended by great inconvenience, and necessarily causing a long delay.

It has been necessary to glance at this mission of Colonel Proctor and the Cornplanter, for the reason that the leading personage of the present memoir, Red Jacket, figured conspicuously in the council at Buffalo creek, at which place Cornplanter and Colonel Proctor arrived on the 27th of April, 1791. The council-fire had been burning several days, in anticipation of their presence, and many of the principal chiefs were already there—among whom were Farmer's Brother, Young King and Red Jacket—the former two being dressed in the uniforms of British colonels. Red Jacket was a much younger chief than the others, but had now, it was evident, become a man of consideration. Colonel Proctor, in his diary,¹ mentions him as "the great speaker and prince of the Turtle tribe."² The colonel was received with unusual ceremony. The Indians had mounted a two-pounder upon logs at the porch of the council-house, heavily loaded, which they discharged on the approach of their guests, but to the no small peril of all who were near, since the explosion up-threw the gun from its position, and sadly deranged its fixtures. Red Jacket, or, as his people were then accustomed to call him, the Young prince of the Wolf tribe, had been designated by the council to receive the colonel and Cornplanter, and as they entered the council-house, the orator rose and welcomed the former in the following speech:—

BROTHER: Listen! It is usual for us to speak; and to you we do it as to a brother that has been absent a long time. Now we all speak to you, and to our head warrior that left us last fall:—and we thank the Great Spirit for his and your safe arrival here, as you are together, hand in hand, from Honandaganus,³ upon great business.

¹ Vide Proctor's Journal, *Indian State Papers*, vol. i, p. 155.

² An error. Red Jacket was of the Wolf tribe.

³ General Washington.

You have traveled long, with tears in your eyes, upon account of the bad roads, and bad season of the year. Besides the disturbances between the bad Indians and our brothers the white people, every thing has been trying to prevent your coming, and to stop your business, and make you lose your way.

Thus the big waters might have stopped your coming; and the wars might have stopped you; and sickness might have stopped you; for we cannot know what is to happen until it comes upon us. So, therefore, we thank the Great Spirit who has preserved you from such dangers that might have hindered us from hearing of the good news which you and our head warrior have opened to us. But how could it be that any thing bad could have happened to you, while you have such important business to transact, as we understand you have come on?

You must now wipe away those tears occasioned by all the great dangers you have come through. And now we set you upon a seat where you can sit up straight — and a seat where you are secure from the fears of your enemies; — where you can look around and see all your friends and brothers in peace. Besides, you have come along with your heart and your throat stopped up, to secure all that you had to say in your body. But now we open your heart with your brothers' hands, and we run our fingers through to open your mouth, that you may speak clear, and not be molested. Your ears also have been stopped by Honandaganus until you should see your brothers at this place, being spared by the Great Spirit to arrive safe.

Now, open your ears to hear what your brothers may say after you have made your speech. This is, therefore, the compliment of the chiefs and head men of Buffalo creek, to you and our great warrior, the Cornplanter, and you may each of you go on safely with your business.

Cornplanter replied in behalf of Colonel Proctor and himself, and at the close of his speech, intended merely as an interchange of compliments, Red Jacket advanced and presented the colonel with the belt which he held while delivering his salutatory address.

But notwithstanding the apparent frankness and cordiality of this speech of welcome, the conduct of Red Jacket, even during the first evening's conference, was marked by extreme wariness, giving evidence of disingenuousness, if not of dissimulation. When Colonel Proctor stated "that he had been commissioned by General Washington, the "great chief of the Thirteen Fires," Red Jacket remarked "that many persons had occasionally come into their country, "who said they had also come from the authority of the "Thirteen Fires, but of the truth of this they were not "always convinced." But the colonel afterward ascertained that Red Jacket was only playing *a part* in the expression of his doubts. The orator and the chiefs at the council had been fully advised of the colonel's official character, by the chiefs who had met him in the intermediate councils, called in some of the Indian towns through which he had passed on his way thither. It was also ascertained by Proctor, on the first evening of his arrival, that Red Jacket was acting under the advice of Brant and Colonel John Butler, in order to thwart the views of the government of the United States, and if possible frustrate the intended visit of Proctor and Cornplanter to the Miamis. Brant and Butler had been at Buffalo creek some days before Proctor's arrival, and after a conference, the former had departed suddenly for the country of the belligerent Indians, leaving Red Jacket to receive the messengers as already stated, and enact a part cast expressly for the occasion of their arrival. According to certain intimations given by Captain Powell, an officer in the British Indian service who had been despatched by the commandment of Fort Erie to meet Colonel Proctor at the Buffalo council-house, this sudden mission of Brant had been "directed from headquarters;" but whether reference was had to Quebec, or the fort at Niagara, does not appear.

The council was numerously attended on the two suc-

ceeding days, during which Colonel Proctor read his entire instructions to the chiefs, as also the address with which he was charged to the hostile Indians of the west. Having concluded the interpretations of these papers, and informed the Indians of the kindness exercised by the Great Father of the Thirteen Fires, as manifested by the liberal concessions made to Cornplanter during his recent visit to Philadelphia, Colonel Proctor was surprised by a speech from Red Jacket, declaring that the council-fire must be removed to the British fortress of Niagara, to which place he said the colonel must accompany them. As a reason for this proposition, Red Jacket spoke of the absence of several chiefs of the Six Nations; adding, that in the discussion of matters of such grave importance he wished the presence of the British officers. "Captain Powell," he said, "is always true to us, and is with us at every treaty."

Conceiving it to be an unwarrantable request, sanctioned neither by his principals nor his instructions, the colonel peremptorily refused to comply with it—declaring, that if the relations of the chiefs with the officers of the British garrison were such that they could not act but upon their counsel and advice, they must send for those officers to join them at Buffalo creek. A marked silence pervaded the council for some time upon the utterance of Colonel Proctor's refusal; after which Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother successively addressed the Indians, and in the end a messenger was despatched to Niagara, with a request that Colonel Butler would join their council without delay.

During the three days intervening before the return of the messenger, Colonel Proctor was urging upon the chiefs the importance of a more rapid despatch of business, that he might resume his journey without farther let or hindrance.

The object of his visit to the Six Nations was two-fold—first, to allay, if possible, the rising feeling of hostility

among the Senecas, and secure the neutrality of the entire confederacy; and, secondly, to induce a deputation of their chiefs to accompany him and the Cornplanter into the hostile country, to add their persuasions in favor of peace. But Red Jacket and the leading chiefs were exceedingly adverse, if not to the entire object of the colonel's mission, at least to the sending of a deputation to accompany him. At first they objected to the distance, pretending that it was the design to take them away to the shores of the distant ocean—a journey so long that it would require twelve months to reach the point of destination. This excuse having been removed, the next objection interposed by Red Jacket was fear—a fear that they would all be murdered by the Miamis and their confederates. Accordingly, on the 3d day of May, in reply to the colonel, who continued to press his business with urgency, Red Jacket dictated the following address:

Tell him, (said he to the interpreter), Tell Colonel Proctor that some of his language is soft, but that other parts of it are too strong. The danger before us is great. Our enemies are drunk, and they will not hear what we say like a man that is sober; and we consider that, whatever number of the Six Nations accompany him (Colonel Proctor), will be in the same danger with himself, and it is likely that we shall not live long when the bad Indians shall see us. Therefore, as it is a business of such great weight to us, we must take counsel. in order to save ourselves, and him, from falling by their hands. Moreover, the Indians are not like white men, for they must think a great while. He (Colonel Proctor), must therefore attend our councils, and look and hear what we shall speak on his business. To-morrow our head men will meet together, and try what can be done.

The plea of fear was one that Red Jacket might very possibly have interposed in all sincerity; but on the part of the brave old Farmer's Brother, Young King, and the

celebrated Cayuga chief, Fish Carrier, with whom Red Jacket was acting in close consultation, it must have been an artifice of dissimulation. Whatever might have been the fact with the orator, the emotion of fear was a stranger to the bosoms of the other three. Indeed the pretext was transparent. Colonel Proctor had already seen that their opinions and conduct were to be regulated by the British agent and the British officers only. At least if he had not actually seen as much, he was not long left in doubt as to the fact; since Red Jacket had scarcely finished the brief speech recited above, before a messenger came from Colonel Butler, inviting the chiefs to meet him on the lake shore, at a distance from the council-fire, and not to allow Colonel Proctor to accompany them. From that hour forward, the prospect of a favorable issue to the colonel's mission became more and more dubious. It is true that Colonel Butler subsequently met Colonel Proctor, and even entertained him with courtesy; but the Indians were entirely dissuaded from lending him any assistance, or coöperating in furtherance of his views: while in their conversations with Colonel Proctor, the British officers assumed the position that no peace would, or probably could, be negotiated with the hostile Indians, excepting through their mediation. In a word, it was insisted by his Britannic majesty's officers that the adjustment of the entire controversy, and the details of any treaty with the north-western Indians, must be left to Captain Brant, the chiefs at Buffalo, and certain officers of the British Indian department at Detroit. And during the whole of these conversations and proceedings, the course of Red Jacket was manifestly directed by the officers of his Britannic majesty. Under these untoward circumstances — ascertaining, moreover, that Brant had taken a considerable body of the Mohawk Indians with him to the Miamis; that the hostile Indians were receiving large military supplies from the

British garrison at Detroit; that Colonel Gordon was strengthening his defences at Niagara; and that preparations were making for the construction of another fortification on the northern shore, near the foot of lake Erie; and having also been explicitly told by Young King, on the evening of the 14th of May, that they would not send a deputation of their chiefs with him to the Miamis — Colonel Proctor determined to end farther procrastination, and his mission, at once. On the same evening, therefore, he communicated this determination to the Indians, in a few brief but energetic words, in the course of which he forgot not to intimate that his report to the war-chief of the Thirteen Fires¹ would not be very favorable, and probably would not tend greatly to their future advantage. The colonel's decisive manner made a deep impression upon the Indians, especially the women, to whom his words were reported, and through whose interposition the progress of the mission speedily assumed a different aspect, promising, for the time, a favorable result. The story will be related chiefly as illustrative of Indian character, though not disconnected with the life of Red Jacket.

Having heard the conversation between Colonel Proctor and Young King, as just recited, on the following morning, being the 14th of May, the elders of the Indian women repaired to Colonel Proctor's lodge, where a number of chiefs were present, and addressed him in the following manner:

BROTHER: The Great Spirit has spared us until a new day to talk together: for, since you came here from General Washington, you, and our uncles the sachems, have been counselling together. Moreover, your sisters, the women, have taken the same into great consideration, because that you and our sachems have said so much about it. Now, that is the reason why we have come to say something

¹ General Knox was at that time secretary of war.

to you, and to tell you that the Great Spirit hath preserved you, and that you ought to hear and listen to what we, women, shall speak, as well as to the sachems; for *we are the owners of this land* — and it is our's. It is we that plant it for our and their use. Hear us, therefore, for we speak of things that concern us and our children, and you must not think hard of us while our men shall say more to you; for we have told them.

This formal speech of the women being ended, Colonel Proctor acceded to a request that he would meet their sachems in council on the same day, and hear what would be said by the speaker whom they had selected to represent them — “the Young Prince of the Turtle Tribe, Sago-ye-wat-ha.”¹ At the given signal, the firing of a gun, the council assembled, and on his arrival at the council-fire, an unusual spectacle was presented to Colonel Proctor, who found the elders of the women seated near their chiefs. It appeared that the women, who, as is natural to the sex, were the lovers of peace, had prevailed upon their lords, including all the leading chiefs of the Six Nations, to alter the determination avowed to Colonel Proctor on the pre-

¹ The women on this occasion spoke of Red Jacket as of the Turtle tribe, and it has been thus written elsewhere. But he himself claimed to be of the Wolf tribe, and thus I have designated him. My authority is the following anecdote, related to me by the venerable Mr. James Wadsworth, of Geneseo, in the summer of 1840. Many years ago, the Six Nations held a treaty, by themselves, at a place about five miles east of Mr. Wadsworth's residence. They continued in council until their provisions were exhausted, and until, in fact, they became very hungry. On breaking up, Red Jacket, who was well acquainted with Mr. Wadsworth, led some thirty or forty of the leading chiefs to his house, and requested breakfast. Mr. W. spread a table liberally, but such was the voracity of the Indians, that the viands disappeared almost as fast as they could be set before them. Steaks, cold hams, tongues, &c., vanished with prodigious rapidity. Red Jacket lost not his full portion; and reading Mr. Wadsworth's surprise at their voracity in his countenance, the chief drily remarked that his entertainer must excuse him, inasmuch as he belonged to the *Wolf tribe* — adding, “and wolves, you know, are always fond of meat.”

ceding evening by Young King. After a short silence, Red Jacket took up the speech of his clients as follows :

BROTHER FROM PENNSYLVANIA : You that are sent from General Washington, and by the Thirteen Fires : you have been sitting side by side with us every day, and the Great Spirit has appointed us another pleasant day to meet again.

Now listen, **BROTHER !** You know what we have been doing so long, and what trouble we have been at ; and you know that it has been the request of our head warrior,¹ that we are left to answer for our women, who are to conclude what ought to be done by both sachems and warriors. So hear what is their conclusion.

BROTHER : The business you have come on is very troublesome, and we have been a long time considering on it, ever since you came here, and now the elders of our women, considering the greatness of your business, have said that our sachems and warriors must help you over your difficulties, for the good of them and their children. Moreover, you tell us, since the treaty of Tioga with us, the Americans are strong for peace.

Now all that has been done for you has been done by our women ; the rest will be a hard task for us ; for the people at the setting sun are bad people, and you have come on in too much haste for such great matters of importance. And now, Brother, you must look when it is light in the morning until the setting sun, and you must reach your neck over the land, and take all the light you can, to show the danger. And these are the words of our women to you, and the sachems and warriors who shall go with you. And now we shall name them as they have first presented themselves in this full council.²

Now, Brother from Pennsylvania and from General Washington,

¹ Cornplanter.

² Here followed the names of the delegates, one of whom was Red Jacket himself, and among whom was *not* Cornplanter, for a reason presently stated. The delegates were six in number, of whom were the four following : Kuyscetta, Red Jacket, the Young Prince of the Turtle tribe, as he was designated, Captain John, of the Onondagas, and the Grand Carrier, Awangogathe. (The names of the two other deputies were lost by Colonel Proctor).

I have told you what has been directed. Let us, therefore throw all care on the mercy of our Great Keeper, in hopes that he will assist us. You now know that Colonel Butler of the British told us that we must take our writings down to Colonel Gordon, as he is a very wise man, and perhaps he may have something to say to us that may be for our good. And we also want his assistance, as he is the man that keeps all the vessels that are on the lake.

Therefore, my Brother, make your mind easy, for your request is granted, and when we hear from our brothers the British, then we shall know what time we can start. And you must not be uneasy that our brother O'Beel¹ does not go with you, for he is very tired, and must rest awhile, and take charge of our young warriors while they are playing,² to keep them in peace for fear of danger. And now, while we are speaking, more of our young warriors have given their names to go with you.³

If the true reason is here given why the Cornplanter was not allowed to proceed upon the mission — if indeed he had not been kept from the deputation by a British intrigue through Red Jacket — there was probably another reason lying still deeper in the minds of the women. Cornplanter was not only the principal war-chief of the Senecas, but he was a man of great bravery and sagacity, and withal a sincere friend of peace. The times were critical, and the Indians at Buffalo creek and in the circumjacent country were in frequent alarm. Even while Colonel Proctor was with them, two fresh scalps had been brought in, one of which was that of an Indian, accompanied by a story that the white people were making war upon them. And although Colonel Proctor succeeded in convincing them that the tale

¹ O'Beel or O'Bail, was one of the names of Cornplanter, it being the name of his father, who was a white man.

² That is *hunting* — as explained by Colonel Proctor.

³ Here follow the names, very long, and very Indian, of nine warriors, who volunteered to go upon the mission. It is needless to record them, as none of them were ever otherwise distinguished.

was without foundation in truth, yet the Indians were not without apprehensions of evil. It is, therefore, probable that the women had determined to retain Cornplanter as the chief who could best restrain the warlike propensities of their young braves, while they could repose greater confidence both in his bravery and discretion, in the event of actual danger, during the absence of the messenger, to the Miamis, than in any other leader of their nation. But the benevolent designs of the women were circumvented by "the man that kept the vessels on the lake." Proctor had previously applied to Colonel Gordon for permission to charter a vessel for the proposed voyage upon lake Erie, to which no answer had as yet been returned. The British commander, probably, was reluctant to be known openly as the agent in defeating the pacific mission of Colonel Proctor, and he had, therefore, been intriguing to that effect through the Indians. But finding that through the interposition of the women, who were exercising a sounder discretion upon the subject than the men, the object could not be thus frustrated, he at once threw aside his mask, and brought the mission abruptly to an end, by refusing to recognise Proctor in his official character, and by prohibiting the passage of the Indian deputies to Sandusky in any vessel upon the lake. Thus circumstanced, as the journey could not with prudence be undertaken by land, and as the Indians positively refused to attempt the passage of the lake in canoes, Proctor was compelled most reluctantly to abandon the enterprise, and return to the seat of government. It was well for his personal safety that he did so; since by information received subsequently from a captive who escaped from the Miamis, it was ascertained that the noted Simon Girty, and other desperadoes, Tories, who had fled from the border settlements of the United States during the war of the revolution, had determined upon the colonel's

assassination, should he come among them, even though attended "by a hundred Senecas."¹

This council at Buffalo creek, in regard to the mission of Colonel Proctor, had not been anticipated by the government of the United States. But knowing the feverish temperament of the Six Nations, and the recent provocations the Senecas in particular had received at the hands of some of the Pennsylvania border men, the president was at the same time engaged in another effort to divert their attention from the wars of their western brethren, and to cultivate with them the most amicable relations. To this end, before the unfavorable result of Proctor's embassy could have been known at Philadelphia, Colonel Pickering had been commissioned to hold a treaty² with the Six Nations at the Painted Post. This treaty was held in June, and was attended by favorable results. Indeed, although most of their principal chiefs were to a very unhappy extent under the influence of the British military authorities in Canada, yet, the greater proportion of their older men, on the republican side of the boundary, were inclined to peace — the young men of the Senecas, and a few of the Cayugas only, being resolved upon war. The intervention of the women, moreover, prior to the departure of Colonel Proctor, had produced a happy effect, by soothing the irritated feelings of their men, and directing their thoughts to the blessings of peace. Very erroneous opinions are generally entertained among civilized people, in regard to the consideration in which their women are held by the American Indians, and the degree of influence they exercise among them. True, as with all barbarians, the women are in some respects the slaves of the men; but those of the American aboriginals are no farther slaves than they are

¹ Deposition of Thomas Rhea. *Indian State Papers*, vol. i, pp. 196, 197.

² Holding a council, in Indian parlance, is called holding "a treaty," if there be two or more parties present.

rendered such by the field-labor which is imposed upon them in addition to the ordinary cares of the household; and in this respect the women of the peasantry of Europe are in no better position than they. On the other hand, although the respect with which they are treated by their lords is not as refined and *spiritualized* as among the cavaliers in the days of chivalry, still it may safely be averred that in the adjustment of weighty and difficult matters, no other people are in the habit of treating the opinions of their women with greater deference than the American Indians. On the occasion now passing in review, that influence, as already remarked, was most happily exerted, and the consequence was, that the council called under the auspices of Colonel Pickering, at the *Painted post*,¹ was well attended. Indeed, despite the efforts of the British officers in command of Upper Canada, the chiefs began to draw off in the direction of the Painted post, even before the departure of Colonel Proctor from Buffalo creek.

The speeches interchanged between the chiefs and Colonel Pickering at this council have not been preserved; but the result was favorable in yet farther diverting the attention of the Six Nations from the affairs of the western Indians in actual hostility; while by a liberal distribution of presents, the young warriors were checked in their propensity to start away upon the war-path whenever blood was snuffed in the tainted breeze. Yet another fortunate

¹The Painted post was a noted land-mark in the early settlement of western New York, and in the history of Indian affairs, long before. It was literally a post, of oak timber, planted in the ground upon the Conhocketon creek, within the boundary of New York, but not far from the Pennsylvania line. It was painted in the Indian manner, and tradition avers that it was a monument of great antiquity, erected to commemorate the death of some celebrated war-chief, whose name has been lost in the lapse of ages. The Indians, it is also related, were in the practice, from generation to generation, of erecting new ones on the decay of the old. The *Painted post* has given the name to a township, now forming the south-east corner of Steuben county.

measure was accomplished by the employment of the brave old Stockbridge chief, Hendrik Aupamut, upon a pacific mission to the belligerent country of the Miamis — an undertaking which Colonel Proctor and the Cornplanter had failed to achieve.

More interesting than all to the philanthropist, it was at this council that, in accordance with the benevolent views of Washington, Colonel Pickering made a successful demonstration toward winning the attention of the chiefs to the policy so important to them, of commencing the work of civilization among their people. This was a point upon which Colonel Pickering had been particularly instructed by the president, and no suitable occasion was neglected, during the three weeks' deliberations of the council, to fulfil this part of the commission. At the close of the council, the colonel regaled the chiefs with a sumptuous entertainment, provided strictly in accordance with the usages of civilized life. The assemblage at the feast was large, including several gentlemen from New York, Boston and Philadelphia, in the train of the commissioner, and numerous chiefs.

In the course of the entertainment, the commissioner took occasion to renew his appeal to the chiefs, at least to make an effort to introduce among their tribes the arts and customs of civilization — closing an eloquent address by pointing them to the taste and elegance of the banquet before them. He told them that if they would comply with the advice of the president, and adopt the principles and practices of civilized life, within five years they might spread such a table themselves — the products of their overteeming soil; while by educating their young men, they might be qualified to meet the whites even in the great council of the Thirteen Fires — in which council they might also be represented.

Red Jacket replied — rather doggedly — but yet with

some humor. There were suspicions afloat, that whatever might be the temper of the head men toward each other, upon both sides, the terms between the young white men of the company and the pretty squaws had been sufficiently amicable, of which circumstance the orator was not unmindful to avail himself in his response, which was substantially thus :

BROTHER : You have during this negotiation said a good deal on civilization. No chief present can forget what you have told us. They will bear it in mind if they should not follow your advice.

BROTHER : We thank you for your good counsel ; and, as an additional inducement to its adoption, I am happy to perceive, (casting his piercing eye around the table with an emphasis, look, and tone, peculiarly but insidiously significant), that you have introduced to our notice several young men who will doubtless feel that patriotism which your oratory is calculated to inspire — proud that they can give a practical illustration of its sincerity by intermarrying with our women.¹

The satire was as keen as well deserved. But notwithstanding the indefiniteness of Red Jacket's reply, the suggestions of Colonel Pickering had been listened to with more than ordinary attention ; and an invitation to several of the chiefs to visit Philadelphia at some convenient season, to confer with their Great Father, the president, farther upon the subject, was accepted.²

¹ Manuscript collections of Joseph W. Moulton, Esq.

² Message of President Washington to the senate of the United States, March 26, 1792.

CHAPTER IV.

Efforts of General Washington for improving the moral and social condition of the Indians — Mission of fifty chiefs to Philadelphia — Welcomed by the Governor of Pennsylvania — Speech of Red Jacket in reply — Address to the chiefs by President Washington — Speech of Red Jacket in reply — Comments upon the speech — Proposition of the government for the improvement of the Indians — Reply of Red Jacket — Speech of Colonel Pickering to the chiefs — Troubles with the north-western Indians — Reply of Farmer's Brother to Colonel Pickering — Reply of Red Jacket — Parting address of Washington — Red Jacket and the military clothes — Close of the conferences — Continuance of the war with the Indians of the north-west — The Senecas to send a deputation of their chiefs upon a message of peace — Irritation of the Six Nations — Interference of the British — The Fish Carrier — The deputation returns — Their mission unsuccessful — Close of the Indian war — 1792-1794.

On the thirteenth day of March, 1792, Red Jacket arrived in Philadelphia, being one of a deputation of fifty chiefs of his people, respectable for their character and influence, invited thither by Colonel Pickering, as stated in the preceding chapter. The brave and true hearted Farmer's Brother was of the number; and they had been brought to what was at that time the federal city, under the guidance of their faithful missionary, the Rev. Mr. Kirkland. In addition to the design, dear to the heart of Washington, of persuading the Indians to exchange the hunter state for that of civilized life, the visit of this deputation had been strongly desired by the Executive, for the purpose, if possible, of attaching them more closely to the interests of the United States. In order to effect this object, it was thought important, not only to impart to them some just notions of the strength and power of the United States, but to win their confidence by kindness — by enlightening their understandings as to their own true

interests—and by convincing them of the equitable and benevolent policy of the United States in regard to them.

Nor was this the only object that rendered the visit of this deputation particularly welcome in Philadelphia at that time. Events had occurred in the prosecution of the contest with the hostile Indians of the north-west, of a disastrous character. The campaign against the Miami country, entrusted to the command of General St. Clair, had been brought to a bloody and disastrous termination on the 4th of November, 1791. It was a bitter reverse to the arms of the young republic. The immediate effect of their victory was to elate the Indians beyond measure; and the government was seriously apprehensive that in the flush of the signal triumph obtained by their brethren at the west, the Senecas, and possibly the Cayugas also, might seize their hatchets and fall upon the frontier settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, in the vain expectation that they might now be able at least to avert, if not to roll back, the tide of white population which was so rapidly crowding them from their seats. In addition to all which, it was the earnest desire of the government to make one more effort to induce them to send a deputation of their most influential chiefs to the hostile country, in the hope of persuading them to reasonable terms of peace. By the defeat of St. Clair, a measure of this character had become far more important, and more urgent withal, than at the time of Proctor's unsuccessful attempt of the preceding year. Under these circumstances, several of which had not been foreseen when the invitation was first extended to the Six Nations by Colonel Pickering, the visit of Red Jacket and his associates was timely and fortunate.

It is to be regretted that more ample materials for a history of this Indian embassy to the seat of the federal government have not been preserved. The effort was one of the earliest put forth by the government of the young

republic, for advancing the substantial happiness of the red man, by persuading him to adopt the habits of civilization. And inasmuch as the policy of the United States towards the hapless race, whose doom it is to disappear before the white man, will be a subject of grave consideration with the future historian, it is important that the facts should stand forth upon the record. The Anglo-Saxon race will have enough to answer for, in regard to this people, in any event. Let it, then, have credit for what it has done, or attempted to do, in their behalf; and if it shall appear that few and small were the advances made by the Indians in the scale of civilization, during the first fifty years of the independent existence of the United States, it will at the same time appear that the government of the latter was not altogether at fault. Certainly it was not until after the administration of the sixth president had terminated, in March, 1829, that the beneficent policy of Washington toward the children of the forest was changed. Until that period they had enjoyed the protection of the federal government, in their ancient *seats*, so long as they chose to remain in them; and the efforts both of the government and of various voluntary associations of a benevolent character, for the improvement of their moral, religious, and social condition, had been unintermitted; and it may be added, in sorrow, almost unavailing.

Viewed in the aspect here presented, the proceedings attending the mission of Red Jacket and his associates to Philadelphia, now under consideration, assume more than an ordinary degree of interest. And as Red Jacket himself bore a prominent part in those proceedings, the narrative will be given as much in detail as the materials that have escaped the ravages of time will allow. The chiefs were welcomed to Philadelphia by the governor of Pennsylvania, by whom they were addressed in the council chamber of the city. After referring to the fact that every

thing which it was supposed might conduce to the comfort of the chiefs during their visit had been provided for them the governor closed his speech as follows :

BROTHERS! I know the kindness with which you treat the strangers that visit your country; and it is my sincere wish that, when you return to your families, you may be able to assure them that the virtues of friendship and hospitality are also practiced by the citizens of Pennsylvania.

This interview took place on the 28th of March. Five days afterward—for in all matters of diplomacy and of state the Indians proceed with unexceeded deliberation—the governor met the chiefs in council again, when Red Jacket pronounced an answer to the speech of his excellency, in the following terms :

BROTHER ONAS! **GOVERNOR:** Open unprejudiced ears to what we have to say! Some days since you addressed us, and what you said gave us great pleasure. This day the Great Spirit has allowed us to meet you again in this council chamber. We hope that your not receiving our immediate answer to your address will make no improper impression upon your mind. We mention this lest you should suspect that your kind welcome and friendly address has not had a proper effect upon our hearts. We assure you it is far otherwise. In your address to us the other day, in this ancient council chamber, where our forefathers have often conversed together, several things struck our attention very forcibly. When you told us this was the place in which our forefathers often met on peaceable terms, it gave us sensible pleasure, and more joy than we could express. Though we have no writings like you, yet we remember often to have heard of the friendship that existed between our fathers and yours. The picture² to which you drew our attention brought

¹ The name which the Indians conferred upon William Penn, and which they continued to bestow upon every succeeding governor of Pennsylvania. The word itself signifies *a pen*.

² Picture of Penn's treaty with the Indians.—Drake, in whose *Book of the Indians* the account of these interviews between the Indians and the governor of Pennsylvania is found.

fresh to our minds the friendly conferences that used to be held between the former governors of Pennsylvania and our tribes, and showed the love which your fathers had of peace, and the friendly disposition of our people. It is still our wish, as well as yours, to preserve peace between our tribes and you, and it would be well if the same spirit existed among the Indians at the westward, and through every part of the United States. You particularly expressed that you were well pleased to find that we differed in disposition from the Indians westward. Your disposition is that for which the Onas governors were remarkable. As you love peace, so do we also; and we wish it could be extended to the most distant part of this great country. We agreed in council, this morning, that the sentiments I have expressed should be communicated to you before the delegates of the Five Nations; and to tell you that your cordial welcome to this city, and the good sentiments contained in your address, have made a deep impression on our hearts, and given us great joy, and from the heart I tell you so. This is all I have to say.

The inference from this speech of Red Jacket would certainly be that, without diversity of opinion, the Indians of the Six Nations were at length peaceably disposed. But such was not the fact. After Red Jacket had concluded, Good Peter, another of the delegation, sometimes called Dominic Peter,¹ and a very worthy man, likewise addressed a short speech to the governor, which is represented as having been, for the most part, a repetition of the pacific sentiments expressed by Red Jacket.² But in the course of it the following passage occurred:

What is there more desirable than that we, who live within hearing of each other, should unite for the common good? This is my wish. It is the wish of my nation, although I am sorry I can't say so of every individual in it, for there are differences of opinion among us, as well as among the white people.

¹ For some account of Good Peter, see Clinton's *Historical Discourse*.

² Drake's *Book of the Indians*.

On their presentation to the president, General Washington, they were addressed by the latter in the following terms of friendship and cordiality :¹

SACHEMS AND WARRIORS OF THE FIVE NATIONS : It affords me great satisfaction to see so many of you, who are the respectable chiefs and representatives of your several tribes, and I cordially bid you welcome to the seat of the government of the United States.

You have been invited to this place by Colonel Pickering, at my special request, in order to remove all causes of discontent; to devise and adopt plans to promote your welfare, and firmly to cement the peace between the United States and you, so as that in future we shall consider ourselves brothers indeed.

I assure you that I am desirous that a firm peace should exist, not only between the United States and the Five Nations, but also between the United States and all the nations of this land — and that this peace should be founded upon the principles of justice and humanity, as upon an immovable rock.

That you may partake of all the comforts of this earth, which can be derived from civilized life, enriched by the possession of industry, virtue and knowledge; and I trust that such judicious measures will now be concerted, to secure to you and your children these invaluable objects, as will afford you cause for rejoicing while you live.

That these are the strong and sincere desires of my heart, I hope time and circumstances will convince you. But in order that our peace and friendship may for ever be unclouded, we must forget the misunderstandings of past times. Let us now look forward, and devise measures to render our friendship perpetual. I am aware that the existing hostilities with some of the western Indians have been ascribed to an unjust possession of their lands by the United States. But be assured that this is not the case. We require no lands but those obtained by treaties, which we consider as fairly made, and particularly confirmed by the treaty of Muskingum, in the year 1789.

¹ This speech of President Washington has not been preserved by Sparks, although that delivered by him eighteen months before, to Cornplanter, appears in his correspondence. The author is indebted for it to Joseph W. Moulton, Esq., who obtained a copy at Washington, many years ago.

If the western Indians should entertain the opinion that we want to wrest their lands from them, they are laboring under an error. If this error could be corrected it would be for their happiness—and nothing would give me more pleasure, because it would open to both of us the door of peace.

I shall not enter into further particulars with you at present, but refer you to General Knox, the secretary of war, and Colonel Pickering, who will communicate with you upon the objects of your journey, and inform me thereof.

As an evidence of the sincerity of the desires of the United States for perfect peace and friendship with you, I deliver you this white belt of wampum, which I request you will safely keep.

(Signed) GEO. WASHINGTON.¹

The president having thus deputed Colonel Pickering and General Knox to conduct the subsequent conferences with the chiefs, an interview was had with them in the city council chamber, on the 31st of March, at which time Red Jacket, holding in his hands the white belt which had been delivered to him by General Washington, addressed Colonel Pickering as follows :

I now request the attention of the president of the United States, by his agent, Colonel Pickering, now present. A few days since, when the American chief had spoken to us, he gave us to understand that General Knox and Colonel Pickering should be the agents to negotiate with us, on things which concern our welfare. Let me call for your compassion, as you can put all down upon paper, while we have to labor with our minds, to retain and digest what is spoken, to enable us to make an answer.

BROTHER—whose attention I have called as the representative of the great chief of this island :— when, the other day, he welcomed us to the great council-fire of the thirteen United States, he said it

¹ The manuscript from which the preceding speech has been transcribed bears the date of March 23d, 1792. Hence, in the order of time, it should stand before the antecedent account of the interview between the chiefs and the governor of Pennsylvania. But the date is believed to be erroneous; and if not, the transposition has been made for the sake of convenience.

was from his very heart. He said it gave him pleasure to look around and see such numerous representatives of the Five Nations of Indians, and that it was at his special request we had been invited to the seat of the general government, to promote the happiness of our nation, in a friendly connection with the United States. He then told us that his love of peace did not terminate with the Five Nations, but extended to all the nations at the setting sun; and that it was his desire that universal peace might prevail in this island.

BROTHER CON-NEH-SAUTY :¹ I requested your compassion, on account of our different situations, by reason of which I should notice only a few of the principal things in the president's speech, delivered to us the other day. Three things I have mentioned of the introductory part of his speech. What other reply can we, your brothers of the Five Nations, make to that introductory part of the speech, than to thank him, and say that it has given a spring to every passion of our souls?

BROTHER: The president again observed to us that he wished our minds might all be disposed to peace—that a happy peace might be established between you and your brothers of the Five Nations, so firmly that nothing might move it; that it might be founded on a rock. This sentiment of your chief has given joy to our hearts—to compare that peace to a *rock* which is *immovable*.

The president further observed to us that by our continuing to walk in the path of peace, and hearkening to his counsel, we might share with you in all the blessings of civilized life. This also meets the approbation of our minds, and has the thanks of all your brother, of the Five Nations.

He again observed to us that if we attended to his counsel in this matter, our children, and children's children, might partake in all the blessings which should rise out of this earth. This has taken hold of our minds, and even we who are grown up look forward and anticipate its fulfilment.

The president again observed to us that what he had spoken was in the sincerity of his heart, and that time and opportunities would give further evidence that what he said was true. And we believed

¹ The Indian name of Colonel Pickering.

it, because we saw the words come from his own lips—and therefore they were lodged deep in our mind.

The president of the Thirteen Fires, while continuing his speech, made also this remark, “that in order to establish all his words for the best good of your nation and our’s, we must forget all the evils that were past, and attend to what lies before us, and take such a course as shall cement our peace, that we may be as one.”

The president again observed that it had come to his ears that the cause of the hostilities now prevailing with the Western Indians, was their persuasion that the United States had unjustly taken away their lands. But he assured us this was not the case. That it was not the mind of any of his chiefs to take any land on the whole island without agreeing for it. He then mentioned a treaty at Muskingum, and he concluded that what land was given up at that treaty was fairly obtained.

He also observed to us that it was his opinion that the hostile Indians were in an error; that they had missed the true path; whatever evil spirit, or whatever lies had turned them aside, he wished they could be discovered, that they might be removed. He expressed a strong wish that those obstacles to the extending of peace to the westward might be discovered; and he would use all his exertions to remove them, that peace might be extended to the whole island.—Toward the close of his speech the president informed us that there were many things which concerned the future happiness of the Five Nations, the concerting of which he should refer to you¹ here present, and the chief warrior of the United States.² And at the close he observed that our professions of friendship and regard were commonly witnessed by some token; therefore, in the name of the United States, he presented us with this white belt, which was to be handed down from one generation to another, as a confirmation of his words, and a witness of the friendly disposition of the United States, towards the peace and happiness of the five confederated Nations.

Red Jacket here laid aside the white belt received from the president, and taking up a belt of their own, proceeded as follows:

¹ Pointing to Colonel Pickering.

² General Knox, secretary at war.

Now let the president of the United States possess his mind in peace. We have made but a short reply to his address to us the other day, for the belt he gave us is deposited with us; and we have taken fast hold of it. What more can we say than to return our united thanks for his address in welcoming us to the seat of the great council, and for the advice he gave us? And our pleasure is increased that you, Con-neh-sauty, are appointed to assist us in devising the means to promote and secure the happiness of the Five Nations.

BROTHER! Now open your ears, as the representative of the great council of the thirteen United States, in our present council. Hear the words we may speak. And all here present, of the great council,¹ and our brethren of the Five Nations hear!—We consider ourselves in the presence of the Great Spirit, the proprietor of us all.

The president, in effect, observed to us that we of the Five Nations were our own proprietors—were freemen, and might speak with freedom. This has gladdened our hearts, and removed a weight that was upon them. And therefore you will hear us patiently while we speak. The president has, in effect, told us that we were freemen; the sole proprietors of the soil on which we live. This is the source of the joy which we feel. How can two brothers speak freely together, unless they feel that they are upon equal ground?

I observed to you, brother,² that our considering ourselves, by your own acknowledgment, as freemen, has given this joy to our hearts—that we might speak in character. Therefore, we join with the president in his wish that all the evils which have hitherto disturbed our peace may be buried in oblivion; and this wish pro-

¹ Some members of congress were present, of which the Indians had been informed.

² It should be borne in mind that the frequent use of the word *brother* is the effect of the rules of Indian politeness, which enjoin, in all conversations, a constant remembrance of the relation subsisting between the parties, especially where that relation implies any affection, or respect. It is like the perpetual repetition, in civilized life, of *sir*, or *madam*—or, in England, *your lordship*. In the same manner the Indians, at every sentence, repeat, *my father, my uncle, my cousin, my brother, &c.*

ceeds from our hearts. Now we can speak our minds freely, as they are free from pressure.

Now, brother, while you continue to hear in behalf of the United States, let all here present also open their ears, while those of the Five Nations here present speak with one voice. We wish to see your words verified to our children, and children's children. You enjoy all the blessings of this life; to you, therefore, we look to make provision that the same may be enjoyed by our children. This wish comes from our heart; but we add that our happiness cannot be great if in the introduction of your ways we are put under too much constraint.

BROTHER! Appointed agent to converse with us upon the affairs of our peace, continue to hear. We, your brothers of the Five Nations, believe that the Great Spirit let this island drop down from above. We also believe in his superintendency over this whole island. It is he who gives peace and prosperity, and he also sends evil. But prosperity has been yours. American brethren — all the good which can spring out of this island you enjoy. We therefore wish that we and our children, and our children's children, may partake with you in that enjoyment.

BROTHER! I observed that the Great Spirit might smile upon one people, and turn and frown upon another. This you have seen, who are of one color and one blood. The king of England and you Americans strove to advance your happiness by extending your possessions upon this island, which produces so many good things. And while you two great powers were thus contending for those good things, by which the whole island was shaken and violently agitated, is it strange that the peace of us, the Five Nations, was shaken and overturned?

But, let me say no more of the trembling of our island. All is, in a measure, now quieted. Peace is now restored. The peace of us, the Five Nations, is now budding. But still there is some shaking among the original Americans, at the setting sun; and you the Thirteen Fires, and the king of England, know what is our situation, and the causes of this disturbance. Now, here you have an ambassador,¹ as we are informed, from the king of England. Let

¹ Mr. Hammond was then the British envoy to the United States.

him, in behalf of the king, and the Americans, adjust all their matters, according to their agreement, at the making of peace — and then you will soon see all things settled among the Indian nations. Peace will be spread far and near. Let the president and the ambassador use all their exertions to bring about this settlement (according to the peace), and it will make us all glad, and we shall consider both as our real friends.

BROTHER! Continue to hear! Be assured we have spoken from our very hearts, and not from our lips only. Let us therefore make this observation: That when you Americans and the king made peace, he did not mention us, and showed us no compassion, notwithstanding all he said to us, and all we had suffered. This has been the occasion of great sorrow and pain, and great loss to us, the Five Nations. When you and he settled the peace between you two great nations, he never asked us for a delegation to attend to our interests. Had he done this, a settlement of peace among all the western nations might have been effected. But the neglecting of this, and passing us by unnoticed, has brought upon us great pain and trouble.

BROTHER! It is evident that we of the Five Nations have suffered much in consequence of the strife between you and the king of England, who are of one color and one blood. Our chain of peace has been broken. Peace and friendship have been chased from us. But you Americans were determined not to treat us in the same manner as we had been treated by the king of England. You therefore desired us, at the reëstablishment of peace, to sit down at our ancient fire-places, and again enjoy our lands. And had the peace between you and the king of England been completely accomplished,¹ it would long before this time have extended far beyond the Five Nations.

BROTHER CON-NEH-SAUTY: You are specially appointed with General Knox to confer with us on our peace and happiness. We have rejoiced in your appointment, and we hope that the great warrior will remember that though a *warrior*, he is to converse with

¹ An allusion, probably, to the retention by Great Britain, of the north-western posts, belonging to the United States, and to other difficulties under the first treaty.

us about *peace*; letting what concerns *war* sleep; and the counselling part of his mind, while acting with us, be of *peace*.

BROTHER! Have patience, and continue to listen. The president has assured us that *he* is not the cause of the hostilities now existing at the westward, but laments it. Brother, we wish you to point out to us of the Five Nations *what you think is the real cause*.

BROTHER! Agent of the thirteen United States in the present council: We now publicly return our thanks to the president and all the counsellors of the thirteen United States, for the words which he has spoken to us. They were good — without any mixture. Shall we observe that he wished that if the errors of the hostile Indians could be discovered, he would use his utmost exertions to remove them?

BROTHER! You and the king of England are the two governing powers of this island. What are we? You both are important and proud; and you cannot adjust your own affairs agreeably to your declarations of peace. Therefore the western Indians are bewildered. One says one thing to them, and one says another. Were these things adjusted, it would be easy to diffuse peace every where.

In confirmation of our words, we give this belt, which we wish the president to hold fast in remembrance of what we have now spoken.

This speech was never before published.¹ Its importance, in several respects, requires a pause in the narrative for its consideration. In the first place, if the orator was really as desirous of peace and amity with the United States as would appear from the language of the speech, the English officers in Canada must have lost their hold upon his partialities since the visit of Colonel Proctor to the frontier the preceding year. In the second place, by bearing the declarations of this speech in mind, the reader will hereafter perceive what an entire revolution was subsequently wrought in the feelings of Red Jacket, in regard to the

¹ The author is indebted for the manuscript to Joseph W. Moulton, Esq., who began writing a history of the state of New York some fifteen or twenty years ago, but proceeded no farther than a single volume.

civilization of his people. But the most important portion of the harangue refers to a prominent cause of the Indian war then raging, which has thus far been but slightly considered, viz : The indifference with which the Indians had been cut off, or passed over, by Great Britain, in the treaty of peace. Notwithstanding the loyalty of these untutored sons of the forest, their constancy, and the prodigality with which they had shed their blood in the cause of the crown, when the ministers of that crown found it expedient to negotiate for peace, no one condition or word was interposed in behalf of allies thus faithful, and they were left to shift for themselves as best they might. In the impressive language of Red Jacket, "the king showed them no compassion." They had been as dependent upon the crown as children upon a parent; and being left to themselves, in a state of war with the United States, although for a time they desisted from actual hostilities, they knew not what to do. In a word, to borrow another expressive phrase from the Seneca orator, "they were bewildered." The consequence was, that, distrusting the people with whom they had so recently been at war, and neglected by those in whom they had confided, and who ought to have stipulated for an honorable peace for *them*, as well as for themselves, the poor Indians—children of ignorance, caprice, and passion—were left to the resources of their own wild natures, and the chances of fortune. Nor was this all: When, from a variety of untoward circumstances, very shortly after the conclusion of the treaty between the United States and England, in 1783, the question of peace or war again hung long and doubtfully in the scales, those who ought to have been the best counsellors of the Indians became their worst. They were encouraged again to embark in a war, which, without the aid of England, even the Indians themselves knew must be hopeless, and during the continuance of that war, were "paltered with in a

double sense ;” until, but for the humanity of those who, though technically then their enemies, had from the first been in reality their best friends, their race would have been annihilated.¹ True indeed was the assertion of Red Jacket, that the Indians were the chief sufferers from the “shaking of the island” by Great Britain and the United States; nor is it strange that in their forlorn situation, these untutored and dependent tenants of the wood looked anxiously to the united councils of the two white nations with whom only they were acquainted, to adjust for them the terms of peace. Red Jacket has told the story in the preceding speech, with the simple and touching eloquence of nature, and there it may be left.

On the 9th of April Colonel Pickering communicated to the chiefs the propositions which had been matured by the American government, as the basis of its labors in the work of their civilization and social improvement. The details of that project seem not to have been preserved. The general scope of the plan may nevertheless be inferred from the following stipulation, to which the president asked the assent of the senate by a special message on the 23d of March:

The United States, in order to promote the happiness of the Five Nations of Indians, will cause to be expended, annually, the amount of one thousand five hundred dollars, in purchasing for them clothing, domestic animals, and implements of husbandry, and for encouraging useful artificers to reside in their villages.

Perhaps a more accurate estimate of the propositions submitted to the Indians may be formed by a perusal of the annexed speech from Red Jacket, in which, while he assents to the general tenor of the overtures, he suggests

¹For an ample history of the matters here referred to, and documentary proofs of the truth of the positions here assumed, see *Life of Brant*, vol. ii.

some modifications and improvements. The Indians had indeed been requested by Colonel Pickering to speak their minds upon the propositions, and to propose for consideration any alterations they should think proper. Accordingly, at the next interview, which was on the 10th of April, Red Jacket spoke the minds of the Senecas as follows:

BROTHER CON-NEH-SAUTY: Yesterday, when you made your proposals, the Oneidas accepted them, and thanked you. They spoke for those Oneidas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroras who *all lie under one blanket*.¹ We, the Senecas, have considered them, and are now going to speak.

Yesterday, when you proposed *four* establishments, and that there should be three men for each, you mentioned the rewards to be given to a certain *number* who should learn quickest — of the *biggest* nations, *six* — while those who could not learn fast must be miserable. If you do right, you will give to all something to work with as fast as they learn, so that all may be supplied; otherwise a strife will arise. But if all are to be supplied, all will be encouraged to learn. Another thing: a great many of our people are poor women, who have no men in their families: now by supplying others in the manner we have suggested, the fields of the poor may be ploughed. This will rouse the minds of the whole nation to learn what the white people know.

You told us if we liked what you said we should say so: If it was deficient in any thing, we should tell what was wanting; if redundant, we should strike off. You mentioned the places for the establishments — one was at Geneseo, and one at Oneida. We have considered that at Oneida there are a great many people, Tuscaroras and Oneidas, who can help one another; and that at Geneseo there are also Oneidas and Tuscaroras, who, being numerous, will want one establishment for themselves. We wish you to use them as you do the Senecas, that their minds may be easy. Perhaps they will learn quicker, so as to desire two establishments at Geneseo.

You must not suppose that we slight any thing that you have offered. We accept of all. It is all good. But we hope that

¹ Live in one neighborhood.

you will not think of making establishments at Buffalo creek, or Obcilstown,¹ *at present*. For there is some shaking² at the extremity of our house.³ There may be some danger to the persons who might be employed.

There is one thing which might be of great advantage to us, which you have not mentioned: that is a saw-mill. This would help us greatly. We know the cause of Mr. Allen's leaving our country.⁴ He told us the reason before he went away. And you and we all know that his mill is over the line agreed upon last summer before you, and he has gone away, he says, because he owns nothing. Allen told us if General Washington would buy the mill, paying him just what it cost, it might be ours, and be allowed to stand on our land. And we should rejoice exceedingly if we could become the proprietors of that mill. If General Washington would buy it and give it to us, the superintendent might see to the appraisement of it.

You mentioned that this provision was for those of our nations who live on this side of the lakes. But perhaps our brothers at Grand river, when they see those things introduced among us, may fall in love with them, and want to come and join us. We therefore wish that the plan may be so formed as to comprehend all. For our peace is in a weak, languid condition, just expiring, and we would avoid giving offence to any of our brothers. There are two roads: perhaps they on the other side of the water⁵ may take our road. Therefore we wish you to extend your invitation to the whole

¹ O'Bail — the Cornplanter's town.

² Trouble.

³ The border of their country.

⁴ Ebenezer Allen, a tory, who fled from Pennsylvania and joined the Senecas. He was a monster of iniquity, according to Mary Jemison, the white woman, whose life contains a chapter devoted to him. After the war he became a trader. He had several successive Indian wives, and afterward married a white woman. He once drowned a Dutch trader, and committed many other enormities. He built the first mill at the Genesee falls, now Rochester, under the authority of Phelps and Gorham — they having obtained a special grant of territory at that place, of the Indians, twelve by twenty-four miles in extent, for "a mill-yard!" Allen ultimately fled from the United States, and died at Grand river.

⁵ Meaning the Indians at Grand river, in Upper Canada.

Six Nations, and press them to join us when peace shall take place. We shall desire the proposed establishments may be made at Buffalo and Alleghany.

It was the custom of our fathers, when they had finished any particular business, to talk over affairs of general concern. Now we wish congress to hasten to make peace with the hostile Indians who are alongside of us. We both have our eyes to the place where the trouble lies. This is all we have to say.¹

This address has not been preserved because of its eloquence. It is a mere business recital, and claims no higher character. But it forms a feature in the history of this first effort to introduce the blessings of civilization among the Six Nations, and it also serves to illustrate the views entertained at that time by a notable chief, who subsequently became one of the most steady and implacable opponents of that beneficent policy. It is therefore neither a useless document, nor out of place in this connexion.

The speeches, or addresses, recited in the preceding pages of the present chapter, had been interchanged before the speech of Red Jacket in reply to that of the president had been formally answered by Colonel Pickering, upon whom the duty of making such answer had devolved. The colonel discharged this duty at an interview, appointed for the purpose, on the 17th day of April. Under ordinary circumstances, involving matters of less importance, a document of the length of Colonel Pickering's address, instead of being inserted entire in the text, would have been epitomized, or transferred to the appendix. But the address is so closely interwoven with that benevolent feature of Washington's early Indian policy which contemplated their moral and social elevation, and passes in review so many facts blended with the Indian relations

¹ The author is indebted to the researches of Joseph W. Moulton, Esq., for a copy of this speech.

of the United States at the period under consideration, that its insertion at length seems to be required. It serves to elucidate, in language equally concise and clear, the causes, and the merits, of the war then raging with the north-western Indians, while it discloses, in refreshing relief, the just and humane views of the president, and the policy by which his administration was marked, in regard, not only to the Six Nations, but to the various tribes of the aboriginal family within the confines of the republic.

The chiefs having assembled, and the council been opened in due form on the day above stated, Colonel Pickering addressed them as follows :

BROTHERS OF THE FIVE NATIONS : Some days ago you delivered your answer to the president's speech. According to your custom, you repeated the principal parts of it, and expressed your thanks for the friendly sentiments it contained, which had made your hearts glad. You rejoiced that the president considered you as freemen, and desired you to speak with freedom ; and then you joined with the president in his wish that all the evils which had hitherto disturbed our peace might be buried in oblivion. You declared your belief that this island came from the Great Spirit, that you considered yourselves as in his presence, and that he is the proprietor of all.

BROTHERS ! We, your white brethren, have the same belief ; as He *made*, so He *governs* the world. He has so disposed events that we should meet at this place, to consult on those things which may prove blessings to you and your posterity. We, your brethren of the United States, rejoice that your hearts are thus inclined. Many good men have wished to see such a day, when the knowledge possessed by the white people might be introduced among you, the nations of this land. Such good men have long been searching, but with small success, for a path by which this knowledge might be carried amongst you. Now we think we have discovered the true path ; and you begin to see it. But you must be very careful lest you lose sight of it. Your nephews, the Stockbridge Indians, know the path so well that they can now walk on boldly ; and the Oneidas

are following in their steps. By and by the path will be extended through all your countries, and I hope to see it so plainly marked that not one of all your nations shall miss it.

BROTHERS ! You not only see this path, but think it a good one ; and therefore you express your wishes to see the president's words verified to your children and children's children. You observed that we enjoyed all the good things of this life, and that you looked to us to make provision that the same might be enjoyed by your children. But you desired that this might be done by degrees. This is right. For you know when a traveler gets upon a new track that he can but just discern, if he hurries along he will be in danger of losing it altogether.

BROTHERS ! Some of you are grown old ; others are of my age ; and some are much younger. But even the oldest of you may see many of your children walking in this new path. Look forward ten, fifteen, or twenty years ; for many of us may live so long ; and then we may see our children meet together and speak with one tongue. Or if *your* children are in *your* country, and *ours* are *here*, yet they can then *speak on paper*, with the same ease and certainty as if they stood face to face.

BROTHERS ! Does not this thought give you pleasure ?

BROTHERS ! You took notice of what the president said to you relative to the war with the western Indians ; that he was not the cause of it, but lamented it ; and would be happy in the discovery of the means by which peace could be restored. You then wished me to point out to you what I thought was the real cause of the war.

BROTHERS ! This perhaps would be a difficult task. We have heard that the minds of the western Indians have been disturbed on account of their lands, which at the treaty of peace with Great Britain, fell within the boundary of the United States. But as it has ever been our strong desire to establish peace, and to remove every cause of jealousy and discontent—I now solemnly declare to you that we claim none of those lands, except such of them as we have purchased at treaties held with the Indians, who as owners, undertook to sell them. All other lands of the Indians we renounce. The president, with his own mouth, has made the same declaration ;

and if you look into the great parchment which he gave the Cornplanter, you will see it under his hand. Let this be strongly impressed on your mind. But I am informed that some of the western Indians who joined with the British and took up the hatchet sixteen years ago, have never laid it down to this day. Yet measures were taken by congress for making peace with *all* the Indian nations, —with those at the westward as well as with you : and runners were sent at the same time to invite them to a treaty. The like invitation has been several times renewed. But the Miami and Wabash Indians never would attend. The only nations at the westward who have entered into treaties with us, are the Shawanese, about six years ago, at a council fire at the mouth of the Miami, which runs into the Ohio, and the Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, and Chippewas, who attended the treaty at Fort McIntosh, seven years ago, and ceded part of their lands ; and the Pottawattamies and Sacs, who, with the Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, and Chippewas, attended the treaty at Muskingum, about three years ago, when the treaty at Fort McIntosh was renewed and confirmed. About two years ago a fresh messenger was sent to the hostile Indians, to invite them to a treaty of peace : but they refused to come, and repeated their outrages with increased violence.

BROTHERS ! It will surprise you to hear that these hostile Indians, in their various incursions on our frontiers since we made peace with the British, have killed upward of one thousand five hundred of our defenceless men, women and children ! I speak not of warriors ; but only of quiet, harmless people, who were following their peaceable employments. Such is our information. After all these things could we do otherwise than send armies into their country ? It is true we have been unfortunate. But we are not discouraged, though we desire to put an end to the war. For what good can arise from the continuance of it ? We want nothing which belongs to the hostile Indians. Why then should they continue their depredations ? If any of them have made war on account of the lands purchased of them since the peace made with the British, I can only say that the great council of the United States appointed commissioners to treat with them on that subject, and to give them a large quantity of goods. A number of chiefs signed the deeds ; and from the reports

of the commissioners it was supposed the lands were fairly obtained. And in consequence thereof, large tracts have since been sold. Some to the citizens of the United States, and some to the people of your ancient father, the king of the French, who have gone and built houses and planted corn in that country. Hence you see how difficult it would be to restore that land to the Indians, even if those chiefs who signed the deeds were not a complete representation of the nations who owned the land. But there is one thing which the United States, who desire nothing but what is just, will cheerfully do. They will attentively hear the complaints of the western Indians; they will reëxamine the treaties, and inquire into the manner in which they were conducted; and if the complaints of the western Indians appear to be well founded, the United States will make them ample compensation for their lands. They will do more. The United States, so far from desiring to injure the western Indians, would rather do them good; and cheerfully impart to them that knowledge and those arts which you are now convinced will be so beneficial to your nations, and which you have cordially agreed to accept.

BROTHERS! What are the obstacles to so much good? Are they not the jealousies and prejudices entertained by the western Indians against the United States? As though we wished for their destruction; or if they had been wronged, that we were determined never to do what was right. But these obstacles would vanish, if we could persuade them to come near enough to hear our voice. For they would soon find it to be the voice of justice, kindness, and peace.

BROTHERS! You have a regard to the people of your own color, and you are the friends of the United States. Perhaps as friends to both parties, you may have it in your power, and be disposed to speak to the western Indians, to convince them that war is not necessary to enable them to obtain justice; and that the United States have no desire to revenge the injuries they have received.

BROTHERS! Some of *you* were once our enemies: but now you are our friends; and you have strong proof of the kindness of our hearts toward you. In like manner let peace take place with the western Indians, and they will immediately find us equally kind to them.

BROTHERS! Perhaps some of the western Indians have never yet distinctly heard our voice inviting them to peace. Possibly our white runners did not go near enough to make them all hear; or perhaps the noise of the guns prevented their hearing. But it may be in your power to go among them and put your voice directly into their ears.

BROTHERS! I mention this matter to you, because it is important to us, your friends, and to the people of your own color. If you please you can consider of it. But you are perfectly free to speak and to act according to your own judgment.

BROTHERS! You mentioned some other things in your speech, which I have duly attended to; but it would be tedious to repeat them all. However, as you referred to the treaty of peace made between us and the British, and gave your opinion, that if all the articles of it were completely fulfilled, the difficulties with the western Indians would cease:¹ I will just observe, that although every thing in that treaty is not accomplished, yet the peace between us and the British is not thereby disturbed. We constantly trade together, and maintain a friendly intercourse with each other; and all remaining differences will doubtless be quietly settled. This being the case, those must be bad people who make a handle of those differences to encourage the Indians to war. Such bad men, whatever may be their pretences, are equally enemies to the Indians and to us.

To this wise and conciliatory speech, breathing throughout a spirit of benevolence and justice, the two chiefs, Farmer's Brother and Red Jacket, rejoined in succession, and at the same interview — a circumstance rather remarkable in Indian diplomacy. Farmer's Brother spoke as follows; first to his own people:

BROTHERS OF THE FIVE NATIONS, attend while I address myself in your presence to my Brother Con-neh-sauty, the representative on this occasion, of the thirteen United States.

¹This was the opinion of Fisher Ames. See his masterly speech upon the question of ratifying Mr. Jay's treaty.

Turning then to Colonel Pickering, he proceeded :

BROTHER ! You have this day spoken to us. Your speech has been long. As a part of it referred to what you had before communicated to us at large, we shall not now make any reply. But in the close of your talk to us, you mentioned one subject of great importance, which related to the state of the hostile Indians toward the setting sun. You gave us your opinion of the causes of their being in a hostile state; we shall now assign some reasons, as they lie in our minds.

BROTHER ! You desired us to speak our minds freely upon this subject, as we were a free and independent people. We thank you for the declaration. We shall do it. Your brothers of the Five Nations have been exceedingly distressed in their minds since your peace with the British, that things at the westward were not settled to your satisfaction. We shall now assign but a few of the principal reasons of the hostilities in that quarter; for there will be no time to descend to all the particulars.

BROTHER ! Continue to hear us. It is true there was a treaty held at Fort McIntosh, where were a few deputies from several nations composed of such as were hunting round in the bush; and not of the real chiefs.¹ About a year after this, a large delegation of the Five Nations went into the Shawanese country, where a great council was called, from all the nations in that quarter. After some time spent in counselling, and it being difficult to continue longer in so great a body, for want of provisions; the warriors went out to get something to season their broth, and to cover their feet. At

¹This treaty was negotiated by Gen. St. Clair, in 1785. The Indians ever afterward, as well the nations said to have been represented, as the Six Nations, contended that it was not the result of a fair negotiation, in other words, as Farmer's Brother maintained, they held that the nations concerned were not properly represented, and they therefore contended that the treaty was not binding. It had doubtless been the policy of the Indians, both the Six Nations and those of the north-west, to act together in one grand confederacy, but General St. Clair availed himself of a moment of jealousy between them, and dexterously contrived to institute separate negotiations. Still the great body of the Indians were never satisfied with that procedure. See letter of Gen. St. Clair to the president.— *Indian State Papers*, vol. i. p. 10-11.

the same time some runners were sent out to call in distant nations. And behold! at this juncture, the Big Knife came into their country to the very town where they were assembled, and took and destroyed the town, killed all the old chiefs, and extinguished the council-fire. This happened but one season after the treaty held at Fort McIntosh. I say that this extinguished the council-fire, which was then kindled for the purpose of a general peace. For, shocking to tell! the Big Knife killed the old chief who had then in his hands the treaty of Fort McIntosh, and the flag of the United States then received. Hence we conceive that the Virginians themselves at that time broke the peace.¹

After this, we of the Five Nations, and Delawares, and others, moved the council-fire to the place called the Standing Stone. And we, your brothers of the Five Nations, endeavored to quiet their disturbed minds, speaking to them of the disaster which had befallen them.

Now at this removed council-fire, the Wyandot and Delawares replied to us of the Five Nations, in the following manner:

See, Brothers! While you are kindling these council-fires in the bushes, evil has come upon us. We expected it would be so; and we therefore must blame you, for having so much confidence in the Big Knife. Moreover, we must thank you that you have come

¹ It is difficult to ascertain with certainty to what transaction the speaker here refers. But it is most likely he was speaking of a friendly town of Indians, called the Piankeshaws, living upon the Wabash. In a report upon the Indian relations of the country, by General Knox, secretary of war, to the president, dated June 15, 1789, it is remarked that since the conclusion of the revolutionary war, in 1783, the United States had formed no treaties with the Indians of the Wabash country, and that hostilities had almost constantly existed between the people of Kentucky and the said Indians. "The injuries and murders," said the secretary, "*have been so reciprocal, that it would be a point of critical investigation to know on which side they have been the greatest.*" The secretary added, "Some of the inhabitants of Kentucky, during the past year (1788), roused by recent injuries, made an invasion into the Wabash country, and, possessing an equal aversion to all bearing the name of Indians, they destroyed a number of peaceable Piankeshaws, who prided themselves on their attachment to the United States." Is it cause of wonder, then, that the less enlightened savages, who were liable to such treatment, should look upon "all the whites with equal aversion?"

so far into our country, and are now at the place where the ancient council-fire was kindled, the light of which reached to the clouds, and was seen by all the Five Nations. We are glad that you still talk to us upon the subject of a general peace, and that we should still use our endeavors to effect it among all the Indian nations in this quarter.

Our elder brother, the Mohawk, then spoke, and gave them great thanks, that they would still endeavor to establish peace, and promised to write the congress on the subject.

BROTHER! The Five Nations were the cause of the attendance on the treaty at the falls of Muskingum. Some of us went by fort Pitt, to take all in that route. These first arrived at Muskingum. Another party went by Detroit, to bring all from that quarter. At length, when we had arrived at the place called the High hills, it was determined that a runner should be sent to Muskingum to know the business of the treaty. Accordingly, Captain David, of the Mohawk nation, who is since dead, was chosen for this purpose.

When the runner went to the place (which was at the mouth of the Muskingum) and was returning, he met the main body at the falls (which was about half way), going on to the council fire. Captain David brought back a large piece of writing. And when it was read (as it was by Brant), all that it spoke was in regard to their lands; and they found that all the commissioner wanted was to get their lands. This disturbed all their minds—when they found all that was wanted was to get their lands—and it shocked the minds of the Five Nations.

All the Indians then went back, except the Senecas, and one out of each other of the Five Nations, and some of the Delawares and Wyandots. These went on to the council fire of the commissioner, because it had been burning all the season, waiting for them. Here their minds were made uneasy, because the commissioner marked out their lands as he saw fit, and just told them what he did, saying, "I am going to have so much." The Five Nations tried to assist those nations, but could not. For the commissioner said, I have nothing to do with you, the Five Nations, but only with these other nations who own the lands. Then our minds sank within us, and we said no more.

Then the commissioner marked off big pieces, describing them, and said, so much I must have. The nations meant to have the line run along the heads of the small creeks, running into the Alleghany; but the commissioner said that was not enough, but that he wanted the line to run so far back as to go upon the heads of the waters running into lake Erie; and he extended it accordingly toward the Mississippi.

BROTHER! You said perhaps the voice of the runner of the United States had not gone near enough to the western Indians for them to hear it. This was the case.

BROTHER! You desired us to speak our minds freely upon this subject, to wit: the causes of the uneasiness among the western Indians. We have now candidly related to you from step to step these facts; which from small beginnings have increased to an extensive breach of our peace.

BROTHER! Possess your mind in peace. This matter does not immediately concern us — but you desired us to speak.

The Farmer's Brother having ended, Red Jacket rose and spoke as follows:

BROTHER CON-NEH-SAUTY, who have been appointed by the president to represent the United States in the business on which we were invited, now attend!

You spoke to us on our first arrival; and a few days since you opened the whole business which respects our national happiness. After this, you adverted to the troubled state of the nations at the westward; and mentioned what you supposed were the causes of those troubles among the various nations in that quarter; and you desired us to speak our minds freely on this subject.

BROTHER: You have heard the two principal causes of those troubles. Those two causes, as we apprehend, were these — the destroying of the town by Big Knife, and killing the old man, while the nations were met counselling for peace; and the smallness of the number who attended the treaty at Muskingum, and the affair of the lands. For we, the Five Nations, had to give up our judgments to what the commissioner dictated, and that was the reason there were so many names to the writing.

BROTHER : You have now heard the causes of the uneasiness among the western Indians ; you said you wished to know the causes of those hostilities, that you might remove them. Here they are, as we consider them. Now it is our wish that the president and congress would exert themselves to remove them. You have manifested a desire to put the burthen of bringing you and the western Indians together, upon our shoulders ; but it is too heavy for us to bear without your assistance.

BROTHER : Continue to hear ! We are not able to go forward with this great business alone. Therefore, if you earnestly wish for the restoration of peace as your words have expressed, let us have some assistance. Let there be one voice between you and the British, who are by our fireside, to effect this object. True, you have drawn a line between them and you ; and the line comes near to us. But we think you are too proud to act together upon this business. And unless you go to the western Indians, how will you convince them that you mean to do them justice ?

BROTHER : We of the Five Nations have not settled all the affairs pertaining to our peace — and it will give great joy to our minds if you can extend peace to the western nations. What we have proposed, we think would be a healing medicine. Therefore, when we have completed our business with you, we shall be glad to communicate this to the people of our color to the westward.

BROTHER : While you are yet hearing, let us remind you of your own words — “ verily you must love those of your own color : and we believe also that you are friends to us.”

BROTHER : You have spoken truly : we do love both — we also love our common peace. Therefore have we thus advised to this healing medicine, which, alone, we think, will complete a cure of all the wounds.

BROTHER : This is all we have now to say. You see that it is a pleasant day ; an emblem of the pleasure and joy now diffused through all here present, for indeed it has been a counselling day — a day of business.

The consultations being about to close, on the 25th of April the president transmitted to the chiefs the annexed farewell address :

MY CHILDREN OF THE FIVE NATIONS! You were invited here at my request, in order that measures should be concerted with you, to impart such of the blessings of civilization, as may at present suit your condition, and give you further desires to improve your own happiness.

Colonel Pickering has made the particular arrangements with you to carry into execution these objects—all of which I hereby approve and confirm.

And in order that the money necessary to defray the annual expenses of the arrangements which have been made, should be provided permanently, I now ratify an article which will secure the yearly appropriation of the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars, for the use and benefit of the Five Nations—the Stockbridge Indians included.

The United States having received and provided for you as for a part of themselves, will, I am persuaded, be strongly and gratefully impressed on your minds, and those of all your tribes.

Let it be spread abroad among all your villages, and throughout your land, that the United States are desirous not only of a general peace with all the Indian tribes, but of being their friends and protectors.

It has been my direction, and I hope it has been executed to your satisfaction, that during your residence here you should be well fed, well lodged, and well clothed, and that presents should be furnished to your wives and families.

I partake of your sorrow on account that it has pleased the Great Spirit to take from you two of your number by death, since your residence in this city.¹ I have ordered that your tears should be wiped away according to your custom, and that presents should be sent to the relations of the deceased.

Our lives are all in the hands of our Maker, and we must part

¹One of the chiefs to whose decease General Washington here referred was Peter Jaquette, a leading sachem of the Oneidas, who died on the 19th of March, soon after the deputation arrived in Philadelphia. Peter had been taken to France by the Marquis de la Fayette (on that nobleman's return home after the close of the revolutionary war), where he received an education. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* of that day thus described the funeral of the chief: "His funeral was attended from Oeler's hotel to

with them whenever he shall demand them — and the survivors must *submit* to events they cannot prevent.

Having happily settled all your business, and being about to return to your own country, I wish you a pleasant journey, and that you may safely return to your families, after so long a journey, and find them in good health.

Given under my hand, at the city of Philadelphia, this twenty-fifth day of April, 1792.

(Signed) GEO. WASHINGTON.

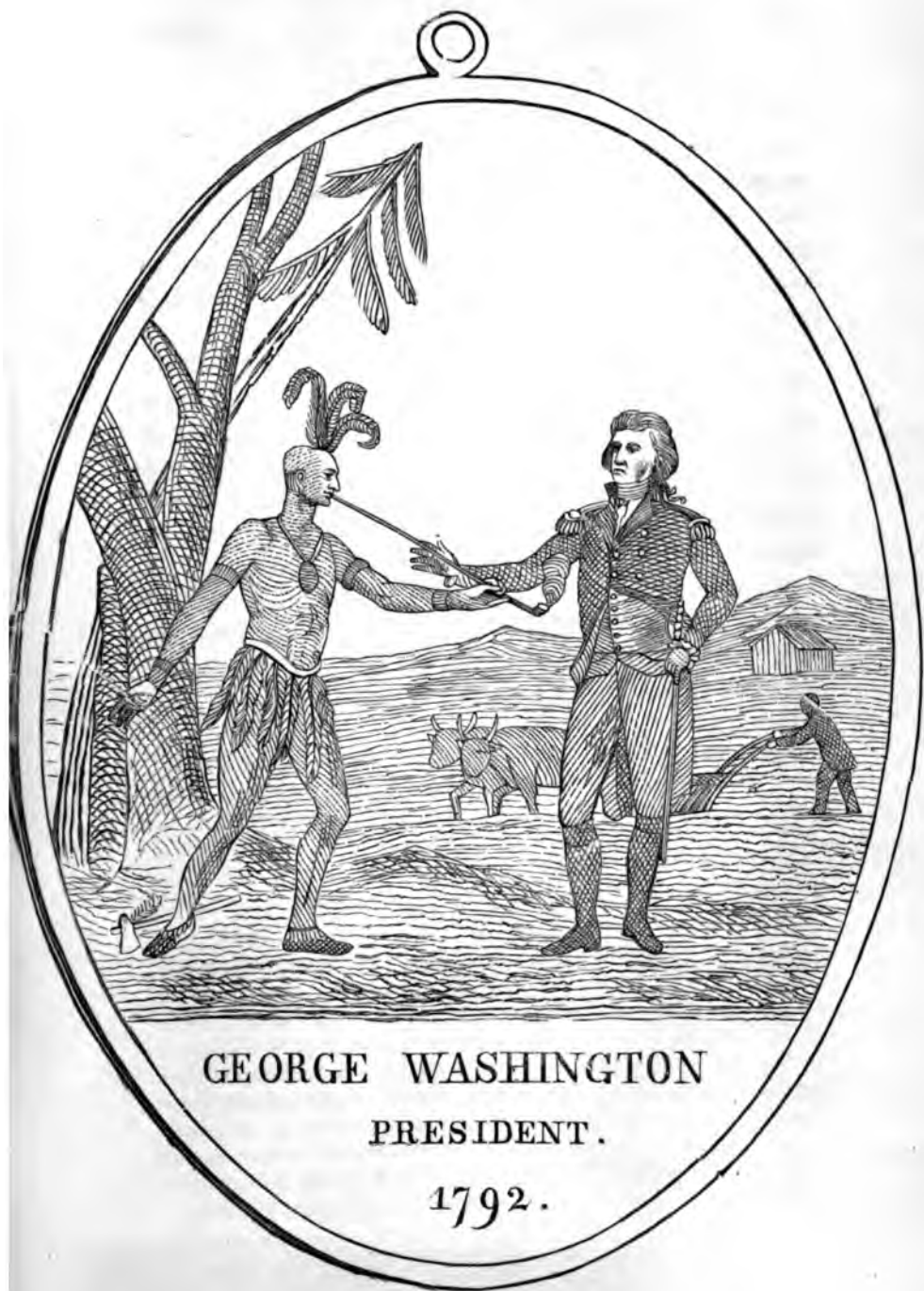
The conferences were finally closed on the 30th of April, to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. The chiefs had not only agreed to *try*, with their people, to become civilized, but had likewise stipulated to send a strong deputation to their brethren in the Miami country, for the purpose of bringing them, if possible, into a more pacific disposition. Colonel Pickering delivered a parting speech to them, embracing their instructions as to their contemplated mission. The hostile Indians had imbibed the idea, or rather it had been insinuated into their minds by the officers of the British Indian service in Upper Canada, that the United States were claiming the *fee* of their whole domain south of the great lakes, and east of the Mississippi. Of this idea Red Jacket and his associates were charged to disabuse them, and to show them by maps with which they were provided, that the United States claimed no farther nor other portions of the soil than were comprehended in the several purchases actually made by treaty, including, of course, the treaties of Fort McIntosh and Fort Harmar,

the Presbyterian burying ground in Mulberry street. The corpse was preceded by a detachment of the light infantry of the city, with arms reversed, drums muffled, and the music playing a solemn dirge. The corpse was followed by six of the chiefs as mourners, succeeded by all the warriors; the reverend clergy of all denominations; secretary of war, and the gentlemen of the war department; officers of the federal army, and of the militia; and a number of citizens."

or Muskingum. But it should here be remembered that the Indians invariably protested against the fairness and validity of the two last mentioned treaties; and were then in arms to compel the United States to regard the Ohio as their actual western boundary. Nevertheless, the chiefs departed in good spirits, and great hopes were entertained that their western mission would be attended by auspicious results.¹

The members of this deputation arrived at Buffalo creek early in June; but although returning with the most amicable feelings themselves, their people were found in a very different condition of temper. Many of the young Seneca warriors were among the hostile Indians; but it appeared that the commander of Fort Jefferson had succeeded in winning some of them to the cause of the United States, and a scout of the hostile Indians had been cut off by their assistance. This affair had caused great uneasiness among the Six Nations, and their resentment against the commander of Fort Jefferson was kindled to exaspera-

¹ It was during this visit to Philadelphia that General Washington presented Red Jacket with the large silver medal, bearing his likeness, which the chief always wore on state occasions until his decease. To the mind of Red Jacket there was something symbolical in this medal. Its costly material was emblematical of the friendship which was ever to subsist between the United States and the Indians; while its brightness indicated the unsullied purity of the peace between his own people and the whites. Its pure surface would show the slightest tarnish which might accidentally come upon it; and both parties, the giver and receiver, could then set to work to remove the stain. Upon his death, the medal fell into the hands of James Johnson, his successor in the sachemship. Other medals are said to be in existence, each purporting to be the genuine Red Jacket medal. Possibly copies of it may have been made when it was at one time or another in pawn in the hands of those to whom Red Jacket had pledged it for whiskey. None of these copies, however, were ever owned by Red Jacket himself. The original medal, from which the *fac simile* on the opposite page was made, is now (1865) owned by Mr. E. S. Parker—an educated Seneca Indian, and, at present, military secretary to Lieutenant General Grant.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT.

1792.

tion, because, as they alleged, "he had excited some of their thoughtless young men to strike the tomahawk into the heads of their brothers." Old Fish Carrier, the principal chief of the Cayugas, and a man of great consideration among his nation, was for a time after this occurrence exceedingly disaffected; as indeed were the whole Cayuga and Seneca nations. Being advised of this critical state of things, General Chapin, the efficient and influential agent for the Six Nations, whose residence was at Canandaigua, hastened to Buffalo creek, and by much exertion succeeded in allaying the anger of the Cayuga chief, and tranquilizing the minds of the Indians. Such indeed was the change wrought in the mind of the Fish Carrier, that he promised to recall those of his warriors who had joined the hostiles.¹ He also acceded to the measure of sending the proposed deputation of chiefs to the Miami country; but owing to the extreme deliberation of their movements, their frequent counselling, and their dilatory manner of conducting business, the messengers did not depart westward until the

Soon after the arrival of the chiefs, General Knox directed a military suit of clothes to be delivered to each of them, including a cocked hat, &c., as worn by the officers of the army. When Red Jacket's suit was tendered to him, he requested the bearer to inform General Knox that he could not consistently wear the dress, because he was a sachem — a civil officer — and not a war-chief. He therefore requested that a different suit might be given to him, more suitable to his station. Still he insisted on keeping the military clothes until the other dress was provided for him. But when the plain dress was brought, and the regimentals asked for in exchange, he declined delivering them up — coolly remarking that although as a sachem he could not wear a military uniform in time of peace, yet in the time of war the sachems joined the warriors, and he would therefore keep it until a war should break out, when he could assume it with entire propriety.— *Manuscripts of Thomas Morris*. Red Jacket had two brothers upon this deputation, viz: Sa-o-nish-shon-wa (a great breath), and Sos-son-do-e-wa (a great darkness).— *Old manuscript of Colonel Pickering*.

¹ Letter from General Israel Chapin to the secretary at war.— *Indian State Papers*, p. 241.

middle of September. Yet these delays arose from no farther reluctance on the part of the Indians to enter upon the mission. The deportment of the federal government toward them, and the agreeable manner in which they had passed their time in Philadelphia, had completely won their friendship — even that of the dissembling Red Jacket, who never afterward gave any good reason for doubting his constancy upon that point. He was himself one of the deputation which proceeded to the west, as also was the Cornplanter.

Meantime, justly appreciating his great talents, and reckoning much upon his influence among the north-western tribes, the government of the United States, by much exertion, had succeeded, after the departure of the Seneca delegation, in persuading Joseph Brant, the Mohawk chief, and the war-captain of the whole Iroquois confederacy, to visit Philadelphia, for the purpose, if possible, of despatching him also to the Miami country as a messenger of peace. Brant did not leave Upper Canada, to visit the seat of the American government, without encountering much opposition from Sir John Johnson and other officers in the British service. But he nevertheless performed the journey, was respectfully received by the federal authorities at Philadelphia, and was ultimately induced to undertake the western mission. Taking Grand river in the way on his return, he was prostrated by a fit of sickness, and rendered unable, during that season, to fulfil his engagement.

Nor at that time, probably, would a visit, even from him, have been attended by any particular benefit. The hostile Indians were met in council by Red Jacket and his associates at the Au Glaize, on the Miami river of lake Erie, but were found in a most implacable humor. In his anxiety for a pacification, the president had sent other messengers of peace to traverse the Wabash country,

among whom were the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, General Rufus Putnam, Colonel Hardin, Major Trueman, and another officer named Freeman. The last mentioned three of these messengers had been intercepted and murdered. The hostile council was large, and no white man was admitted to its deliberations, save the noted Simon Girty, whom, at the expense of their own character, the Wyandots considered as one of themselves. The Shawanese were the only speakers on the side of the hostile chiefs, and Red Jacket alone was permitted to open his lips in behalf of the pacificators.¹ The following passage from the address of the Shawanese to the Six Nations sufficiently illustrates the temper by which they were then governed:

ELDEST BROTHERS! You come to us with your opinion, and the voice of the United States. It is your mind to put an end to all hostilities. Brothers! now we will relate what took place last fall in our country. General Washington sent an army into our country, which fell into our hands. Their orders were thus: to proceed into our country as far as the Miami towns, to the Glaize; thence to Detroit, but not to molest the king's people; and if the army should meet any people that appeared friendly, to leave them behind their backs without harm.

The president of the United States must well know why the blood is so deep in our paths. We have been informed that he has sent messengers of peace on these bloody roads, who fell on the way.² And now, as he knows that road to be bloody, no communication can take place through that bloody way, as there is a path through the Six Nations' country, which is smooth and easy. If he wants to send the voice of peace, it must come through that road.

ELDER BROTHERS! We have been informed the president of the

¹ Letter from the secretary at war to the president, Dec. 6, 1792. See *Indian State Papers*, p. 322.

² Alluding to the murders of Hardin, Trueman, and Freeman, as just mentioned in the text.

United States thinks himself the greatest man on this island. We had this country long in peace before we saw any person of a white skin. We consider the people of the white skin the younger.

There were no stenographers present at that council, and it is therefore impossible to report as to the manner in which Red Jacket acquitted himself. But as he was the only speaker in the cause of peace, he doubtless participated in the debates often. The result was a stipulation for an armistice during the winter, and for the holding of a treaty with the United States at the Miami rapids in the ensuing spring, "at any time after the leaves were out." But as a basis of the negotiation they insisted sturdily upon the *status quo ante bellum*—contending that they had still a claim upon a portion of the territory east of the Ohio, and that under no circumstances would they consent to any farther western boundary than the line of that river. Such was the determination of which Red Jacket and his associates were the bearers on their return. A report of the whole procedure, drawn up in the Indian style, was forwarded to the president, accompanied by an address from the Six Nations, praying the government of the United States to commission messengers to treat upon the basis proposed. They besought the president to send agents "who were men of honesty, not proud land-jobbers, but men who loved and desired peace." They also suggested that the agents should be "attended by some friend or quaker"—a proposition which, as will presently appear, was adopted.¹

The deputation returned to Buffalo creek about the

¹The report of this deputation, as returned in form, and rendered into English by Mr. Parish, the interpreter, is a curious document. See Appendix, [A.] The council at the Glaize was very large, including representations from thirty-seven nations beyond the Canadian territory—as also, chiefs from the Gora country, who were occupied the whole season in travelling thither.

middle of November, and the results of their mission were forwarded to Philadelphia, by Mr. Jasper Parish, the interpreter. Red Jacket was desirous of visiting Philadelphia as the bearer of despatches himself, but considerations of economy induced General Chapin, the Indian agent, to dissuade him from that purpose—a circumstance which was regretted by the secretary at war.¹

The armistice for which the Miamis and Shawanese had stipulated was not very rigidly observed. The paths were not only made bloody by frequent murders, but at least one sharp and considerable action was fought, late in the fall, between an army of Indians and a detachment of Kentucky volunteers, commanded by Major Adair, in which the former were rather checked than defeated.

The reply of the president to this proposition of the hostile Indians was by them considered evasive, and created great dissatisfaction. They even charged the delegates from the Six Nations with not having advised the American government, in good faith, of their exact determination. The consequence was the convocation of another council of the belligerent confederates, in which they reiterated the conditions upon which only they would agree to treat, in more positive language than before; and they admonished the president to send forward no commissioners, unless prepared to negotiate upon the prescribed basis. Commissioners were, nevertheless, appointed, who proceeded by the way of Albany to Niagara, and thence to Sandusky, to meet the Indians at Au Glaize. Moved by the benevolence of their principles, the quakers, likewise, of Pennsylvania, spontaneously, and before the desire to that effect, of the Six Nations, was known to them, appointed a deputation from their pacific order, to proceed to Detroit and exert their influence in the cause of peace.

¹ Letter of General Knox to the president.

Both commissions were alike ineffective.¹ The Indians gathered at the Au Glaize in great numbers, and in the worst possible humor. And although the greatest chieftain of their race, in modern times, Joseph Brant, was there, and exerted himself to the utmost to accomplish a general pacification, the effort was unavailing. The Indians would not relax one iota from their original determination to make the Ohio the *ultima thule* of white possession and civilization. The commissioners could of course entertain no such proposition, and after nearly the entire year had been consumed, they returned from their bootless errand. Meantime, after the defeat of St. Clair, the command of the army had been confided to General Wayne, who evinced the utmost energy in its reorganization. He was already in the Indian country, at the time when the negotiation failed, and immediately thereafter preparations were made for opening another campaign, on the return of spring, (1794), with all the vigor the government could put forth. That campaign was short and brilliant. After several rather severe affairs in the early part of the summer, the fierce battle fought by Wayne, at the rapids of the Miamis, on the 20th of August, crowned by a signal victory, put an end to hostilities. This battle was not fought against the Indians alone. They were assisted by "a mixed multitude" of Tories and refugees from the United States; half-breeds, French and English fur-traders, and others, residing at Detroit and in the wild regions beyond. The action was, moreover, fought almost under the guns of a British fort, which the assurance of Governor Sinclair had caused to be erected thus far within the territory of the United States,

¹The commissioners appointed by the government were General Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph, and Colonel Timothy Pickering. The Quaker gentlemen deputed upon the mission were John Parish, William Savary, and John Elliott, of Philadelphia; Jacob Lindley, of Westchester county; and Joseph Moore and William Hartshorne, of New Jersey.

and between the commander of which and General Wayne a sharp correspondence ensued. The American general was so greatly exasperated at the conduct of the British officers and agents in that quarter, that he could scarcely desist from laying siege to the fort itself. There were several skirmishes between scouting parties, after the battle — affording Wayne an excuse to lay waste the country of the Miamis, which was well cultivated for the distance of fifty miles. Colonel M'Kee, an influential officer in the British Indian department, had extensive possessions there, which were ravaged and his buildings laid in ashes. Wayne continued to occupy the country for a whole year afterward, at the close of which the definitive treaty of Greenville was concluded with the Indians, which was of a character perfectly agreeable to the United States.

CHAPTER V.

FARTHER difficulties with the Six Nations, occasioned by Pennsylvania — Great Council at Canandaigua — Troubles of the Oneidas — Description of the Gathering — Opening of the Grand Council — Ceremonies of Condolement — Visit of Jemima Wilkinson — Speeches in Council — Jemima speaks — Speech of the women to Colonel Pickering — Presence of a supposed spy — His dismissal — Correspondence concerning him — News of Wayne's victory — Its effect upon the Indians — Difficulties and jealousies among the Indians themselves — Colonel Pickering determines to bring them to a decision — Indians appeal to the Quakers — Speech of Red Jacket to them, and also to Colonel Pickering in Council — Farther proceedings — Difficulties with Cornplanter — Conclusion of the Treaty — Dissolution of the Council — Excellent conduct of the Quakers — 1794.

The termination of the war between the United States and the north-western Indians was mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, in anticipation of the regular historical progress of these memoirs. But the name of the Seneca orator, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, does not occur in connection with that war, or with any other public event during the year 1793. In February of the next year (1794), he was present at a council convened at Buffalo creek, at the instance of the federal government, for the purpose of yet farther conciliating the good feelings of the Senecas and Cayugas. The waywardness of the Indian character is such, and the desire of their young men is always so strong to be upon the war-path at every opportunity, that the most assiduous and watchful exertions were constantly necessary to keep the Senecas and Cayugas from joining the belligerents *en masse*; and these efforts were only crowned with partial success at the best. The appliances of the government, on this occasion, consisted of a liberal distribution of presents—particularly of clothing. But

the eagle eyes of the British officers in Canada were upon every movement of the Six Nations, and such was the lingering attachment of the Senecas for their ancient allies, or such their actual and continued attachment to them, that no council could be held upon that frontier without the presence of one or more representatives of the crown. Indeed, his Britannic majesty's officers were determined that no peace should be concluded, unless they might be the principal agents in effecting it. At about the time now under consideration, the celebrated Colonel John Butler, of Wyoming memory, declared that the only way to make peace with the Indians was to apply to Lord Dorchester,¹ governor general of the Canadas, and commander-in-chief at Quebec, for the appointment of a commission of British officers to designate the boundary between the United States and the Indians, and assist in the negotiation of a treaty, to be guarantied to the Indians by Great Britain.² Propositions so arrogant on the one side, and an acquiescence in which would have been so degrading on the other, were of course spurned with indignation. Still, the affairs of the war were discussed at the council; but Joseph Brant was the principal Indian speaker, while Red Jacket enacted only a subordinate and unimportant part.

He came more prominently before the public in the following autumn, at the great and memorable council held with the Six Nations at Canandaigua. General Wayne had not closed the war in the north-west when the preparations for this council were commenced; but aside from the sympathies of the Six Nations in behalf of their belligerent brethren, another difficulty had arisen, nearer home, causing for a season great anxiety. A movement by Pennsylvania, having in view an immediate extension of

¹ The Sir Guy Carlton of the revolutionary war.

² *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, vol. i, p. 287.

her settlements to Presque isle, on the shore of lake Erie, was a measure that greatly exasperated the Six Nations, who claimed that territory as exclusively their own, and immediate hostilities had well nigh been the consequence. The governor of Pennsylvania claimed the disputed territory by virtue of an alleged purchase from the Cornplanter; but the Six Nations disavowed the transaction, and prepared to defend their soil with the rifle and tomahawk. The military arrangements were matured under the direction of Brant, or Thayendanega, who was in readiness once more to lead his braves to the onslaught. But the timely interposition of President Washington deterred Pennsylvania from any farther prosecution of her designs in that quarter, at that time.¹ Still, it was deemed proper, on the part of the president, to endeavor to tranquilize the Indians who had been thus disturbed, by pacific measures, and a council was appointed, which, as already mentioned, sat at Canandaigua, in October and November, 1794. Colonel Pickering was again detailed as the commissioner on the part of the United States, with instructions to hold a free conference with the Indians of the Six Nations, upon all the causes of discontent then existing between the two peoples. The good friends of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, under the conviction that the interposition of their pacific offices was a religious duty, appointed a deputation of great respectability to attend the council, and if possible, by indirection at least, exercise some beneficial influence in its proceedings.²

This was the last general council held by the United

¹ *Life of Brant*, vol. ii, pp. 377-381. A council of the Six Nations was holden at Buffalo creek, in June of 1794, upon this subject, on which occasion Cornplanter delivered a speech, to be forwarded to General Washington, for which, see Appendix B.

² The delegates were David Bacon, John Parish, William Savary, and James Emlen.

States with the Iroquois confederacy — and a vast amount of important business was transacted thereat. Several perplexing questions of contested boundaries were settled, and the relations between the United States and the confederacy were adjusted upon a basis that has not since been disturbed. The results were of great importance, not only to the federal government, but also in respect to the influence which the adjustment of those questions had upon the settlement of western New York by the white people. But a proper history of that council is yet a desideratum, which there are no documents even in the archives of the government adequate to supply — the naked treaty itself, which is not of great length, being all that seems to have been preserved.

The council was opened on the 11th of October, in the camp of the Oneidas, they only having yet arrived. But as there were many minor difficulties presented for arrangement by the arbitrament of the commission — difficulties arising among several of the tribes themselves, and between the Indians and grasping white men, which were not of national concernment — it was not important that all the nations should be present at the first moment of business. Colonel Pickering opened the council by a conciliatory speech, in which he stated that he had heard of difficulties among them which he would gladly assist in healing. He was addressed in reply by Captain John, and Good Peter, at great length. The first grievance presented, related to a lease of about one third of the Oneida reservation to Peter Smith, embracing a territory four miles in breadth, by twenty-four in length, and containing sixty-one thousand four hundred and forty acres of land. This tract, it was alleged, had been leased to Mr. Smith for twenty-one years, by the sachems, or civil magistrates, in opposition to the voice of the warriors; and the attempts to survey the land had brought the two parties in array against each

other, and almost into actual conflict. Great complaints were made against the whites in general, for the artifices practiced to deceive them and obtain their lands. Captain John spoke in behalf of the sachems, and Good Peter, the head warrior, for the braves. Colonel Pickering replied to them on the following day, and proposed a course of conciliation and compromise—promising to visit the Oneida castle on his return, and assist in the final adjustment of the difficulty.

The Indians, as usual, gathered around the council fire slowly. By the 14th the Onondagas and Cayugas had arrived; and on the same day the approach of Farmer's Brother was announced, at the head of a large party of Senecas. He had halted at the distance of four miles from the village, to paint and dress, preparatory to a public entrance into the grand camp. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he arrived with his train, the Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas being drawn up in order, armed, painted and plumed, to receive them. Marching up in front of the Oneidas and their neighbors, the Senecas fired a salute of three rounds of musketry, which was returned by the others, making the woods ring long and loud by the reverberations. The Indian leaders then directed their dusky legions to form a circle around Colonel Pickering and General Chapin, the government agents, with their assistants and attendants—whereupon the commissioner was addressed by Farmer's Brother, who on closing returned the belt by which he had been summoned to the council. Two days afterward the Cornplanter arrived at the head of four hundred, being the Alleghany clan of the Senecas. The same ceremonies of reception and presentation were observed as on the former day—the Indians being dressed and painted with all the brilliancy and beauty of their wild and fantastic tastes. The number of Indians then present was sixteen hundred.

On the morning of the 18th Red Jacket made his appearance, and first visited the deputation from the friends, in company with Cornplanter, Farmer's Brother, Little Beard, and several other Seneca chiefs, upon private business.¹ In the afternoon the commissioner and the Friends, were summoned by a son of Cornplanter to attend the formal opening of the grand council. The officers and their interpreters were surrounded by a dark assemblage, the chiefs appearing subdued and thoughtful, and the entire *coup d'œil* presenting a striking aspect. The first business was an address of condolence to the Senecas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras, and Delawares, (a deputation of the latter being present), by Captain John, of the Oneidas, on account of the loss of many chiefs of the Six Nations since they had last met in general council. The Oneidas, in behalf of themselves and the Onondagas, wished, in their figurative language, to wipe the tears from their brethren's eyes, brighten their countenances and clear their throats, that they might speak freely at the council fire. Red Jacket returned a brotherly salutation, handing the eastern nations of the confederacy belts and strings of wampum, to unite each to the other, and thus to open the council as with the heart of one man. They then informed Colonel Pickering that the Six Nations were duly opened as a council for the transaction of business. The colonel made a congratulatory address in reply, and informed them that, as it was then Saturday, on Monday afternoon he would hold a council of condolence.

¹ It appears that the Senecas had invited a private conference with the Friends, respecting the descendants of some Indians who had formerly resided at or near Hopewell, in Virginia. The Indians claimed that the people of whom the Friends had purchased the lands at Hopewell had not paid for them, and therefore had sold what was not their own. The Friends desired that the heirs of the Indians who had been dispossessed at Hopewell should be sought out, that a just compensation might be made to them. Cornplanter now informed them that two of those heirs had been found, residing at Conestoga.

to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the Delawares, who had lost a young brother, murdered by a white man at Venango, a few months before. He would then take the hatchet out of the head of the deceased, and bury it in the earth, preparatory to the treaty.

Accordingly on the 20th, a very large council was held, at which the colonel performed the promised ceremony of condolement with the Delawares. By speech and gesture he went through the process of burying the dead, and covered the grave with leaves, so that they could see it no more in passing. The hatchet which he had taken out of the head of the victim was buried beneath a pine tree, which, *in words*, was torn up for that purpose. Having placed the hatchet in a deep hole, and covered it with stones, the tree was replanted upon the top, so that the instrument of death should never more be discovered. The colonel then wiped the blood from their heads, and the tears from their eyes, and opened the path of peace, which the Indians were invited to keep clear at one end, and the United States at the other, as long as the sun shone. These and other ceremonies having been performed, the council was adjourned, and the fire covered up for the night.

On the next day, the celebrated Jemima Wilkinson, who, with her followers, resided upon the western margin of the Seneca lake, being at Canandaigua, with several of her disciples, was invited by Colonel Pickering to dine with him, at the house of Mr. Thomas Morris. The invitation was accepted by Jemima, and she was treated with great attention by the colonel, glad of the opportunity to gratify his curiosity respecting this remarkable woman, whom he had never seen before. The seat of honor was appropriated to her, and she participated freely in the conversation.

At an early hour of the afternoon the commissioner was summoned to the council, to which place he repaired with

his friends—Jemima and her retinue following in the train, and taking seats with the commissioner and interpreters in the centre of the circle. The address of Colonel Pickering, of the preceding day, was answered by the Fish Carrier—who took occasion to glance retrospectively at the relations that had existed between the Six Nations and the white men, since the landing of the latter “on this island.” When the white people first came, the Indians saw that they were men, and must have something to subsist upon. They, therefore, pitied them, and gave them some land; and when they complained that the land had become too small for them, the Indians still pitied them, and from time to time gave them more. At length a great council-fire was kindled at Albany, where a silver chain was made, which was kept bright for many years, until the United States and the great king over the water differed. Then their brothers in Canada talked to the Indians, and they let the chain fall out of their hands. Yet it was not their fault, but the white people’s. The Fish Carrier then recapitulated the history of the negotiations with the white people after the close of the revolutionary war, referring to the treaties of Fort Stanwix, and complained of many grievances which they had suffered—particularly in the curtailment of their territory. The Indians felt that at the first treaty at Fort Stanwix, in 1784, the commissioners had been too grasping—a position which Colonel Pickering in his reply, labored rather to extenuate than to deny. Having just come out victoriously from a bloody war with them, the colonel told them that great allowances were to be made, even if the commissioners had shown themselves proud, and treated them somewhat harshly. But notwithstanding their many causes of complaint, Fish Carrier, now that they had taken hold of the chain with the fifteen fires, pledged the Six Nations to hold on.

In the course of the sitting Colonel Pickering formally

introduced the quaker deputation, who had been appointed at their request, and with the approbation of the president. The deputies thereupon presented the address from the Friends to the Indians, which was read, and interpreted by Jasper Parish, and received with lively approbation by the Indians. The reading of the address having been completed, Jemima and her disciples dropped upon their knees, and the mistress of the order uttered something in the form of a prayer. The lady superior afterward desired liberty to address the assembly, which being granted, she proceeded to utter a rhapsody, consisting of disjointed texts of Scripture, mingled with confused and unmeaning sentences of her own, forming together a medley without coherence, relevancy, or point. The proceedings of the day were closed on the part of the Indians, by the interchange of belts, the design of which was to perpetuate the memories and virtues of their departed chiefs, for whose loss they had been performing the ceremonies of condolence.

The council was reöpened on the 23d. When about to proceed to business, a request was made by three Indian women to be admitted to deliver their sentiments. The request was granted, and the women were introduced by Red Jacket, who appears ever to have been a favorite with the Indian ladies. Addressing himself to the sachems and warriors, he asked their favor in behalf of the women, and also that of the commissioner, craving that they might be heard, especially as on the preceding day a lady of the pale faces had been allowed the same indulgence. The assent of the council having been given, Red Jacket was designated as the orator through whom they desired to speak. The substance of his communication in their behalf was, that they felt a deep interest in the affairs of their people; and having heard the opinions of their sachems, they fully concurred in them, that the white people had been the cause of all the Indians' distresses: The white people,

they said, had pressed and squeezed them together, until it gave them great pain at their hearts, and they thought the white people ought to give back all the lands they had taken from them. One of the white women (Jemima, meaning), had yesterday told the Indians to repent; and they in turn now called on the white people to repent—they having as much need of repentance as the Indians. They therefore hoped the pale faces would repent and wrong the Indians no more.

The commissioner thanked them for their speech, observing that it was far from his nature to think meanly of women, and he should also be happy to hear from them when they had any thing to say. But in regard to the conduct of the white woman, on the preceding day, which they had cited as a precedent, he remarked that she had forced herself into the council, and had spoken without his approbation.¹

An unpleasant incident occurred on the morning of the

¹ Jemima Wilkinson was extensively known, by reputation, as a religious impostor, in the western part of New York, thirty or forty years ago. She was born in Rhode Island, in 1753, and was educated a quaker. She was artful, bold, and zealous. About 1773, on recovering from a fit of sickness, during which she had fallen into a syncope, so that she was apparently dead, she announced that she had been raised from the dead, and had received a divine commission as a religious teacher. Having made a few proselytes, she removed with them into the western part of New York, and settled between the Seneca and Crooked lakes, at the distance of about eighteen miles from Geneva, calling her village New Jerusalem. In consequence of the weakness and credulity of her followers, she was enabled to live in very elegant style, having half a dozen beautiful damsels in attendance upon her person. She inculcated poverty, but was careful to be the owner of lands purchased in the name of her companion, Rachel Miller. When she preached, she stood in the door of her bed chamber, wearing a waistcoat, a stock, and a white silk cravat. She died in 1819. Joseph Brant once very adroitly discomfited her. As she professed to be Christ in his second appearing, Brant tested her by speaking in different Indian languages, none of which she understood. He then disclosed her imposture, simply by declaring that Jesus Christ must of course understand all languages, one as well as another.

25th, which came near breaking up the council in a tempest. It was the appearance in the assembly of a man named Johnson, who came from fort Erie as a messenger from Brant. He had indeed arrived two days before, and on the day previous he held secret conference with several of the chiefs, and delivered the message with which he had been charged by the Mohawk. Assuming the character of an interpreter, he was now mingling in the council, and appeared rather too intimate with the Indians to please Colonel Pickering, who objected to his presence, and denounced him as a British spy. The Indians either were, or affected to be, greatly surprised at the attitude assumed by Colonel Pickering, in regard to this intrusion. Cornplanter rose to vindicate Johnson and express his surprise that, notwithstanding the conclusion of peace between the United States and the Great King over the water, such an antipathy existed between them that neither party could bear to sit by the side of the other in treaties held with the Indians. The messenger, Johnson, he said, had merely come on a friendly errand from Captain Brant. The Indians, he said, had the year before resolved upon convening a grand council of all their nations at Sandusky, in the (now) following spring, and Brant had sent them a message to remind them of the appointment. But unluckily for the excuse he was making, Cornplanter disclosed too much. "Captain Brant," said he, "sends his compliments to the chiefs at Canandaigua, and says, 'you remember what we agreed upon last year, and the line we marked out: If this line is complied with, peace will take place;' and he desires us to mention this at Canandaigua." The message also contained an invitation for the chiefs to meet Brant at Buffalo creek, at an early day.

Colonel Pickering replied with great indignation — to account for which, two or three points must here be borne in mind. In the first place, such was the tardiness of com-

munication through the deep wildernesses of the west, that neither the colonel nor the Indians had yet heard of the entire overthrow of the Miamis and their confederates in August, by General Wayne. In the second place, the Indians at the present council were striving to reöpen, for fresh negotiation, the entire question of boundaries between the Six Nations and the United States, and not only that, but they were now claiming westwardly, between lake Erie and the Ohio, as far as the Muskingum — embracing, of course, a large tract of territory for which the Miamis and their confederates were fighting. Thirdly, although Brant had been endeavoring to effect a peace, he had always favored the Indian claim that the Ohio should be recognized as the boundary between the white men and the red. The Senecas, also, had ever avowed the same opinion ; and lest they might be induced to swerve from that position, Brant had now taken occasion, in the midst of a treaty, to throw them a signal of remembrance. Hence the exasperation of Colonel Pickering at the presence of Johnson. Accordingly, in reply to the excuses of Cornplanter, he used language of great severity. He said he considered the intrusion of Johnson as an act betraying great impudence, and as affording fresh proof of British insolence. Then reviewing the whole system of British interference in the Indian relations of the United States, and the ill treatment, in this respect, which his government had received from England, for several years past, the colonel concluded a long speech by the declaration that either the messenger must be sent back, or he would himself cover up the council fire and depart. His instructions from General Washington, he said, were explicit, that he should suffer no British agents to be present at the treaty.

The Indians were amazed at the vehemence of the Colonel's manner, remarking, as he resumed his seat — “the council-fire grows warm : the sparks fly about very thick.”

Johnson himself appeared alarmed, and shrunk stealthily away. The Indians then requested Colonel Pickering and his party to withdraw for a short time, as they wished to have a brief conference among themselves. In about half an hour the doors of the council house were reöpened, and Cornplanter again rose in vindication of Johnson, avowing distinctly, that he came at their own solicitation, and was consequently not to blame. If there were fault in the case, it belonged to the white people, who had deceived the Indians when they were told at Fort Stanwix that the treaty of peace between England and the United States had been agreed upon in the presence of the Great Spirit :

“ We now discover,” said he “ that the commissioners there told us what was a lie, when they said they had made the chain of friendship bright : but I now find there has been an antipathy to each other ever since. Now our sachems and warriors say, what shall we do? We will shove Johnson off. Yet this is not agreeable to my mind, for if *I* had kindled a council-fire, I would suffer a very bad man to sit in it, that he might be made better. But if the peace you made had been a good peace, all animosities would have been done away, and you could have sat side by side in council. I have one request to make, which is, that you would furnish Johnson provisions to carry him home.”

There was altogether too much of refinement in the diplomatic relations between the two white and civilized nations, for the understandings of the unsophisticated barbarians. A *quasi* war between people professing the most amicable relations with each other, was a state of things quite beyond their comprehensions. With them, their relations must be either one thing or the other — peace or war — and in either attitude there would be nothing equivocal.

After a sitting of five hours the storm passed away, and

the council adjourned.¹ In the evening fifteen of the principal chiefs, among whom were Red Jacket, Cornplanter, Farmer's Brother, Little Beard, Big Sky and the Fish Carrier, dined with Colonel Pickering. Much good humor prevailed on this occasion. The Indians laid aside their stoicism, indulged in many repartees, and manifested the keenest relish for wit and humor. Red Jacket, in particular, was conspicuous for the readiness and brilliance of his sallies. But there were clouds lowering in the sky on the following day. At the opening of the council, the first business was the presentation of a letter which they had prepared, to be transmitted to Brant by the hand of Johnson. In this letter the chiefs expressed their sorrow that his messenger had not been permitted to remain with them in the council; and for the reasons of his dismissal, the Mohawk captain was referred to Johnson's own relation. They farther assured Brant that they were determined to adhere to the boundary lines as they had been agreed upon among the Indians the year before. In conclusion they expressed to their old war chief a feeling sense of their present feeble condition. "They were," they said, "a poor, despised, though still an independent people, brought into suffering between two white nations striving

¹ The proceedings against the supposed spy, Johnson, were harsh. By a manuscript letter of Gen. Chapin's, in the author's possession, it appears that the General had invited Joseph Brant to attend the council. But it not being convenient for him to do so, at the request of the Indians, Johnson had been sent to the council by Brant. On the 4th of November Gen. Chapin wrote to Brant, attempting to soften down the apparent harshness of the measure towards Johnson. In this letter Chapin said: "After Mr. Johnson arrived, some difficulties existed which made it inconvenient for him to attend the treaty, not for any unfavorable regard to the gentleman, but for certain reasons of which he will inform you." Colonel Pickering also wrote to Brant upon the same subject. Brant replied to Gen. Chapin on the 4th of December, and to Colonel Pickering on the 30th, in both of which letters he avows that Johnson went at his request. [The manuscripts of these letters are in the author's possession.]

which should be the greatest." Nothing could have been more true than this last remark.

This communication gave high displeasure to Colonel Pickering, and there were again symptoms of an untoward breaking up of the council. The Senecas were displeased that the treaty had not been holden at their old council fire at Buffalo creek; words ran high, and their eyes at times flashed with vengeful fire. It must have been at this juncture that Red Jacket made the celebrated unreported speech, a glowing account of which is contained in several modern Indian works¹—that is, if the speech was ever delivered, a fact which there is some reason to doubt—at least in the manner and form described. According to the writer referred to, the treaty was held on a beautiful acclivity that overlooks Canandaigua lake :

The witnesses of the scene will never forget the powers of native oratory. Two days had passed away in negotiation with the Indians for a cession of their lands. The contract was supposed to be nearly completed when Red Jacket arose. With the grace and dignity of a Roman senator he drew his blanket around him, and with a piercing eye surveyed the multitude. All was hushed. Nothing was interposed to break the silence, save the gentle rustling of the tree-tops under whose shade they were gathered. After a long and

¹ Copied into Drake's *Book of the Indians*, and also Thatcher's *Indian Biography*, from a correspondent of the *New York American*, who wrote some fifteen or twenty years ago. The writer averred that he was present; but he speaks of "the gentle rustling of the tree tops, under whose shade they were gathered," whereas it was now the closing week of October, and according to Mr. Savary's journal, whence the materials for the present history of the treaty are chiefly drawn, the ground was covered with snow to the depth of several inches. The trees were then affording no shade, and the weather was that of winter. Mr. Thomas Morris, moreover, who was then a resident of Canandaigua, and in attendance upon the council, recollects no such speech as that here imputed to Red Jacket—nor does Mr. Savary refer to it. The account, therefore, is either an exaggeration, or apocryphal.

solemn, but not unmeaning pause, he commenced his speech, in a low voice and sententious style. Rising gradually with his subject, he delineated the primitive simplicity and happiness of his people, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of white men, with such a bold, but faithful pencil, that every auditor was soon raised to vengeance, or melted into tears. The effect was inexpressible. But ere the emotions of admiration and sympathy had subsided, the white men became alarmed. They were in the heart of the Indian country — surrounded by more than ten times their number, who were inflamed by the remembrance of their injuries, and excited to indignation by the eloquence of a favorite chief. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon the horde around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction. At this portentous moment Farmer's Brother interposed. He replied not to his brother chief, but, with a sagacity truly aboriginal, he caused a cessation of the council, introduced good cheer, commended the eloquence of Red Jacket, and before the meeting had reassembled, with the aid of other prudent chiefs, he had moderated the fury of his nation to a more salutary review of the question before them.

If the incident, as thus related, occurred at all, it must have been at this stage of the proceedings, since there was no other moment of excitement, during the sittings of this protracted council, that could have awakened such a temper. But the aspect of the negotiation was changed on the following day, by the arrival of a Tuscarora runner, despatched from Niagara by Colonel Butler, with tidings of the signal defeat of Little Turtle and the Miamies, with their confederates, by General Wayne, or Su-kach-gook,¹ as he was called by the savages. The news of this event had an immediate and striking effect upon the deportment of the Indians. The successive defeats of Harmar and St. Clair, by the Indians, in the earlier part of that desultory

¹The Black Snake.

yet bloody war, had inspired the whole race with the hope that their fortunes were about taking a more favorable turn, and that they might still be able to make a stand against the farther advance of the whites, if indeed, by a grand combination of the whole race of red men, they might not one day succeed in driving them back across the great water. In these hopes and aspirations the Six Nations strongly sympathized; and while the contest at the West was undecided, since the arms of their brethren had been twice crowned with success, the Six Nations carried themselves with a considerable degree of arrogance. They were rude and saucy to the white settlers, would impudently enter their houses, take the prepared food from the tables without leave, and commit other offenses.¹ Their deportment was rather haughty at the council until the advices of Wayne's complete success were received. Indeed there is reason to believe that had the Black Snake been defeated, neither persuasions nor treaties would have kept the whole Seneca nation from rushing into the contest. But the complete overthrow of Little Turtle and his forces at the Miamies awoke them from their dream, and their demeanor was at once subdued into comparative docility.²

But farther embarrassments arose on the next day, in consequence of the jealousies that had been infused into the minds of the Indians, against the Cornplanter. His frequent interviews with Colonel Pickering had been marked, and were followed by feelings of distrust. Little Billy took it upon himself to rebuke the warrior sharply, telling him that he was taking too much upon himself—

¹ Manuscript letter to the author from George Hosmer, Esq., of Avon, N. Y., a resident of the Genesee valley at the period referred to. The valley was then thinly peopled by the Senecas.

² Letter from George Hosmer, Esq. Also conversations of the author with Thomas Morris.

that he seemed to forget that he was but a war chief, and was transcending the bounds of his proper department, by partaking so largely in the conduct of civil affairs. Cornplanter replied that he had exerted himself many years for the good of the nation, but that if they were displeased with him, or had no farther need of his services, he would return home. And such was his intention. He did not appear in council on that day; but after it was opened, Colonel Pickering interposed in his behalf, and in regard to the private interviews between the Cornplanter and himself, assumed all the blame: Cornplanter had not visited him, except when specially sent for. This explanation pacified the murmurers for the moment, but their suspicions were reawakened within a few days thereafter; parties were formed against the warrior; and in a council of the chiefs privately by themselves, which was continued until near midnight, his position became exceedingly critical. It is necessary to note the difficulties by which the Cornplanter was here environed, because of their connection with an event occurring at a subsequent period in the life of Red Jacket.

The council having already been continued many days, while yet the main business of the commissioner had scarcely been touched, Colonel Pickering determined, on the 28th of October, to bring the whole subject-matter with which he was charged, directly before the chiefs, and to an issue. The council numbered more chiefs and warriors, on that day, than had met the commissioner on any former occasion. In the opening of a very long speech, the colonel reminded them that, notwithstanding they had been there so many days, the chiefs had only called his attention to two rusty spots in the chain of friendship. One of these he had already brightened; but the rust of the other was thought by their chief warrior to be so very deep that it could not be rubbed off. This related to the great

and always vexatious question of boundaries. Upon this subject the commissioner took an extended review of all the negotiations that had taken place between the whites and themselves, during the administration of their affairs by Sir William Johnson, and since that period, proving to them by successive treaties, and by maps, the justice of the claims of the United States, and the unreasonableness of their own complaints; insisting upon all the cessions of territory that had been made — and recapitulating the provisions of the treaty of fort Stanwix, which had been confirmed by the Six Nations themselves at the treaty of Muskingum. Nevertheless the commissioner now offered to stipulate that the Indians should still enjoy the privilege of hunting upon all the lands they had ceded, and that their settlements thereon should remain undisturbed. He added also that their annuity from the United States should be increased from fifteen hundred to four thousand five hundred dollars — to say nothing of ten thousand dollars worth of presents he had with him for distribution, on a favorable issue of the council. In consequence of these liberal propositions, the commissioner hoped the Indians would cheerfully comply, and join him in digging a deep pit wherein to bury all former differences, and take hold of the chain of friendship so fast that nothing should ever again force it out of their hands.

The Indians agreed to consider the proposals, and several successive days were spent by them in private deliberations. Red Jacket had previously informed the quaker deputation why the Indians had invited them to attend upon this council. Believing the quakers to be an honest people, and friends to them, they desired their presence that they might see that the Indians were not deceived or imposed upon. On the 31st of October, while yet deliberating upon the propositions of Colonel Pickering in private, a deputation of the chiefs, consisting of Red Jacket,

Clear Sky, Sagareesa,¹ and a chief of the Cayugas, waited upon the quaker deputies, for the purpose of holding a confidential conversation. The white people, and others having no business there, having been excluded, Red Jacket spoke nearly as follows:

BROTHERS: You see here four of us of the Six Nations, who are assembled at this place, in the will of the Great Spirit, to transact the business of the treaty. You have been waiting here a long time, and often visited by our chiefs, and as yet no marks of respect have been shown to you.

BROTHERS: We are deputed by the council of chiefs assembled, to come and see you. We understand that you told Sagareesa that you should not have come but at our request, and that you stood ready to afford us any assistance within your power.

BROTHERS: We hope you will make your minds easy. We who are now here are but children; the ancients being deceased. We know that your fathers and ours transacted business together, and that you look up to the Great Spirit for his direction and assistance, and take no part in war. We suppose you were all born on this island, and consider you as brethren. Your ancestors came over the great water, and ours were born here. This ought to be no impediment to our considering each other as brethren.

BROTHERS: You all know the proposals that have been made by Con-neh-sauty,² as well as the offers made by us to him. We are all now in the presence of the Great Spirit, and we place more confidence in you than in any other people. As you expressed your desire for peace, we now desire your help and assistance. We hope you will not deceive us, for if you should do so, we shall no more place any confidence in mankind.

BROTHERS: We wish if you know the will of congress, or the extent of the commissioner's powers, that you would candidly inform us.

BROTHERS: We desire that what we are now about communicat-

¹ A venerable Christian chief of the Tuscaroras, yet living, in 1841.

² Colonel Pickering.

ing may be kept secret, We are willing to give up the four mile path from Johnson's landing place to the Cayuga creek, agreeably to our compact with Sir William Johnson long ago. The other part proposed by Con-neh-sauty to be relinquished by us, that is from Cayuga to Buffalo creek, we wish to reserve on account of the fisheries, that our women and children may have the use of them. We desire to know if you can inform us why the triangle on lake Erie cannot be given up.

BROTHERS: Cornplanter and Captain Brant, who were only war chiefs, were the persons who attended the treaty at fort Stanwix,¹ and they were to have sent forward the proposals for our more general consideration. At that time Old Smoke was alive, who was a man of great understanding. But they were threatened into a compliance, in consequence of which Captain Brant went off to Canada, desiring Cornplanter to do the best he could.

The quaker deputies replied to the committee of the chiefs on the next day, but the purport of their answer was not preserved in William Savary's journal, although he delivered their opinion. Red Jacket thanked them for their advice, which he said "would afford them considerable strength." The chiefs having determined upon their answer, the commissioner met them in grand council on Sunday, the 2d of November. The business was opened by Clear Sky, who apologized for the delay, which he said had been required by the importance of the subject they had been considering, and the necessity of preserving unanimity among themselves. Red Jacket, being the principal speaker, then rose and said, first addressing the chiefs:

BROTHERS: We request that all the nations present will attend to what we are about to deliver. We are now convened on one of the days of the Great Spirit.

¹Red Jacket must have referred in this passage to the second treaty of fort Stanwix, viz. : that of Gov. George Clinton, held in 1789. Brant was not at the treaty of 1784, held at that place, and Red Jacket himself was. Brant attended the treaty of 1789.

Then addressing Colonel Pickering, he proceeded :

BROTHER : You now represent the president of the United States, and when you spoke to us, we considered it as the voice of the Fifteen Fires. You desired that we would take the matter under our deliberate consideration, and consult each other well, that when the chain was rusty it might be brightened. We took General Washington by the hand, and desired this council-fire, that all the lines of dispute might be settled.

BROTHER : We told you before of the two rusty places on the chain, which were also pointed out by the sachems. Instead of complying with our request respecting the places where we told you the chain was rusty, you offered to relinquish the land on lake Erie, eastward of the triangular piece sold by congress to Pennsylvania, and to retain the four mile path between Cayuga and Buffalo creek, by which you expect to brighten the chain.

BROTHER : We thought you had a sharp file to take off the rust, but we believe it must have been dull, or else you let it slip out of your hands. With respect to the four mile path, we are in want of it on account of the fisheries. Although we are but children, we are sharp-sighted, and we see that you want that strip of land for a road, that when you have vessels on the lakes you may have harbors. But we wish that in respect to that land, the treaty of fort Stanwix may not be broken. You white people have increased very fast on this island, which was given to us Indians by the Great Spirit. We are now become a small people. You are cutting off our lands piece after piece. You are a kind-hearted people—seeking your own advantages.

BROTHER : We are tender-hearted, and desirous of peace. You told us what you would give for our land, to brighten your end of the chain. If you will relinquish the piece of land we have mentioned, our friendship will be strong. You say you are not proud. Neither are we. Congress expects we are now settling the business with regularity. We wish that both parties may have something to say in settling peace. At the time we requested a conference, we also requested that our friends, the quakers, should come forward, as they are promoters of peace, and we wanted them to be

witnesses of what took place. We wish to do nothing private. We have told you of the rusty part, which the file passed over without brightening, and we wish you to take up the file again, and rub it very hard. You told us that if it would not do without, you would apply oil.

BROTHER: We the sachems, warriors and others, all depend upon you. Whatever is done we regard as final and permanent. We wish you to take it into consideration, and give us an answer.

There was more of conciliation and concession manifested in this speech than had been anticipated. Colonel Pickering replied in a like amicable tone, urging the reasons why the United States must persist in obtaining the pathway along the lake shore, and between the lakes. As an equivalent for a concession of this on the part of the Indians, the large increase of their annuity had been proposed; and he cheerfully offered to cede back to them all the lands in their former grants, upon which their villages stood, although he said that when he came from Philadelphia it was not expected he would relinquish a single hand-breadth. In conclusion, Colonel Pickering said he was becoming impatient, and he desired a speedy answer.

The proceedings of the day were closed by another funeral ceremony. Red Jacket stated that it was a custom among the Indians, after the decease of one of their brethren, to return to the donor any present which he had received in his life time as a mark of respect. In conformity with this usage, he now returned to the commissioner a silver gorget, belonging to one of their chiefs, recently dead, which had been presented to him by the United States. Farmer's Brother made a speech of condolence on the occasion, and presented the customary strings of black wampum to the family of the deceased. On the 4th the council-fire was reöpened, and the Friends, not being present, were sent for, the Indians refusing to proceed unless they were in the assembly. Red Jacket then addressed the commissioner:

BROTHER: We the sachems of the Six Nations will now tell you our minds. The business of the treaty is to brighten the chain of friendship between us and the Fifteen Fires. We told you the other day it was but a very small piece that occasioned the rust on the chain.

BROTHER: Now we are conversing together to make the chain bright. When we told you what would give us satisfaction, you proposed reserving the piece of land between Cayuga and Buffalo creek, for building houses,¹ &c.; but we apprehend you would not only build houses but towns. You told us these houses would be for the accommodation of travelers in the winter, as they cannot go by water in that season, and that travelers would want a staff to help them along on the road. We have taken these matters into serious consideration.

BROTHER: We conclude that we do not understand this as the white people do. If we consent to your proposals, we know it will injure us. If these houses should be built, they will tend to scatter us, and make us fall in the street, by drinking to excess, instead of benefitting us. You want land to raise provisions, hay, &c.; but as soon as the white people settle there, they would think the land theirs—for this is the way of the white people. You mentioned that when you got possession of the garrisons,² you would want landing-places, and fields to plant on. But we wish to be the sole owners of these lands ourselves; and when you settle with the British, the Great Spirit has made a road for you. You can pass and re-pass by water. What you want to reserve is entirely in your own power.

BROTHER: You told us, when you left Philadelphia, it was not expected by the president that you would relinquish a foot of land. We thank him for having left you at liberty to give up what you please. You have waited with patience at this council fire, kindled by General Washington. It is but a very small thing that keeps

¹ Colonel Pickering had told them in his speech respecting the land for a road—four miles wide—that the United States also wanted land to build taverns upon, where the weary traveler might stop to rest.

² The posts of Oswego, Niagara and Detroit, then yet held by England, contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of peace of 1788.

the chain from being brightened. If you will consent to give us this small piece, and have no houses on it, the chain will be bright. As to harbors, the waters are between you and the British. You must talk to them. You are of the same color. I see there are many of your people now here, watching with their mouth open, to take up this land. If you are a friend to us, then disappoint them. Our patience is spent. Comply with our request. Dismiss, and we will go home.

Colonel Pickering rejoined, and there was considerable farther discussion between the parties. The colonel abated somewhat more of his demands, consenting, on the subject of roads, to reduce his proposition to the liberty of constructing a road from fort Schlosser to Buffalo creek. After a consultation among the sachems, Red Jacket said :

We have a right understanding of your request, and have agreed to grant you a road from fort Schlosser to Buffalo creek, but not from Buffalo creek down this way at all.

The difficulties having thus, as it was supposed, all been surmounted by reason of mutual concessions, in a very liberal spirit of compromise on the part of Colonel Pickering, nothing farther remained but to adjust the points, and prepare duplicates of the treaty for signature. The whole day of the 5th was occupied by Colonel Pickering and a few of the leading chiefs upon this business. It was intended that the documents should be executed on the 6th; but on their presentation to the council, fresh difficulties broke out in regard to Presque isle. Great dissatisfaction was manifested by several of the leading chiefs at the relinquishment of that point of territory. Having ascertained that the Cornplanter and Little Billy had received two thousand dollars worth of goods at Muskingum, and two thousand more at Philadelphia, as the price of Presque isle, the council was greatly disturbed, and broke up in

confusion. No business was transacted on the 7th, the incensed Indians not yet having had time to cool. On the 8th Colonel Pickering canvassed the several articles of the treaty with some of the leading chiefs, and it was arranged that it should be signed on the following day, for which purpose the council assembled. But here, again, most unexpectedly, a new obstacle was interposed from the hitherto fast friend of the United States, the Cornplanter. The moodiness of many of the Indians had been observed when the parchments were unrolled. They held down their heads and manifested their dissatisfaction by silence for half an hour. At length Cornplanter rose and spoke as follows :

BROTHERS : I request your attention, whilst I inform you of my own mind as an individual. I consider the conduct of the United States, since the war, to have been very bad. I conceive they do not do justice. I will mention what took place at New York, at one particular time.¹ After the treaty of fort Stanwix I went to New York under an apprehension that the commissioners had not done right ; and I laid before congress our grievances on account of the loss of our lands at that treaty. But the Thirteen Fires approved of what the commissioners had done, and in confirmation of it, they held up the paper with a piece of silver hanging to it.² Now, Colonel Pickering, you have told us at this treaty that what was given up by the British was only the land around the forts. I am very much dissatisfied that this was not communicated to us before. There has already been too much blood spilt. If this had been known at the close of the war it would have prevented any blood being shed. I have therefore told our warriors not to sign this treaty. The Fifteen Fires have deceived us ; but we are under the sachems, and will listen to what they do. Though we will not sign it, yet we will abide by what they do as long as they do right. The United States and the Six Nations are now making a firm peace,

¹ At the time referred to New York was the seat of government.

² The treaty with England.

and we wish the Fifteen Fires may never deceive them, as they have deceived us warriors. If they once deceive the sachems it will be bad.

He then took his seat, and after a short pause said :

I will put a patch upon what I have spoken. I hope you will have no uneasiness at hearing the voice of the warriors. You know it is very hard to be once deceived; so you must not make your minds uneasy.

The Eel, an Onondaga chief, thereupon rose and made a warm speech in reply to the Cornplanter, exhorting the sachems to abide by the decision to which they had arrived. Colonel Pickering followed in an energetic address, insisting that the treaty would be of little effect in securing future tranquility if signed only by the sachems. The warriors, he contended, must sign it also, or he would have nothing to do with it. Two or three days were spent in endeavoring to soothe the warriors and bring them to terms. These efforts were ultimately successful, and the treaty was finally executed by both sachems and warriors on the 11th of November, 1794. By the terms of the treaty, the United States acknowledged the reservations to the Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas, in their treaties with New York; the boundaries of the Senecas were established, and their title to all the lands within the same acknowledged by the United States. The Six Nations engaged never to claim any other lands of the United States; the road was allowed from Schlosser to Buffalo creek; a passage was granted to the United States through their country, together with the use of all their harbors and rivers. Other minor particulars need not be noted.¹

It has been judged advisable to give an extended account

¹ For a letter from Colonel Pickering to Captain Brant, respecting this treaty, and a sensible letter from Brant in reply, see appendix C.

of this council, for several reasons. As has already been said, it was one of the most important negotiations with the Six Nations ever effected by the United States, both as to the magnitude of the council, and the results; and yet less has been known of its history than of almost any other. The entire proceedings are moreover deemed to be interesting, as affording farther illustrations of the character of the people once forming that extended and daring confederacy, the terror of almost half the continent, but which has now dissolved into a few scattered fragments, each melting rapidly away. There is one feature in the civil polity of that confederacy, which is believed on no other occasion to have been so fully disclosed, or so thoroughly illustrated, as at this treaty—the *jealousy of the Indians of the military power, and the subordination in which it was held to the civil*. It has been seen that on several occasions the war-chiefs were reminded, with great emphasis, of the superiority in all civil affairs of the *sachems* or *civil magistrates*. This single fact shows that the untutored Aquanuschioni had made no inconsiderable advances in the science of free government.

Notwithstanding the untoward incidents which occasionally “disturbed the minds” of the Indians, the council broke up, and the parties separated, with the utmost good feeling. The good men forming the quaker deputation ingratiated themselves into the very hearts of the Indians. Their mission was one of love, nor did they confine their exertions to labors for the temporal benefit of the sons of the forest alone. As ministers of the Christian faith, they lost no fitting opportunity of imparting to them a knowledge of the “Unknown God” whom they “ignorantly worshipped.” Religious meetings were held by them on the return of every Sabbath, and the fierce chieftains were sometimes melted into tears by their discourses. Nor were the Indians alone the gratified party. The deputies studied their social relations, and were often pleased with what they saw

of their manners, their wild sports, and the unrestrained gambols of their children, as may be seen by reference to the valuable journal of William Savary, already referred to.¹ The different tribes or nations encamped by themselves, and the Senecas, by far the most numerous, occupied several camps, under separate leaders. The following account of Mr. Savary's visit to one of them is graphic and picturesque:

Fifth day, Oct. 30. After dinner, John Parish and myself rode to view the Farmer's Brother's encampment, which contained about five hundred Indians. They are located by the side of a brook, in the woods; having built about seventy or eighty huts, by far the most commodious and ingeniously made of any that I have seen. The principal materials are bark, and boughs of trees, so nicely put together as to keep the family dry and warm. The women as well as the men appeared to be mostly employed. In this camp there are a large number of pretty children, who, in all the activity and buoyancy of health, were diverting themselves according to their fancy. The vast number of deer they have killed, since coming here, which they cut up, and hang round their huts inside and out, to dry, together with the rations of beef which they draw daily, give the appearance of plenty to supply the few wants to which they are subjected.² The ease and cheerfulness of every countenance, and the delightfulness of the afternoon, which these inhabitants of the woods seemed to enjoy with a relish far superior to those who are pent up in crowded and populous cities, all combined to make this the most pleasant visit I have yet made to the Indians; and induced me to believe that before they became acquainted with white people, and were infected with their vices, they must have been as happy a people as any in the world. In returning to our quarters we passed by the Indian council, where Red Jacket was displaying his oratory to his brother chiefs, on the subject of Colonel Pickering's proposals.

¹See Friends's Library, vol. i. pp. 332-370.

²On another page of his journal, Mr. Savary says they sometimes killed more than one hundred deers in a day — at Canandaigua, in 1794!

On another page Mr. Savary says of the orator:

Red Jacket visited us with his wife and five children, whom he had brought to see us. They were exceedingly well clad, in their manner, and the best behaved and prettiest Indian children I have ever met with.

CHAPTER VI.

IMMEDIATE results of the treaty — General Indian pacification — Death of General Chapin — Red Jacket's speech of condolence — The treaty of Big Tree, held between the Indians and Thomas Morris, for Robert Morris and the Holland Land Company — Conduct of Red Jacket — The women and warriors — Difficulties with regard to the reservations — The White Woman — Indian ignorance of finance, and of numbers — Red Jacket's hypocrisy and duplicity — Conclusion of the treaty — Visit of Red Jacket to Connecticut — 1795-1797.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difficulties encountered by the commissioner during the protracted negotiation at Canandaigua, and the apparent reluctance of the Indians to accede to the terms demanded, the arrangements stipulated in the treaty gave, on the whole, pretty general satisfaction to both parties — not less to the Indians themselves than to the United States. "This settlement," said one of the chiefs to Colonel Pickering, "appears like a great light to us." "And to me," said Colonel Pickering, in a letter to Thayendanegea, "it seems like a new era."¹ The complaints, for the consideration of which the council was called, were removed; and so many of the individual chiefs expressed their satisfaction with the treaty, in strong terms, that, farther heart burnings and reproaches for past transactions were not anticipated. The treaty of Greenville, concluded by General Wayne in the following year, crowned the work of Indian pacification. Henceforward, therefore, fewer occasions arose requiring the national action of the Iroquois confederacy, of whom Red Jacket had now become the leading sachem, as he had long been

¹Appendix C.

the most popular orator. But although the relations of the Six Nations were thus disentangled from those of the United States, yet their own peculiar government remained to be administered; and what with the direction of their own internal concerns, and the holding of occasional councils or treaties, connected with subsequent sales of portions of their remaining lands, there was still business enough to keep the chiefs from leading lives of unusual idleness. Nevertheless the name of Red Jacket appears on one occasion only, during the three years immediately succeeding the treaty of Canandaigua.

General Israel Chapin, long the superintendent of Indian affairs for the northern department, died early in the spring of 1795. He had acquired the entire confidence of the Six Nations, and shared largely of their affection. In consequence of his decease, a council was held at Canandaigua, in honor of his memory, on the 28th of April of that year. Among the chiefs in attendance were the Farmer's Brother, Red Jacket, Clear Sky, and others, representing the several nations, excepting the Mohawks. The following speech of condolence was delivered by Red Jacket to the son of the deceased, Israel Chapin, Jr., who had served in the capacity of deputy to his father for several years:

BROTHER: I wish you to pay attention to what I have to say. You will recollect you forwarded a manuscript to us, informing us of the loss of our good friend. The loss is great to us as well as to you. Yet you will hear what we have to say, and I wish you to pay attention.

BROTHER: We consider that we have met with a great loss — we of the Six Nations, as well as the United States — a person to whom we looked as a father, and a person appointed to stand between the Six Nations and the United States. It gives our minds a great deal of uneasiness to think we have lost so valuable a friend, who has taken so much pains to brighten the chain of friendship between the Six Nations and the United States. We fear that agreeable friendship will be broken up. Let us prevent its failing if we can.

BROTHER: In conformity to the good old ancient customs of our forefathers, we now level the grave of our friend. We gather leaves and weeds, and strew them over the grave, and endeavor to banish grief from our minds as much as we can. [*Fourteen strings of black and white wampum.*]

BROTHERS: You of the Fifteen Fires: Listen again to the voice of the Six Nations: The man whom you appointed for us to communicate our minds to has left us, and gone to another world. We are now at a loss whom to open our minds to, should there be any thing to communicate from one to another. We used to reveal it to him.

BROTHERS: You of the Fifteen Fires: We think that you feel this great loss as well as we. While he had the conducting of business, it appeared as though the United States sat close by our sides. If we had any thing to communicate, he took it with care to the great council fire. Now as we have lost our guide, it troubles our minds to find out how to keep up the friendship that we have had heretofore.

BROTHERS of the Fifteen Fires: You will allow us to speak our sentiments. When you have before appointed a person to guide us in our business, you have chosen one to give satisfaction to us, as we believe he did to you. Sometimes there was more than he could attend to. He then sent forward his son to act in his behalf. We are well acquainted with this young man, as we have frequently transacted business with him, and we find his mind to be good.

BROTHERS: He being well acquainted with our business, and all the papers and belts of wampum being in his hands, we cannot conceive of any other person so suitable to fill his father's seat. His appointment would give us satisfaction. We ask you to grant us the privilege of this our request.

BROTHERS: This is the second petition of the kind that we have made. But our petition before was not taken into consideration. We hope now you will notice it. We think the son will walk in the steps of his father.

This speech having been transmitted to the seat of government, General Washington, who was yet president, immediately complied with the request, and Captain

Israel Chapin was appointed to the agency made vacant by the death of his father.¹

The next transaction which brought Red Jacket conspicuously before the public, was the treaty of Big Tree,² held in the year 1797. The purchase from Massachusetts of the preëmptive right to the territory of New York lying beyond the Genesee river, by Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, has been incidentally mentioned in a preceding chapter. Massachusetts had contracted to sell this said right of preëmption to Samuel Ogden, his heirs and assigns, by an agreement bearing date March 12, 1791, and on the 11th of May following, Ogden assigned his interest in that agreement to Morris. The title to Morris was confirmed on the same day by the commonwealth. The tract embraced in the purchase contained about four millions of acres of land, and the consideration paid by Morris was one hundred thousand pounds Massachusetts currency. In the year 1792 Robert Morris sold the greater part of this purchase to a company of gentlemen in Holland, since known as the Holland Land Company.

By the terms of his sale Mr. Morris had stipulated to extinguish the Indian title, and survey the whole tract at his own expense—the company retaining thirty-seven thousand four hundred pounds sterling until the fulfillment of his part of the contract. It was therefore an object for Mr. Morris to procure an extinguishment of the Indian title without unnecessary delay. But it was not until the summer of 1797 that the Senecas, to whom the territory belonged, could be persuaded to negotiate upon the subject. The council was appointed for the 25th of August, about the middle of which month the Indians began to

¹ To John Gregg, Esq., of Canandaigua, who married the daughter of the younger Chapin, I have been indebted for several parcels of letters and manuscripts which have been of important service in the present work.

² The site of the present beautiful town of Geneseo.

assemble in great numbers — not the Senecas exclusively, but numerous groups from the other tribes came in to be fed from the stores of the commissioners.¹ The agents of Mr. Morris were the late Colonel Williamson (agent of the estate of Sir William Pultney), and his son, Thomas Morris. The avocations of Colonel Williamson not permitting him to attend the council, the entire duty devolved upon Mr. Thomas Morris. This was not a negotiation to which the United States were directly a party; but the humane policy of the government has always prompted it to appoint commissioners to attend all councils of the Six Nations held for the sale of their lands, subsequent to the great treaty of Canandaigua, of 1794. Massachusetts, likewise, had reserved the right of sending an agent to such councils, to watch over the interests of the Indians. Accordingly, at the treaty of Big Tree, Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, of Connecticut, appeared as the commissioner on the part of the United States, and General Shepherd in behalf of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. The agent on the part of the Holland Company was the late William Bayard, of New York.

The council having been duly opened, the commissioners from the United States and Massachusetts presented their credentials, and addressed the assembly, declaring the object of their appointment, and assuring the Indians of their desire to guard their interests, and see that no injustice was done them. Mr. Morris then formally opened the business for the consideration of which the council had been convened, explaining to them the desire of his father to purchase their lands, or such a portion of them as they might be willing to sell. He endeavored to persuade them that an annual income, derived from the avails

¹ So greatly hungered were the Indians when they came in, that they were ravenous for food. Several of the oxen first killed for them were devoured raw, reeking in the blood.

of such portions of their territory as were not required for their actual occupation, would be better for them than the retaining of a large tract of country from which they could derive no benefit, save from their use as hunting grounds; and as such he assured them they would be as open to them after the sale, should they make it, as before. In conclusion, he offered them the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the entire tract, allowing them to retain such reservations as might be required for their actual occupation. But should they insist upon reservations of unnecessary size, some deduction from the amount of purchase money offered must be made. The proposition having been submitted, the open council was adjourned, and the Indians occupied several days in private deliberation. When at length they were ready to make answer, the commissioners were notified and the council reassembled. To Farmer's Brother, a chief justly enjoying their confidence for his integrity, was confided the duty of replying to the propositions. His speech was not characteristic of the man, for it was not decided in its tone. He started various objections to selling their lands, and yet not absolutely declining to do so. To these objections Mr. Morris replied at considerable length; whereupon there was a farther adjournment, that the Indians might have yet another opportunity for a private consultation.

On the reopening of the council, Red Jacket rose as the organ to make known the determination of his people. He said they were not yet convinced that it was their duty to dispose of their lands at any price. Mr. Morris had said, when speaking of the little value of their lands while remaining in a wild and unproductive state, that the only value they had to them while in that condition, arose from the consciousness they felt that they owned them. The truth of this remark was admitted by Red Jacket, but, said he:

That knowledge is everything to us. It raises us in our own estimation. It creates in our bosoms a proud feeling which elevates us as a nation. Observe the difference between the estimation in which a Seneca and an Oneida are held. We are courted, while the Oneidas are considered a degraded people, fit only to make brooms and baskets. Why this difference? It is because the Senecas are known as the proprietors of a broad domain, while the Oneidas are cooped up in a narrow space.

In his rejoinder Mr. Morris attempted to take the conceit out of the Seneca orator, by assuring him that the consequence of his nation was much less than he supposed; in proof of which assertion he reminded him of the little consideration awarded to a deputation of their chiefs, during their pacific mission to the hostile Indians at the Miamis a few years before. Notwithstanding the extent of their territory, they were treated with so much neglect and indifference that the chiefs returned from the mission deeply mortified. Red Jacket replied that the statement of Mr. Morris was true; but, he continued, the reason why they had been thus treated was to be found in the fact that they were in bad company! They had made that journey to the west with the commissioners of the United States. Had they gone alone, their chiefs would have been treated as Senecas should be treated throughout the world.¹

A fortnight having been spent in this way, and little progress made, the commissioners and Mr. Bayard became impatient—urging Mr. Morris to assume a more peremptory manner, and bring the Indians to an immediate decision, one way or the other. It was in vain that Mr.

¹The reference here is to the mission of Colonel Pickering, Beverly Randolph and General Lincoln, to the hostile Indians at the west, in 1793. These commissioners were accompanied by a deputation of Seneca chiefs, but as Red Jacket was not of their number, an account of that mission has not been given in the text. Its full history may be found in the second volume of the *Life of Brant*.

Morris, who understood the Indian character far better than they, assured them that the course they were proposing would of all others be most likely to defeat their object. The commissioners insisted upon decisive steps, and Mr. Morris most reluctantly consented. In answer, therefore, to a proposition from the Indians that was totally inadmissible, Mr. Morris told them that such a proposal required no time for consideration. He refused it at once — adding, that unless the Indians were prepared to make some more reasonable offer, it was of no use to keep the council fire burning any longer. They might better rake it up, and terminate all farther discussion. Upon this remark Red Jacket sprang upon his feet and exclaimed:

You have now arrived at the point to which I wished to bring you. You told us in your first address that even in the event of our not agreeing to sell our lands, we would part friends. Here, then, is my hand. I now cover up the council fire.

This decision of the chiefs was received with great apparent satisfaction by their people. They indulged in violent abuse of the commissioners, and of Mr. Morris in particular, and made the surrounding forests ring with their savage yells. Indeed, a person unaccustomed to their character and manners would have trembled for his scalp. Deep was the mortification of the commissioners, of Mr. Bayard especially, at this unexpected issue of the experiment. He had been the most importunate in urging the trial upon Mr. Morris, and his principals, the Holland Land Company, were the most deeply interested in the result. From the prompt and decided manner in which the negotiation had been broken off, moreover, he had little expectation that anything more favorable was at that time to be anticipated. Yet he urged Mr. Morris very strenuously to make another effort, and if possible to rekindle the fire. To these solicitations that gentleman assented, upon con-

dition that he should be allowed to take his own course with the Indians, without interference on the part either of the agent or commissioners.

On the succeeding day Farmer's Brother called upon Mr. Morris, and expressed the hope that the failure of the treaty might not cool his friendship for them. Certainly not, replied Mr. Morris, adding that they had a perfect right to refuse selling their lands. Still, he continued, he was dissatisfied with the manner in which the council had been broken up, and with the treatment he had received at the hands of their warriors immediately after the fire had been raked up. Such treatment he had not deserved at their hands. He had been kind to them ever since their acquaintance had begun. His house had always been open when they came to visit him, and had been well supplied with food and liquor, of which they had partaken whenever they came; and at the present treaty all their wants had been supplied. All this Farmer's Brother admitted to be true. He regretted that the feelings of Mr. Morris had been wounded by the violent and indecorous speeches of a few of their drunken young men, and lamented that the council fire had been so suddenly put out, inasmuch as it prevented another meeting of the council, in which their difficulties might have been explained and smoothed over. Mr. Morris in his reply farther remarked that the declaration of Red Jacket, extinguishing the fire, was another act of injustice towards him, though perhaps not so intended. By that procedure Red Jacket had usurped a power which he did not possess, and had departed from an established custom of the Indians, by which he who lighted a council fire alone had a right to put it out. This council fire had been lit up by him, and he only could put it out. As he had not done so, the fire was yet burning. To all this Farmer's Brother assented, assuring Mr. Morris that he was glad it was so, as they could meet yet in council and

smooth the difficulties over. It need not be added that Mr. Morris assented to this suggestion.

Several days intervened before this meeting could be convened. Meantime Mr. Morris caused all the chief women of the nation to be assembled, whom he addressed upon the subject of his mission. He stated to them the offer he had made to the sachems, and discoursed eloquently of the advantages which would accrue to themselves and their families by the annuity which would be coming to them, and the comforts they would be able to procure during the absence of their warriors—who often flocked to the white settlements to sell their skins, where they were comfortably fed while their families were starving. He then distributed among the women a liberal present of beads, silver brooches, clothes, and a variety of other fancy articles, for which their people have a great fondness, and which were received with delight. These articles, Mr. Morris informed them, were intended for distribution only after the conclusion of a successful treaty. Still as the women had had no agency in breaking off the negotiation, he thought they ought not to suffer for the misconduct of their sachems, and he had consequently determined that they should have the presents he had intended for them.

It is one of the peculiar features of Indian polity that their lands belong to the warriors who defend, and the women who till them, and who, moreover, are the mothers of the warriors. And although the sachems, as civil magistrates, have ordinarily the power of negotiating treaties, yet whenever the question of a sale of land is the subject of a negotiation, if both the warriors and women become dissatisfied with the course the sachems are pursuing, they have the right to interpose and take the subject out of their hands. The politic course adopted toward the women by Mr. Morris worked like a charm. In a few days after his meeting with them, as just stated, he was

informed that as the council fire was yet burning, the negotiation would be resumed, not by the sachems, out of whose hands the business had been taken, but by the women and warriors, who had thrown themselves upon their "reserved rights," and were prepared to "nullify" what the sachems had done.

On a subsequent day the council was reöpened, and the Cornplanter, being the principal war chief, opened the proceedings. He said the women and warriors had seen with regret the misconduct of their sachems, and he also censured the conduct of Mr. Morris as having been too hasty. Still, he proposed that the negotiation should be renewed, and he hoped it would be conducted with better temper on both sides. Mr. Morris made a few soothing remarks, taking upon himself a share of the blame, and Farmer's Brother, on the part of the sachems, stated that these proceedings of the women and warriors were in perfect accordance with their customs. The negotiation was thereupon resumed, and was prosecuted to a successful issue without farther procrastination. The terms were as at first proposed—one hundred thousand dollars for the tract, with such reservations as the parties might be able to agree upon.

From the moment the women and warriors took the negotiations upon themselves, and Cornplanter became the important speaker, Red Jacket withdrew—no longer attending the council, but remaining drunk until the proceedings were ended. Yet although the main question of this treaty had been decided, difficulties fresh and formidable arose in the adjustment of the reservations for the different clans. The consequence of a chief depends much upon the number of warriors under his own immediate command. Hence the different clans, with their chiefs, were anxious to procure as large reservations as they could for themselves, and at the same time were willing to

see the territories of the others reduced to comparatively narrow limits. The chief having the broadest domains would naturally have the largest collection of his people around him. His own importance would be consequently increased, while the heads of the weaker communities would be proportionately diminished. These jealousies of aggrandizement were the source of so much difficulty that the adjustment of the reservations could not be accomplished in full council, and in the end was only effected by a subcouncil, composed of a small number of chiefs selected from the several clans. Another difficulty was encountered in designating the boundaries of the reservations. The Indians insisted upon natural boundaries, such as the rivers, hills and the courses of streams. But as boundaries like these, with which they were familiar, gave them all the advantages, Mr. Morris would not listen to the proposition — insisting upon the allotment to each clan of such number of square miles as might be agreed upon, designating the same upon a map to the view of the chiefs. In only one instance did Mr. Morris depart from this determination, and the result taught him what might have been his fate had he allowed the principle in other cases. There was a white woman named Mary Jemison, who occupied a farm upon the Genesee river, at a place about twenty miles southwest of Big Tree, for whom the chiefs were desirous of making special provision. Mary was herself present at the council, and pleaded her own case. She was truly a remarkable woman. When a child, at the breaking out of the French war in 1754, she had been taken prisoner by the Indians in the neighborhood of Fort Du Quesne, with her parents, two brothers, and other inmates of the family. All were murdered except Mary. Her captors were Senecas, and she was brought into the Genesee country. For a season she was discontented with her new situation, and devised various schemes of effecting her escape. These

being frustrated, she resigned herself to her fate, and in progress of time became as thoroughly an Indian in all her habits and feelings as Red Jacket himself. Although she had been religiously instructed in her childhood, she became a pagan, and in a word was thoroughly a squaw in everything but her complexion. Her life was one of vicissitude and wild adventure. Her first husband was a Delaware chief, with whom she resided for years in the Shawanese country. She afterwards married a Seneca chief, with whom she lived until his death at the Gardow flats—the place which the chiefs now prayed might be reserved for her. Mr. Morris readily assented that a moderate reservation should be made for her, provided the number of acres were defined. But to this she objected, stating that she had various improved places, one of which was a patch of corn, another of potatoes, another of beans, &c. She then named certain boundaries, to which Mr. Morris, in consequence of the impatience of the commissioners, hastily assented, under the impression that the grant would not exceed one hundred and fifty acres. When afterward the survey came to be made, Mary's farm was found to contain thirty thousand acres of land, of an excellent quality! ¹

There were yet other difficulties to be removed before the negotiation was actually completed. Among these was

¹ During the war of the revolution, The White Woman's house—for thus she was designated—became frequently the quarters of Brant and Colonel John Butler when making their inroads upon the frontiers of the colonies. She attended the treaty of the German Flatts, held by General Schuyler in 1775. She would not throw aside her Indian costume, even after the white population had surrounded her residence, but adhered to her Indian habits and customs to the last. She became rich in herds and flocks, as well as in lands. One of her grandsons was educated as a physician. He obtained a commission as surgeon in the navy of the United States, and died a few years ago on the Mediterranean station. Mary died about the year 1825, at a very advanced age.

the arrival at the council of Young King, a descendant of Old Smoke, a notable chief of the Senecas many years before. Old Smoke was the most powerful, as he was deemed the wisest sachem of his time. He was the principal sachem, or civil chief of the nation, and his word was law. When he thought proper to convene a council, it was only for the purpose of announcing his intentions, and none said nay to his behests. His infallibility was never questioned, and although he had been dead many years, his memory was yet held in great reverence. Young King, though literally a young man, and of talents far inferior to Old Smoke, was nevertheless, by inheritance, the chief sachem of the Seneca nation; and the usual deference secured to him by virtue of his office, was greatly augmented by reverence for his descent. As chief sachem, it was necessary to the validity of the treaty that it should receive his assent and signature. He was for a time utterly opposed to the sale of their lands; and both the Cornplanter and Farmer's Brother assured Mr. Morris, that without his approbation the work was all at an end. Still, by dint of great persuasion, he was ultimately induced to sign the treaty.¹

Another obstacle was presented by the instructions of the president, General Washington, to Colonel Wadsworth, who was directed to withhold his assent from any treaty that did not provide for the investment of the purchase money in the stock of the bank of the United States, in the name of the president and his successors in office, in trust for the Seneca nation. It was found exceedingly diffi-

¹ Young King died only some five or six years ago. He was engaged with his warriors in alliance with the forces of the United States, during the war with England of 1812-15, and fought bravely. By an act of congress of 1816, a pension of two hundred dollars per annum was given him, "as a compensation for his brave and meritorious services, and as a provision for the wound and disability which he received in the performance of those services."

cult, and in fact impossible, to make the Indians understand what a bank was, and how it happened that their annual payments should not always be the same. They had no conception of the character of bank dividends, or how they were accumulated. Their idea seemed to be that the bank was an extensive place in Philadelphia, where their money was planted, and that in some years the crop would be better than in others. Frequently, in after years, would they inquire of Mr. Morris what kind of a crop they were likely to have in a season like that. Connected with this subject of finance, yet another difficulty was experienced from their inability to comprehend the amount of the purchase money. But few of them could count one hundred, while it was necessary to make them comprehend the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. The process by which only this idea could be imparted, was to take a cask, and show them how many dollars it would require to fill it, and then show them how many casks of the same description it would require to contain the whole amount. They were also taught the number of horses it would require to draw the weight.¹

It has been remarked that after the negotiation had been resumed by the women and warriors, and Cornplanter took the forum, Red Jacket absented himself from the council, and remained in a state of intoxication. His object in thus standing aloof from the council was to have the entire responsibility of the treaty thrown upon Cornplanter. In

¹The Indians of every tribe are rigidly equitable in the distribution of the avails of all the lands they sell. Every member of a family, even the smallest child, is entitled to, and receives, as much as the highest chief. When the division is made, the father of the family produces as many sticks as there are persons in his household. Blankets are spread upon the ground, and pieces of coin are laid by the side of each parcel of sticks, corresponding with the number, until the whole amount of the money received is fairly divided. At least such was the practice before the chiefs of the Indians learned the art of being bribed from the pale faces.

his conversations with the other chiefs he uniformly spoke against any sale of their lands, and he opposed the treaty with great vehemence, eloquence and talent. Yet his opposition was that of a demagogue, and he spoke, to use an expressive metaphor of his own people, with a forked tongue. In other words his opposition was insincere; for the fact is no less true than disgraceful, that after the negotiation had been completed, he repaired to the lodge of Mr. Morris by night, and told him that he had in reality no objections to the sale of their lands, but yet he must seem to oppose the measure, or he should lose his popularity. That popularity had been acquired by opposing every land sale that had been made, and he must at least *affect* to continue his opposition to the end. It has been seen that the negotiation was successful. How could it have well been otherwise, under the circumstances, when, to those circumstances, already described, is superadded the fact that the very leader of the opposition was a traitor to the cause he pretended to defend? But, as in other popular communities, the people were the dupes. The arts of the demagogue blinded their eyes to the sturdy honesty of Farmer's Brother, and the at least comparative integrity of the Cornplanter, while their treacherous flatterer became their idol. In order to manifest his apparent opposition to the treaty, he refused in council, after the decision had been made, to sign it; and yet, before any signature had been made to the document, he arranged with Mr. Morris to have a blank left for the insertion of his name afterwards — desiring that the space might be high up, among the first, that when General Washington saw the treaty he might know that Sa-go-ye-wat-ha was yet a man of consequence among the chiefs of his people.¹ It has been related of this extraordinary dissembler, that at

¹ I have derived the facts of this entire history of the treaty of Big Tree, from the manuscripts of Thomas Morris, and from conversations with him.

the treaty of Canandaigua, during one of his speeches, he observed Colonel Pickering to be writing, as though taking notes of what he was saying. He stopped, and drawing himself up, exclaimed with energetic dignity: "Look up from the table, brother, and fix your eyes upon my eyes — *that you may see that what Sa-go-ye-wat-ha says is the truth, and no lie!*"¹ Doubtless he would have enacted the part over again with Thomas Morris, at the Big Tree, had there been occasion for such a theatrical display.

It was probably about this year that Red Jacket made his visit to Hartford, in the state of Connecticut, at the head of a small deputation of the chiefs of his nation. In the several land compromises between some of the states, Connecticut had acquired the preëmptive title to the section of the present state of Ohio, called New Connecticut. This territory was at that time in the hands of a large association of capitalists called the Connecticut Land Company, and various negotiations were held for the extinguishment of the Indian title — the Six Nations claiming the territory by right of conquest. It was in connection with this matter that Red Jacket and his associates visited Hartford, where a council was holden in the state house. The documents connected with this council seem to have been lost; but tradition preserves a lively remembrance of the visit of the Indians, and of a great speech delivered by Red Jacket. An eminent member of the Connecticut bar, afterwards distinguished in the national councils of the United States,² himself a member of the land company, was wont in after years to speak with great enthusiasm of the appearance of Red Jacket on that occasion, and of the speech which he delivered. "With a

¹ O'Reilly's *History of Rochester*

² Gideon Granger, postmaster-general during the administrations of presidents Jefferson and Madison, and afterwards in the senate of New York. He died at Canandaigua in 1822, aged 55 years.

step measured, firm and dignified," as he was used to relate — "a countenance erect, bold and discursive, he entered the vast assemblage without manifesting surprise, fear or curiosity." Of the speech he then delivered, the following passage was preserved in the memory of Mr. Granger :

We stand a small island in the bosom of the great waters. We are encircled — we are encompassed. The evil spirit rides upon the blast, and the waters are disturbed. They rise, they press upon us, and the waves once settled over us, we disappear forever. Who then lives to mourn us? None. What marks our extermination? Nothing. We are mingled with the common elements.¹

The history of this mission of the orator is necessarily very imperfect. Brant, who took an active interest in the negotiations respecting the Sandusky country, was highly displeased with the course of Red Jacket at Hartford, and spoke of it with bitterness in a letter to the Duke of Northumberland. Among other things he states that Red Jacket vowed fidelity to the United States, and sealed his promise by kissing the likeness of General Washington.

¹ Manuscript collections of J. W. Moulton. [The author has enquired diligently at Hartford for the records of this council, but without success.]

CHAPTER VII.

CONSPIRACY of Cornplanter against Red Jacket — Witchcraft — Cornplanter defeated by Red Jacket's Eloquence — Farther outrages upon the Indians — Mission of Red Jacket and others to the seat of Government — Speech of Red Jacket to the Secretary of War — Murder of a white man by an Indian — Meeting in consequence at Canandaigua — Speech of Red Jacket — His conspiracy against Brant — Deposition of the latter — His ultimate triumph and restoration — 1801-1805.

A MORE interesting incident, and of yet higher importance as connected with the life, conduct, and subsequent destiny of Red Jacket, is now approached in chronological order. The unpopularity of the brave old Cornplanter, for the part he had taken at several treaties for the preservation of peace with the United States, even at the expense of parting with large districts of the Indian territory, has repeatedly been spoken of in the progress of the present memoir. That unpopularity was increased by each successive sale, until the chief discovered the unwelcome truth that he had lost almost the entire confidence of his people. Nor is it unlikely that the crafty orator of the "forked tongue" was actively concerned in fomenting the jealousies which lost him the popular favor. Indeed such is believed to have been the fact, which Cornplanter himself was too sagacious not to understand. At all events, in order, as is supposed, to recover his former influence, the warrior, knowing the credulity of his people, availed himself of that characteristic, and concerted a plot by which he designed to compass the destruction of his enemies, Red Jacket in particular. It was by playing upon the popular credulity that Red Jacket had arrived at the dignity of a sachem; and the war chief may pos-

sibly have reasoned that as a victim of intrigue, injustice and ingratitude, he had a right to avail himself of the same means, for his own restoration to public favor, if not to compass the overthrow of his rival. Having determined upon his course, "he persuaded his brother to announce himself as a prophet, or messenger from heaven, sent to redeem the fallen fortunes of his race. The superstition of the savages cherished the impostor; and he acquired such an ascendancy as to prevail upon the Onondagas, formerly the most drunken and profligate of the Six Nations, to abstain entirely from spirituous liquors, and to observe the laws of morality in other respects. He obtained the same ascendancy among the confederates, that another impostor, the brother of the celebrated Tecumseh, subsequently acquired among the Shawanese and other western Indians; and, like him, he also employed his influence for evil as well as for good purposes. The Indians universally believe in witchcraft; Cornplanter's brother, in his character of prophet, inculcated this superstition, and proceeded, through the instrumentality of conjurors selected by himself, to designate the offending familiars of Satan, who were accordingly sentenced to death. And the unhappy objects would have been actually executed, if the magistrates of Oneida, and the officers of the garrison of Niagara, had not interfered. The prosecutions of Cornplanter had proceeded so far that it began to be considered an artful expedient to render his enemies the objects of general abhorrence, if not the victims of an ignominious death. Emboldened by his success, the prophet proceeded finally to execute the views of his brother, and Red Jacket was publicly denounced at a great council held at Buffalo creek, and was put upon his trial. At this crisis he well knew that the future course of his life depended upon the powers of his mind. He spoke in his defense nearly three hours. The iron brow of superstition relented under the

magic of his eloquence; he declared the prophet an impostor and a cheat; he prevailed; the Indians divided, and a small majority appeared in his favor." "Perhaps," it is added by the distinguished writer who has furnished the account of this great and singular trial,¹ "Perhaps the annals of history cannot furnish a more conspicuous instance of the triumph and power of oratory in a barbarous nation devoted to superstition, and looking up to the accuser as a delegated minister of the Almighty." And yet it will appear in the sequel that the same orator who triumphed thus over the believers in witchcraft, was a believer himself, or an affected believer, in the same superstition, and caused the execution of at least one victim, as a sacrifice to the delusion.

Red Jacket's success in this case inflicted a blow upon the influence of Cornplanter, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered, although he lived for more than a third of a century afterward. These latter years of his extended life were chiefly passed at his own village, on the margin of the Alleghany river, a short distance without the confines of the state of New York, and within those of Pennsylvania. He retained his friendship for the people of the United States with unswerving fidelity; and espousing the Christian religion, he labored zealously thenceforward to bring the Alleghany clans of the Senecas, among whom he resided, into a state of civilization.² He

¹Clinton's *Discourse* before the New York Historical Society.

²The name of Cornplanter's brother, the prophet, was Ga-nio-di-euh. He began his labors in the cause of temperance in the Alleghany canton. He removed thence to the Tonawanda reservation, and thence to Onondaga. After Red Jacket became thoroughly pagan in his policy, Ga-nio-di-euh, who was never a Christian, attached himself to the party of the orator against his brother. Cornplanter, at one time, became a religious zealot, and was in a state of excitement bordering upon hallucination. During that season he too was favored with visions and revelations.—*Statement of a chief of the Alleghany clan, to the author.*

visited Washington in the winter of 1801-1802, for the purpose of conferring with President Jefferson upon this and other subjects connected with the improvement of his people, and was in correspondence with Mr. Jefferson in relation to it, during the year following. His efforts were particularly directed against the use of ardent spirits, the thirst for which has ever been the bane of the Indians, and a beautiful autograph letter from Mr. Jefferson to the chief is yet extant.¹ Pennsylvania had given him a reservation of nine hundred acres of choice land, upon which he became an agriculturist to a considerable extent, and resided thereon till the day of his death.²

A succession of outrages upon the Indians residing along the Pennsylvania border, resulting at different times in the murder of several of their people, induced the Senecas and Tuscaroras in February, 1801, to send a deputation of chiefs to the seat of the federal government, which since the last Seneca embassy had been transferred from Philadelphia to the city of Washington. Red Jacket was at the head of this deputation, which was received formally, with an appropriate speech, by the acting secretary at war, Samuel Dexter, on the 10th of February. On the 11th Red Jacket replied, setting forth the business of his mission in the following speech :

BROTHER : We yesterday received your speech, which removed all uneasiness from our minds. We then told you that should it please the Great Spirit to permit us to rise in health this day, you should hear what we have come to say.

BROTHER : The business on which we are now come, is to restore the friendship that has existed between the United States and the Six Nations, agreeably to the direction of the commissioner

¹ In the author's possession.

² The Indian name of Cornplanter was *Ga-an-twa-ha*, or *Handsome Lake*. He died on the 7th of March, 1836, aged upward of one hundred years.

from the Fifteen Fires of the United States. He assured us that whensoever, by any grievances, the chain of friendship should become rusty, we might have it brightened by calling on you. We dispense with the usual formality of having your speech again read, as we fully comprehended it yesterday, and it would therefore be useless to waste time in a repetition of it.

BROTHER: Yesterday you wiped the tears from our eyes, that we might see clearly; you unstopped our ears that we might hear; and removed the obstructions from our throats that we might speak distinctly. You offered to join with us in tearing up the largest pine tree in our forests, and under it to bury the tomahawk. We gladly join with you, brother, in this work, and let us heap rocks and stones on the root of this tree, that the tomahawk may never again be found.

BROTHER: Your apology for not having wampum is sufficient, and we agree to accept of your speeches on paper, to evince our sincerity in wishing the tomahawk forever buried. We accompany a repetition of our assurances with these strings. [*Strings of wampum.*]

BROTHER: We always desire, on similar melancholy occasions, to go through our customary forms of condolence, and have been happy to find the officers of the government of the United States willing in this manner to make our minds easy.

BROTHER: We observe that the men now in office are new men, and, we fear, not fully informed of all that has befallen us. In 1791 a treaty was held by the commissioners of congress with us at Tioga point, on a similar occasion. We have lost seven of our warriors, murdered in cold blood by white men, since the conclusion of the war. We are tired of this mighty grievance, and wish some general arrangement to prevent it in future. The first of these was murdered on the banks of the Ohio, near fort Pitt. Shortly after, two men, belonging to our first families, were murdered at Pine creek; then one at fort Franklin; another at Tioga point; and now the two that occasion this visit, on the Big Beaver. These last two had families. The one was a Seneca; the other a Tuscarora. Their families are now destitute of support; and we think that the United States should do something toward their support, as it is to the United States they owe the loss of their heads.

BROTHER : These offenses are always committed in one place on the frontier of Pennsylvania. In the Genesee country we live happy, and no one molests us. I must therefore beg that the president will exert all his influence with all officers, civil and military, in that quarter, to remedy this grievance, and trust that he will thus prevent a repetition of it, and save our blood from being spilled in future. [*A Belt.*]

BROTHER : Let me call to mind the treaty between the United States and the Six Nations, concluded at Canandaigua. At that treaty Colonel Pickering, who was commissioner on behalf of the United States, agreed that the United States should pay to the Six Nations four thousand five hundred dollars *per annum*, and that this should pass through the hands of the superintendent of the United States, to be appointed for that purpose. This treaty was made in the name of the president of the United States, who was then General Washington; and as he is now no more, perhaps the present president would wish to renew the treaty. But if he should think the old one valid, and is willing to let it remain in force, we are also willing. The sum above mentioned we wish to have part of in money, to expend in more agricultural tools and in purchasing a team, as we have some horses that will do for the purpose. We also wish to build a saw mill on the Buffalo creek. If the president, however, thinks proper to have it continue as heretofore, we shall not be very uneasy. Whatever he may do we agree to; we only suggest this for his consideration. [*A Belt.*]

BROTHER : I hand you the above mentioned treaty, made by Colonel Pickering in the name of General Washington, and the belt that accompanied it; as he is now dead, we know not if it is still valid. If not, we wish it renewed — if it is, we wish it copied on clean parchment. Our money got loose in our trunk and tore it. We also show you the belt which is the path of peace between our Six Nations and the United States. [*Treaty and two Belts.*]

BROTHER : A request was forwarded by us from the Onondaga nation to the governor of New York, that he should appoint a commissioner to hold a treaty with them. They have a reservation surrounded by white men which they wish to sell. The Cayugas, also, have a reservation so surrounded that they have been forced to leave

it, and they hope that the president's commissioner, whom they expect he will not hesitate to appoint, will be instructed to attend to this business. We also have some business with New York, which we would wish him to attend to.

BROTHER: The business that has caused this our long journey was occasioned by some of your bad men; the expense of it has been heavy on us. We beg that as so great a breach has been made on your part, the president will judge it proper that the United States should bear our expenses to and from home, and whilst here.

BROTHER: Three horses belonging to the Tuscarora nation were killed by some men under the command of Major Rivardi, on the plains of Niagara. They have made application to the superintendent and to Major R., but get no redress. You make us pay for our breaches of the peace, why should you not pay also? A white man has told us the horses were killed by Major R.'s orders, who said they should not be permitted to come there, although it was an open common on which they were killed. Mr. Chapin has the papers respecting these horses, which we request you to take into consideration.

Mr. Dexter answered the deputation on the 16th, and in the name of the president (the elder Adams), promised a thorough investigation into the circumstances of the murders complained of, a compliance with their wishes touching an exchange of certain lands, and payment for the horses killed at Niagara. The expenses of their mission were also directed to be paid.

In the year following, a white man named John Hewitt was murdered at Buffalo creek by a drunken Indian, and his surrender demanded by the civil authorities of the state. This demand was resisted by the Indians, and no small degree of excitement among them was the consequence. In their own rude jurisprudence, the fact of drunkenness on the part of the offender, when the deed was perpetrated, could be pleaded in extenuation of the crime; whereas by the laws of the white men, such a plea would be held only as an aggravation of the offense. The Indians, moreover,

insisted that they were an independent nation, and as such had a right to the entire jurisdiction of the case. Or if not, as they did not exactly understand the divided and nicely balanced relations existing between the United States and the state governments respectively, they supposed they could appeal to their great father the president. Buffalo was at that period within the county of Ontario, Canandaigua being the seat of justice. At length, after several meetings between the Indians and the citizens, in which the latter had vainly attempted to persuade the former to surrender the culprit, a council of the principal chiefs of the Senecas, Cayugas and Onondagas, was convened at Canandaigua, to give the question a more solemn consideration. A conference having been arranged between the council and the principal inhabitants, Red Jacket, arguing against the surrender upon the principles already indicated, delivered the following speech, addressed particularly to the white portion of his audience :¹

BROTHERS : Open your ears, and give your attention. This day is appointed by the Great Spirit to meet our friends at this place. During the many years that we have lived together in this country, good will and harmony have subsisted among us.

BROTHERS : We have now come forward on an unhappy occasion. We cannot find words to express our feelings upon it. One of our people has murdered one of your people. So it has been ordered by the Great Spirit, who controls all events. This has been done : we cannot now help it. At first view it would seem to have the effect of putting an end to our friendship ; but let us reflect, and put our minds together. Can't we point out measures whereby our peace and harmony may still be preserved ? We have come forward to this place, where we have always had a superintendent and friend to receive us, and to make known to him such grievances as lay upon our minds ; but now we have none ; and we

¹ For a copy of this speech the author is indebted to James D. Bemis, Esq. (for thirty years the editor of a newspaper in Canandaigua), by whom it was first published.

have no guardian — no protector — no one is now authorized to receive us.

BROTHERS : We therefore now call upon you to take our speech in writing, and forward our ideas to the president of the United States.

BROTHERS : Let us look back to our former situation. While you were under the government of Great Britain, Sir William Johnson was our superintendent, appointed by the king. He had power to settle offenses of this kind among all the Indian nations, without adverting to the laws. But under the British government you were uneasy — you wanted to change it for a better. General Washington went forward as your leader. From his exertions you gained your independence. Immediately afterward a treaty was made between the United States and the Six Nations, whereby a method was pointed out of redressing such an accident as the present. Several such accidents did happen, where we were the sufferers. We now crave the same privilege in making restitution to you, that you adopted toward us in a similar situation.

BROTHERS : At the close of our treaty at Philadelphia, General Washington told us that we had formed a chain of friendship which was bright : he hoped it would continue so on our part : that the United States would be equally willing to brighten it, if rusted by any means. A number of murders have been committed on our people — we shall only mention the last of them. About two years ago, a few of our warriors were amusing themselves in the woods, to the westward of fort Pitt ; two white men coolly and deliberately took their rifles, traveled nearly three miles to our encampment, fired upon the Indians, killed two men and wounded two children. We then were the party injured. What did we do ? We flew to the treaty, and thereby obtained redress, perfectly satisfactory to us, and we hope agreeable to you. This was done a short time before President Adams went out of office : complete peace and harmony was restored. We now want the same method of redress to be pursued.

BROTHERS : How did the present accident take place ? Did our warriors go from home cool and sober, and commit murder on you ? No. Our brother was in liquor, and a quarrel ensued, in which the

unhappy accident happened. We would not excuse him on account of his being in liquor; but such a thing was far from his intention in his sober moments. We are all extremely grieved at it, and are willing to come forward and have it settled, as crimes of the same nature have heretofore been.

BROTHERS: Since this accident has taken place, we have been informed that by the laws of this state, if a murder is committed within it, the murderer must be tried by the laws of the state, and punished with death.

BROTHERS: When were such laws explained to us? Did we ever make a treaty with the state of New York, and agree to conform to its laws? No. We are independent of the state of New York. It was the will of the Great Spirit to create us different in color: we have different laws, habits and customs, from the white people. We shall never consent that the government of this state shall try our brother. We appeal to the government of the United States.

BROTHERS: Under the customs and habits of our forefathers we were a happy people; we had laws of our own; they were dear to us. The whites came among us and introduced their customs; they introduced liquor among us, which our forefathers always told us would prove our ruin.

BROTHERS: In consequence of the introduction of liquor among us, numbers of our people were killed. A council was held to consider of a remedy, at which it was agreed by us that no private revenge should take place for any such murder — that it was decreed by the Great Spirit, and that a council should be called to consider of redress to the friends of the deceased.

BROTHERS: The president of the United States is called a great man, possessing great power. He may do what he pleases — he may turn men out of office — men who held their offices long before he held his. If he can do these things, can he not even control the laws of this state? Can he not appoint a commissioner to come forward to our country and settle the present difference, as we, on our part, have heretofore often done to him, upon a similar occasion?

We now call upon you, **BROTHERS**, to represent these things to

the president, and we trust that he will not refuse our request of sending a commissioner to us, with powers to settle the present difference. The consequence of a refusal may be serious. We are determined that our brother shall not be tried by the laws of the state of New York. Their laws make no difference between a crime committed in liquor, and one committed coolly and deliberately. Our laws are different, as we have before stated. If tried here, our brother must be hanged. We cannot submit to that — has a murder been committed upon our people, when was it punished with death ?

BROTHERS : We have now finished what we had to say on the subject of the murder. We wish to address you upon another, and to have our ideas communicated to the president upon it also.

BROTHERS : It was understood at the treaty concluded by Colonel Pickering, that our superintendent should reside in the town of Canandaigua, and for very good reasons: that situation is the most central to the Six Nations; and by subsequent treaties between the state of New York and the Indians, there are still stronger reasons why he should reside here, principally on account of the annuities being stipulated to be paid to our superintendent at this place. These treaties are sacred. If their superintendent resides elsewhere, the state may object to sending their money to him at a greater distance. We would therefore wish our superintendent to reside here at all events.

BROTHERS : With regard to the appointment of our present superintendent, we look upon ourselves as much neglected and injured. When General Chapin and Captain Chapin were appointed, our wishes were consulted upon the occasion, and we most cordially agreed to the appointments. Captain Chapin has been turned out, however, within these few days.¹ We do not understand that any neglect of duty has been alleged against him. We are told it is because he differs from the president in his sentiments on govern-

¹ Captain Chapin was removed by President Jefferson, as here stated. Shortly afterward he wrote to his friend Brant, the Mohawk chief, announcing the fact, and received a reply from the latter, which, for the intelligence it evinces, and its philosophy, deserves preservation. See appendix D.

ment matters. He has also been perfectly satisfactory to us; and had we known of the intention, we should most cordially have united in a petition to the president to continue him in office. We feel ourselves injured—we have nobody to look to—nobody to listen to our complaints—none to reconcile any differences among us. We are like a young family without a father.

BROTHERS: We understand that the president has appointed a superintendent who is altogether unknown to us, and who is unacquainted with Indian affairs. We know him not in our country. Had we been consulted upon the subject, we might have named some one residing in this country, who was well known to us. Perhaps we might have agreed upon Mr. Oliver Phelps, whose politics, coinciding with those of the president, might have recommended him to the office.

BROTHERS: We cannot conclude without again urging you to make known all these our sentiments to the president.

But the eloquent pleadings of the Indians were unavailing. They were compelled to surrender the offender to the inexorable law of the white man, though it was done with great reluctance. His name was *Stiff-armed George*. He was tried and convicted at the oyer and terminer of Ontario county, on the 23d of February, 1803—Brockholst Livingston, one of the justices of the supreme court, presiding; but as the murder was without preëxisting malice, and was moreover attended by various mitigating circumstances, the court, the attorney-general, the grand jury that indicted him, together with many of the people of Canandaigua, united in a petition to the governor, George Clinton, for his pardon. Judge Livingston, in a letter to the governor upon the subject, after stating the case, and referring to the interpositions of the people in his behalf, observed:

It is not for me to urge considerations of policy in favor of a pardon; if any exist they will occur, and be properly appreciated by those with whom this prerogative resides. It may not, however, be

impertinent to mention that the convict is well connected; is much beloved by his countrymen, and that his situation has excited an uncommon interest and solicitude in the sachems and warriors of his nation; several of them attended the trial, and behaved with great decorum. Red Jacket, one of their sachems, addressed the jury at some length; he dwelt on the hardship of making an unlettered savage amenable to laws, of which, from his habits and want of education, he must ever remain ignorant. He complained of the impunity with which white men had, in various instances, committed murders on the Indians, and particularly of the outrages to which those in the neighborhood of Buffalo creek were constantly exposed. He also insisted that in this affray our citizens were the aggressors. It is proper to add that Judge Hosmer, Judge Atwater, and the attorney-general, concur with me in recommending the Indian as a fit object of mercy.¹

The subject was presented to the consideration of the legislature by a special message from the governor, and Stiff-armed George was not executed.

The next act in the public life of Red Jacket presents him in the character of a conspirator.² Flushed with his victory over Cornplanter, the principal war chief of his own nation, the orator meditated an insidious blow at a higher object, and sought to gratify his hate by crushing the military chieftain of the whole confederacy—the renowned Thayendanegea himself. Between Brant and Red Jacket no friendship had existed since the exhibitions of cowardice and treachery by the latter, during Sullivan's invasion of

¹ See Journals of the New York Legislature for 1803.

²The application to Red Jacket, by Brant, of the insulting *soubriquet* THE COW KILLER, has been noted in the second chapter of the present work, together with the reason therefor. The name, moreover, must have obtained some currency. Among the manuscripts of General Chapin are the proceedings of one of the Seneca councils, in which *The Cow Killer* is three times reported as having spoken at as many different stages of the proceedings. But in each of these places the words *Cow Killer* were crossed by a stroke of the pen and *Red Jacket* inserted.

the Indian country, in 1779, as heretofore related. They had frequently met in councils, for the transaction of the business appertaining to their government, and the internal relations of their own people, as also in their negotiations with the United States. But the lion hearted Mohawk despised him in his heart, and could never meet him with cordiality, taking no pains to conceal his feelings.

Brant, it must be borne in mind, was a resident in Canada, whither he had led his Mohawks after the disastrous termination of the war of the revolution. But the fact of his residence, and that of his own particular nation, within the jurisdiction of another government, did not dissolve the confederacy, or change its unwritten constitution. Brant had indeed offered to receive the whole Six Nations in his newly acquired territory upon Grand river, and many from each of the nations joined him there. Still, a large majority of all the nations, excepting the Mohawks, preferred remaining in their "old seats," in their own beautiful country of western New York. But the league was not affected, and Thayendanegea remained the war captain of the whole.

At the time now under consideration, Brant was involved in harassing perplexities with the officers of the British colonial government. The Grand river territory had been granted to him as a place of retreat for the Mohawks by Sir Frederick Haldemand, in the name and under the authority of the crown, in fee simple. But as years elapsed, and the lands in that region were continually rising in value, by reason of the tide of emigration that now began to roll against and around them, the colonial authorities chose not so to understand the grant. They held that Sir Frederick had only conveyed to the Indians the right of occupancy, and that the right of preëmption was still vested in the crown. Brant resisted this construction to the utmost of his power, and appeals

were carried up to the parent government for justice. The ministers uniformly favored the construction claimed by the Indians, but the colonial authorities as uniformly contrived to circumvent their intentions; so that to this day the Mohawks have been excluded from the full enjoyment of their undoubted right to the soil in question. These disputes, and the exertions of Brant in behalf of his people, involved him in a series of troubles that continued until his death. Having attempted to lease portions of the land to white settlers, the colonial authorities, and the officers of the British Indian department, interposed, and caused him much difficulty. Disaffection was also stirred up against him, even among the Mohawks, by designing white men; and a plot for his deposition and degradation from office was matured, and attempted to be carried into execution. In order to this, the Senecas, and others of the Six Nations, were induced to claim a right to interfere in the disposition of the Grand river lands, and also in the domestic relations of the Mohawks — a right with which the laws and usages of the confederacy did not invest them. Brant was likewise charged with speculation, in the management of the revenues of his people — a charge which he triumphantly repelled. But no matter: it served the purpose of Brant's white opponents in Canada, who were eager to destroy him, and the arch demagogue Red Jacket became a ready instrument in their hands. In furtherance of this design, a council was privately convened at Buffalo creek, early in the year 1805, under the direction of Red Jacket himself, and a few other Seneca chiefs in his immediate interest, or subject to his influence. Neither chiefs nor sachems of the Mohawks had knowledge of this council, although a pretended representation of that nation was present, selected merely for the sake of form, from the discontents, and the personal enemies of Brant, who were the lowest of the people. The result of this council, clan-

destinely called and illegally constituted, was the formal deposition of Brant from office, and also the removal from office of all the Mohawk chiefs and sachems who were his friends. There was yet another motive for the instigation of this measure of proscriptive violence by the Canadians, who, with Red Jacket, were at the bottom of the conspiracy. The celebrated Norton, a Mohawk chief, and the confidential friend of Brant, was then in England, charged by the latter with a mission to the parent government, connected with the long pending controversy respecting the title to their lands. Information had been received that the application was likely to be crowned with success; and those who were hostile to the claim of the Indians sought to defeat the measure of justice by prostrating their noblest champion and most distinguished friend. With this view, having effected his removal, a paper was drawn up for transmission to the parent government, disavowing the mission of Norton, and all the claims and proceedings of Brant. And to complete the plot, the proceedings were signed by the common Indians who had been convened for the occasion, in the character of chiefs—each of them being promised a commission from the English government, for their participation in the fraud.¹

But the triumph of the orator over the proud Mohawk was of short duration. Although all the charges that had been brought against the latter at this illegal council had been fully investigated and refuted but a few months before, yet the veteran chief was not disposed to sit in silence under the renewal of them, or to acquiesce in his own ostracism. Convening a full council of the Mohawks, including his enemies who had taken a seat in the Buffalo council against him, he made a defense which overwhelmed

¹Letter of Brant to the Duke of Northumberland. *Life of Brant*, vol. ii, p. 419.

his enemies. Shortly afterward a full council of the confederacy was summoned, at which, after mature deliberation, the proceedings of the spurious council were revoked, and the chief was restored to his rank by acclamation.

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGANISM of Red Jacket— Failure of plans for Indian civilization— Hostility of Red Jacket to Christianity— Mission of the Rev. Mr. Cram— Council to meet him— Speech of Mr. Cram— Red Jacket's speech in reply— Rejection of the missionary— Errors of missionaries— Difficulty of making themselves understood— Interesting anecdotes in illustration— Another attempt to purchase the remaining lands of the Senecas— Speech of Red Jacket to Mr. Richardson— Causes of their hostility to the missionaries— Another speech of Red Jacket— Drunkenness among the Indians— Tradition of their first taste of the fire-waters— Reflections.— 1805.

THE life and conduct of Red Jacket are now to be contemplated in a different aspect. It has been seen that at an earlier period of his career by twelve or thirteen years, he was at Philadelphia, listening with apparent approbation to the counsels of Washington for the civilization of his people, and concerting measures with Colonel Pickering to that end. It may indeed be doubted whether he was altogether sincere at that time; for such was the habitual deceitfulness of his character, that his professions were at all times but an uncertain index to the resolves of his mind. But it is of little importance whether he was sincere at the time referred to, or not— nothing is more certain than that if he was not a dissembler then, an entire revolution must have been wrought in his views previous to the year 1805, at which time, even if it had ever been otherwise, he had become thoroughly pagan. From that year forward, had it been in his power, he would have entirely cut off from his people all knowledge of the Christian religion, and all communication with the Anglo-Saxon race. His language now was, that the Great Spirit had formed the red and

white men distinct—that there was no more reason why the two races should profess the same religious creed, than that they should be of the same color. The Indians, he held, could not be civilized; and he had now become anxious not only to resist all farther innovations upon their manners, but that their ancient customs should be restored.¹

It is not unlikely that the ill success attending the experiments made under the auspices of Washington and Pickering, aided by the persevering efforts of the quakers, might have induced the orator to abandon the project of civilization in despair.² And not without show of reason, since the fact is equally indisputable and lamentable, that from the day on which the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth rock to the present, the intercourse between the Indians and the white people has resulted in little more than the acquisition by the former of the vices of the latter. Red Jacket had seen this result, and he doubtless mourned over it. He had seen his people melting away before the pale faces, with a rapidity foreboding their early extinction. He had learned the failure of every antecedent effort to convert them, as a people, to Christianity; and he had seen that every attempt thus far made to introduce even

¹ Manuscript collections of Joseph W. Moulton, Esq.

² The care with which the Friends watched over the interests of the Six Nations on various occasions, particularly at the treaty of Canandaigua, has been repeatedly mentioned in the foregoing pages. But their efforts did not end here. In 1796 several families of Friends were located upon the Oneida reservation, to teach the Indians the art of husbandry, and some of the indispensable mechanic arts. Their women, also, it was sought to teach the skill of household duties, spinning, sewing, knitting, &c. In 1798, the Senecas, who had observed the improvement of the Oneidas, requested the Friends to aid them in the same way, and three families accordingly planted themselves down in the canton of the Alleghany. Their presence, their instruction, and their example, were of great benefit to that canton, although the progress of Indian improvement has been slow. The late Thomas Eddy, of New York, devoted himself actively to this cause for several years.

the primary arts and customs of civilization among them, had been equally abortive. He had therefore become utterly averse to any farther intercourse or association with the whites—having arrived at the conclusion that the only means of preserving his race, even for a few brief lustres, would be the erection of a wall of separation, strong and high between them. Thenceforward he ever acted rigidly upon that principle. He was opposed to any farther sales of their lands. He was opposed to blending the races by intermarriage—not unfrequently murmuring, that whereas before the approach of the white men the eyes of their children were all black, now they were becoming blue. He was opposed to the introduction of the arts of civilized life. He was opposed to the acquisition by his people of the English language. Above all, he was opposed to the introduction among them of Christianity. Nor indeed, speaking after the manner of men, was he greatly blameable for his hostility to this new religion, judging, as both he and his people in their simplicity naturally would do, of the character of that religion from such of its fruits as were most perceptible to them. The irregular and reckless border men, pressing them closely upon all sides, and setting every bad example possible before them, called themselves Christians. Those who were continually persuading the Indians to drunkenness, in order to cheat or plunder them before they were sober, were called Christians. And the rapacious land jobbers, who were seeking every opportunity of stripping them of their territory, and who were held in special abhorrence by Red Jacket and the more considerate of the chiefs, were likewise known to the Indians as Christians. The orator had pondered all these things; and being unable to discriminate between the nominal and the real Christian—or rather not understanding enough of the nature of Christianity to know that it was a religion of the heart, and that, no matter by what names they were

called, those only were Christians who endeavored to live up to its principles — he could perceive nothing good in the system. So far as he could judge from such lights, and such examples, he saw nothing better in Christianity than in his own paganism. Hence the tone of the speech now to be introduced, which has been regarded as the ablest and most ingenious of his rude forensic efforts.

The occasion was this: In the summer of 1805, a young missionary named Cram was sent into the country of the Six Nations by the Evangelical Missionary Society of Massachusetts. His design was to plant a missionary station among the Senecas, and a council of their chiefs was convoked at Buffalo creek to hear his propositions. The agent of the United States for Indian affairs attended the council, and the government interpreter was also present. The proceedings were opened by the agent, who thus introduced the missionary:

BROTHERS OF THE SIX NATIONS: I rejoice to meet you at this time, and thank the Great Spirit that he has preserved you in health, and given me another opportunity of taking you by the hand.

BROTHERS: The person who sits by me is a friend who has come a great distance to hold a talk with you. He will inform you what his business is, and it is my request that you would listen with attention to his words.

The missionary thereupon opened his business in the following terms:

MY FRIENDS: I am thankful for the opportunity afforded us of uniting together at this time. I had a great desire to see you, and inquire into your state and welfare. For this purpose I have traveled a great distance, being sent by your old friends, the Boston Missionary Society. You will recollect they formerly sent missionaries among you, to instruct you in religion, and labor for your good. Although they have not heard from you for a long time, yet they have not forgotten their brothers, the Six Nations, and are still anxious to do you good.

BROTHERS: I have not come to get your lands or your money, but to enlighten your minds, and to instruct you how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind and will, and to preach to you the gospel of his son Jesus Christ. There is but one religion, and but one way to serve God, and if you do not embrace the right way you cannot be happy hereafter. You have never worshipped the Great Spirit in a manner acceptable to him; but have all your lives been in great errors and darkness. To endeavor to remove these errors, and open your eyes, so that you might see clearly, is my business with you.

BROTHERS: I wish to talk with you as one friend talks with another; and if you have any objections, to receive the religion which I preach, I wish you to state them; and I will endeavor to satisfy your minds and remove the objections.

BROTHERS: I want you to speak your minds freely: for I wish to reason with you on the subject, and, if possible, remove all doubts, if there be any on your minds. The subject is an important one, and it is of consequence that you give it an early attention while the offer is made you. Your friends the Boston Missionary Society will continue to send you good and faithful ministers, to instruct and strengthen you in religion, if, on your part, you are willing to receive them.

BROTHERS: Since I have been in this part of the country, I have visited some of your small villages, and talked with your people. They appear willing to receive instruction, but as they look up to you as their older brothers in council, they want first to know your opinion on the subject. You have now heard what I have to propose at present. I hope you will take it into consideration, and give me an answer before we part.

After about two hours consultation among themselves, Red Jacket rose and spoke as follows:

FRIEND AND BROTHER: It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we

have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit ; and him *only*.

BROTHER : This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy ; for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you now as one man. Our minds are agreed.

BROTHER : You say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

BROTHER : Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request ; and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat ; they gave us poison¹ in return.

The white people, BROTHER, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We

¹ Rum.

believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

BROTHER : Our seats were once large and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

BROTHER : Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

BROTHER : You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

BROTHER : We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

BROTHER : The Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know

these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children; we are satisfied.

BROTHER: We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

BROTHER: You say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings, and saw you collect money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose that it was for your minister, and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.¹

BROTHER: We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

BROTHER: You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.

It has been asserted that, when preparing for this interview, Red Jacket supposed that possibly he might be drawn into a regular argumentative discussion with the missionary. Like a wary gladiator, therefore, on entering upon the arena he felt disposed to measure the force of his antagonist, and by a searching scrutiny of his countenance, ascertain his intellectual calibre. For this purpose, he approached very near the person of the missionary, and by a rapid but penetrating scrutiny soon satisfied himself whether it was

¹This paragraph is not contained in the first edition of the speech, as published by James D. Bemis, in 1811; but I find it in the speech as given by Drake, in his *Book of the Indians*, and also in Thatcher's *Indian Biography*. Still, it appears to me to be an interpolation.

a great man, like Con-neh-sauty,¹ with whom he was to draw the bow of Achilles, or wield the shield of Ajax. His mind was quickly at ease, and his apprehensions, if he had entertained any, were dissipated at a glance. With a mingled and indescribable expression of countenance, smiling in scornful composure, he turned away, and joined the dusky circle of his own people.² Be this as it may, his reply is ingenious and able. Some of its figures are beautiful—some of its passages eloquent. It was received by the missionary, probably, with disappointment, and with manifest displeasure—a displeasure which a wiser man, even if he had felt it, would have concealed. Agreeably to the suggestion at the close of Red Jacket's speech, as the council was breaking up the Indians moved toward the missionary for the purpose of extending the parting hand of friendship; but Mr. Cram rose hastily from his seat, and replied that he could not take them by the hand, "there being," he added, "no fellowship between the religion of God and the devil." These words were interpreted to the Indians, but they nevertheless smiled, and retired in a peaceable manner. Subsequently, on being advised of the indiscretion of his remark, Mr. Cram observed in explanation, that he supposed the ceremony of shaking hands would have been received by the Indians as a token that he assented to what had been said. Being more correctly informed, he expressed his regret at what had so unadvisedly fallen from his lips. Still it cannot be denied that the Indians exhibited better breeding, and more knowledge of human nature, than the missionary. Indeed it is quite probable that Mr. Cram's ill success arose in part from his own repulsiveness of manner, and the want of tact, or, in other words, the power of adaptation, so essential

¹ Colonel Pickering.

² Manuscript collections of Joseph W. Moulton.

in the composition of a successful missionary. It must be stated in fairness to the Indians, to borrow the language of another,¹ "that the missionaries are not always men fitted for their work. Many of them have been destitute of the talents and information requisite in so arduous an enterprise; some have been bigotted and over zealous, and others have wanted temper and patience. Ignorant of the aboriginal languages, and obliged to rely upon interpreters to whom religion was an occult science, they doubtless often conveyed very different impressions from those which they intended;" and the worthy and well meaning man who called forth the preceding pagan speech of Red Jacket, probably deserved to be classed in this category. The reader will have observed, from an intimation in the speech itself, that the orator had been at several of the missionary's meetings, and it has been asserted of Mr. Cram that his first, or at least an early sermon to the Indians, was exactly such as a wise man would never have preached to such a congregation. Instead of being a simple discourse, brought down to the level of their ignorant, and, upon such a subject, child like minds, presenting to them the elementary principles of Christianity in their simplest and most winning forms, the missionary, according to tradition, gave them a long argumentative sermon upon the doctrine of divine decrees, and the deep mysteries of foreknowledge and predestination.² A more repulsive theme, even for many enlightened congregations reared in the bosom of the church, could hardly have been selected; but that it was chosen as the ground work of an introductory discourse to these simple children of the forest, argues a want of common sense almost too great

¹ Rev. John Breckenridge, D.D.

² The author's informant is a distinguished gentleman, of high character and intelligence, then a resident of the Seneca country.

for human credulity.¹ Another circumstance, however, was added, which favors its truth. Red Jacket is reported to have been indignant at the attempt to force doctrines upon him which were entirely beyond his comprehension ; and in the expression of that indignation, according to unwritten history, he perpetrated the only pun that is recorded of him. "Not content," he said, "with the wrongs the white men had done to his people, they were now seeking to *Cram* their doctrines down their throats," &c. And yet the remark will bear repetition, that much of the difficulty in this, and other similar cases, may very naturally have arisen from the ignorance of the parties respectively of the language and modes of thinking of each other. In regard to the American Indians, in particular, the greatest difficulty has always existed in conveying any new ideas to their minds, from the barrenness of their language ; and in many instances it has been found impossible to convey to them the sentiments attempted.² In illustration of this very difficulty, an anecdote is related by Sir William Johnson in his *Review of Indian Relations* referred to in a preceding note. Good interpreters it was exceedingly difficult to find, and he was, therefore, often under the necessity of acting as such himself. It so happened that a Boston divine, having expressed a desire to preach to the Indians in the vicinity of Johnson hall, chose

¹ Of a precisely similar character was the experience of Sir William Johnson in his efforts to christianize the Indians in his day. In an able *Review of Indian Relations*, drawn up by him in 1767 for the perusal of the Lords of trade, he says : "Religious instruction among them [the Indian tribes] has hitherto made little or no progress. It is true that some of the dissenters have occasionally sent missionaries to the Oneidas and Senecas, but most of those who have been sent having just taken orders, *give their hearers long discourses upon the distinction of creeds*, so that the Indians have profited little by their instructions."—*Life and Times of Sir Wm. Johnson*, vol. ii, p. 292.

² General Lincoln's *Observations on the North American Indians*, in a letter to Dr. Ramsay.

for his text, "for God is no respecter of persons." The interpreter in explaining this sentiment told the Indians "that God had no love for such persons as they." Sir William immediately interpreted, and not only corrected the error, but interpreted the remainder of the discourse to prevent farther blunders. "Had I not been present," he writes, "the error must have passed, and many more might have been committed in the course of the sermon." "What have you said to them?" inquired a missionary more recently, of the interpreter who had been expounding his sermon. "I told them you have a message to them from the Great Spirit," was the reply. "I said no such thing," cried the missionary. "Tell them I have come to speak to them of the only living and true God, and of the life that is to be hereafter. Well, what have you said?" "That you will tell them about Manito, and the land of spirits." "Worse and worse," exclaimed the embarrassed preacher;¹ and such is doubtless the history of

¹ M'Kenney's *Lives and Portraits of the Indians*. "The Iroquois have few radical words, but they compound them without end. Sometimes one word among them includes an entire definition of the thing; for example, they call wine, *Oncharadeshoengtseragherie*, as much as to say, a liquor made of the juice of the grape. [Colden's *Six Nations*.] "The Indian language requires many more words to express the meaning of the speaker than ours, as they are obliged to describe objects which a single English word suffices to explain. This will be the more readily understood by the following statement: When Red Jacket, Farmer's Brother, and several hundred Indians arrived at Tioga point to attend the treaty of 1790, Farmer's Brother, after thanking the Great Spirit for having permitted them to travel there in safety, narrated all the particulars attending their journey. Wishing among other circumstances to describe their having made a halt at a log hut, where a kind of tavern was kept, the tavern was described as a house put together with parts of trees piled on each other, and to which a pole was attached to which a board was tied, on which was written, "Rum is sold Here." The difficulty of expressing in a few words matters which in their own language required a roundabout description, demanded a considerable time for them, in their public discussions, to say that which the interpreter would render into a few words of English."— *Letter to the author from Thomas Morris*.

many sermons that have been delivered to the bewildered heathen. The fact is, Red Jacket did not understand the system of the Christian religion, nor did he wish to understand it. It was his belief, and it is that of the Indians generally, that they form a race entirely distinct from the pale faces. They repudiate the idea of a common origin of the human family; and as to the mission of Christ, and his crucifixion, they cannot perceive that they are interested in the one, or have any participation in the guilt of the other. In a conversation with a distinguished clergyman, who was endeavoring to instruct him upon the subject of the Christian religion, not many years before his death, Red Jacket said :

BROTHER: If you white men murdered the Son of the Great Spirit, we Indians had nothing to do with it, and it is none of our affair. If he had come among us, we would not have killed him; we would have treated him well; and the white people who killed him ought to be damned for doing it. You must make amends for that crime yourselves.¹

After the adjustment of the great controversy between the Indians and the United States, at Canandaigua, in 1794, the councils of the Six Nations became of less public importance. With the exception of a few reservations, of a comparatively limited extent, their broad and beautiful domains in the state of New York had fallen within the greedy and remorseless grasp of the white men, even before

¹ Conversations between Dr. Breckenridge and the author. A far different spirit was shown by Skenando, the head chief of the Oneidas, in a speech delivered by him about 1816, on discovering that their lands and improvements at the castle had been sold to the state by the intrigue (as he asserted) of certain white men. The attention of the reader is particularly directed to this speech (which is published under appendix G.), not only for its exquisite pathos, but as showing that the efforts of our missionaries among the Indians in inculcating the cardinal truths of Christianity have not always been in vain. The author is indebted for this speech to Henry O'Reilly, Esq.

the dawn of the present century. From that day to the present, the efforts of those who have become possessed of the preëmptive title to those reservations have been directed to the acquisition of the fee from the Indians; and so strong and persevering have been the appliances to that end, that slice after slice has been taken away, until but a comparatively few thousand acres now remain to the Indians — the scattered and disheartened fragments of the once proud lords of the continent.¹ But after the last great sale to Robert Morris, in 1797, and after the deliberate resolution of Red Jacket, as already stated, to repel the advances of the whites, and, as the only means of averting the progressive ruin of his people, to reënvelope them in the darkness of paganism, and restore their wildest barbarity, he continued inflexible in his purposes. From the hour of arriving at that determination he never in the slightest degree swerved from his resolution, to drive away, and keep away, every innovation upon the character, and every intrusion upon the territory then remaining to his nation. In the spring of 1811 an attempt was made by the New York Company holding the preëmptive title to the reservations within the Morris or Holland purchase, to divest the Indians of their rights by negotiation and purchase. The agent employed by the company was a Mr. Richardson. He met the chiefs in council at Buffalo creek, in May, and after opening his business, awaited their reply, which was made by Red Jacket, a few days afterward, in the following speech:

¹ These reservations are as follows:

Tonawanda reservation, near Niagara river, containing about	13,000	acres.
Buffalo reservation, near the city of Buffalo, “ “	53,000	“ “
Cattaraugus reservation, near Cattaraugus creek, “ “	22,000	“ “
Alleghany reservation, near the Alleghany river, “ “	31,000	“ “
	119,000	“

Much of this land is among the most fertile and valuable in the state of New York.

BROTHER : We opened our ears to the talk you lately delivered to us, at our council fire. In doing important business it is best not to tell long stories, but to come to it in a few words. We therefore shall not repeat your talk, which is fresh in our minds. We have well considered it, and the advantages and disadvantages of your offers. We request your attention to our answer, which is not from the speaker alone, but from all the sachems and chiefs now around our council fire.

BROTHER : We know that great men as well as great nations, having different interests have different minds, and do not see the same subject in the same light — but we hope our answer will be agreeable to you and to your employers.

BROTHER : Your application for the purchase of our lands is to our minds very extraordinary. It has been made in a crooked manner — you have not walked in the straight path pointed out by the great council of your nation. You have no writings from our great father the president.

BROTHER : In making up our minds we have looked back, and remembered how the Yorkers purchased our lands in former times. They bought them piece after piece for a little money paid to a few men in our nation, and not to all our brethren; our planting and hunting grounds have become very small, and if we sell these we know not where to spread our blankets.

BROTHER : You tell us your employers have purchased of the council of Yorkers a right to buy our lands — we do not understand how this can be — the lands do not belong to the Yorkers; they are ours, and were given to us by the Great Spirit.

BROTHER : We think it strange that you should jump over the lands of our brethren in the east, to come to our council fire so far off, to get our lands. When we sold our lands in the east to the white people, we determined never to sell those we kept, which are as small as we can live comfortably on.

BROTHER : You want us to travel with you, and look for other lands. If we should sell our lands and move off into a distant country, towards the setting sun, we should be looked upon in the country to which we go as foreigners, and strangers, and be despised by the red as well as the white men, and we should soon be sur-

rounded by the white men, who will there also kill our game, come upon our lands, and try to get them from us.

BROTHER : We are determined not to sell our lands, but to continue on them — we like them — they are fruitful and produce us corn in abundance, for the support of our women and children, and grass and herbs for our cattle.

BROTHER : At the treaties held for the purchase of our lands, the white men with sweet voices and smiling faces told us they loved us, and that they would not cheat us, but that the king's children on the other side the lake would cheat us. When we go on the other side the lake the king's children tell us your people will cheat us, but with sweet voices and smiling faces assure us of their love and that they will not cheat us. These things puzzle our heads, and we believe that the Indians must take care of themselves, and not trust either in your people or in the king's children.

BROTHER : At a late council we requested our agents to tell you that we would not sell our lands, and we think you have not spoken to our agents, or they would have informed you so, and we should not have met you at our council fire at this time.

BROTHER : The white people buy and sell false rights to our lands ; your employers have, you say, paid a great price for their right ; they must have plenty of money, to spend it in buying false rights to lands belonging to Indians ; the loss of it will not hurt them, but our lands are of great value to us, and we wish you to go back with your talk to your employers, and to tell them and the Yorkers that they have no right to buy and sell false rights to our lands.

BROTHER : We hope you clearly understand the words we have spoken. This is all we have to say.

Thus, as in the great majority of their speeches, the Indians were still endeavoring to brace themselves against what they considered to be the inordinate rapacity of the whites, in the acquisition of their lands. This disposition of the white man to grasp at all their property, with a view, as it appeared, of driving them from the face of the earth, was then, as it is now, and probably ever will be until the

race becomes extinct, the source of their jealousy, and the burden of their complaint. Notwithstanding the rapid diminution of their numbers, and their increasingly depressed condition, they still felt that they were independent nations, and they were tenacious of that character. They believed that they had been placed on "this island" by the Great Spirit, and that he had created it for their sole benefit, and they held that nobody could have a right to dispossess them. Hence nothing could have been more inopportune than an effort made at this very council, by a missionary society in the city of New York, to establish a Christian mission among them.¹ The former attempts had left no favorable impression upon the mind of Red Jacket, now their principal civil chief. On the contrary, he had imbibed a fixed and deep rooted hatred to the system, countenancing, as he supposed, a course of policy on the part of its professors that would eventually sap the foundations of the happiness, and work the ruin of his people.² Least of all was it an auspicious moment to strive farther to persuade them to change their religion, at the very time when those who called themselves Christians were renewing their efforts to dispossess them of their few remaining roods of ground. Hence the following reply, by Red Jacket, to the advances of the Rev. Mr. Alexander, the agent of the Missionary Society on that occasion :

BROTHER : We listened to the talk you delivered to us from the council of black coats³ in New York. We have fully considered your talk, and the offers you have made us ; we perfectly understand

¹ "In discourse they spoke about preaching, and said, 'they wished many times to hear the word of God ; but they were always afraid that the English would take that opportunity to bring them into bondage.'" — *Journal of Christian Frederick Post, to the Delawares of the Ohio*. Proud's *Pennsylvania*, vol. ii.

² General Lincoln.

³ So Red Jacket was wont to call the clergy.

them, and we return an answer which we wish you also to understand. In making up our minds we have looked back and remembered what has been done in our days, and what our fathers have told us was done in old times.

BROTHER: Great numbers of black coats have been amongst the Indians, and with sweet voices, and smiling faces, have offered to teach them the religion of the white people. Our brethren in the east listened to the black coats—turned from the religion of their fathers, and took up the religion of the white people. What good has it done them? Are they more happy and more friendly one to another than we are? No, brother, they are a divided people—we are united; they quarrel about religion—we live in love and friendship; they drink strong water—have learned how to cheat—and to practice all the vices of the white men, which disgrace Indians, without imitating the virtues of the white men. Brother, if you are our well wisher, keep away and do not disturb us.

BROTHER: We do not worship the Great Spirit as the white men do, but we believe that forms of worship are indifferent to the Great Spirit—it is the offering of a sincere heart that pleases him, and we worship him in this manner. According to your religion we must believe in a Father and a Son, or we shall not be happy hereafter. We have always believed in a Father, and we worship him, as we were taught by our fathers. Your book says the Son was sent on earth by the Father—did all the people who saw the Son believe in him? No, they did not, and the consequences must be known to you, if you have read the book.

BROTHER: You wish us to change our religion for yours—we like our religion and do not want another. Our friends¹ do us great good—they counsel us in our troubles, and instruct us how to make ourselves comfortable. Our friends the quakers do more than this—they give us ploughs, and show us how to use them. They tell us we are accountable beings, but do not say we must change our religion. We are satisfied with what they do.

¹ Pointing to Mr. Granger, the agent of the United States for Indian affairs, who was present—Mr. Parish, the Indian interpreter, and Mr. Taylor, the agent of the Society of Friends for improving the condition of the Indians, residing near the Alleghany settlement, but also present at the council.

BROTHER: For these reasons we cannot receive your offers—we have other things to do, and beg you to make your mind easy, and not trouble us, lest our heads should be too much loaded, and by and by burst.

It is a fact that cannot be sufficiently deplored, that men boasting of their civilization, and calling themselves Christians, not only in this but in other lands, have by their own vicious examples interposed the greatest obstacles to the efforts of those who are earnestly laboring for the moral, social and religious improvement of the heathen. The missionaries have found such to be the fact in the Sandwich islands. And so upon the coasts of Africa, and at the missionary stations in the China seas, and in India, the counteracting and contaminating influences of the seamen and others, belonging to Christian nations, cause the severest trials which the missionaries are obliged to encounter. The natives know them all alike as Christians—not understanding the difference between those who are really and truly governed by Christian principle—who, in a word, are Christians at heart—and those who are called Christians because they belong to nations known as such, albeit as individuals knowing nothing of, and caring nothing about, religion of any sort. Most emphatically has such been the fact in respect to the American aboriginals. To borrow a brief passage, without essential variation, from the sainted Milne, the faithful colaborer of Morrison in China, the meagre specimens of Christianity which they but too often see among the so called civilized men who first settled around them, have not tended to produce reverence for the system. The total neglect of all religion prevailing too generally in frontier settlements, even among many who have at some time professed to be the followers of Christ—the public and bare faced profanation of the sabbath—the avarice, lying and cozening which characterize their dealings sometimes with each other, and most

shamefully often in their commerce with the Indians — the drunkenness, loose morals, and hardness of heart, in daily illustration all around them, have in but too many instances steeled the Indian's soul against Christianity. However earnestly the missionaries may be preaching to him the excellencies of Christianity and civilization, he doubts if they have any of the former, and scoffs at the latter. He cannot think well of a system, the professed adherents of which pay so little regard to God, to truth, and to duty.¹ Hence the tone of Red Jacket's speeches to Mr. Cram and Mr. Alexander; hence also the kindred character of the following outline of another of the Seneca orator's philippics against Christianity, delivered on a similar occasion, at about the same period of his life with his last mentioned address:²

BROTHER: I rise to return you the thanks of this nation, and to return them back to our ancient friends — if any such we have — for their good wishes toward us in attempting to teach us your religion. Inform them we will look well into this matter. We have well weighed your exertions, and find your success not to answer our expectations. But instead of producing that happy effect which you so long promised us, its introduction so far has rendered us uncomfortable and miserable. You have taken a number of our young men to your schools. You have educated them and taught them your religion. They have returned to their kindred and color, neither white men nor Indians. The arts they have learned are incompatible with the chase, and ill adapted to our customs. They have been taught that which is useless to us. They have been made to feel artificial wants, which never entered the minds of their brothers. They have imbibed, in your great towns, the seeds of vices which were unknown in the forest. They become discouraged

¹ *Life of Dr. Milne*, by Robert Philip, page 146.

² The precise time when this speech was delivered, or the particular occasion that called it forth, is not known. The manuscript, from the interpretation of the old Indian linguist, Captain Parish, was obtained by Judge Moulton, from the late Dr. Cyrenus Chapin, of Buffalo.

and dissipated — despised by the Indians, neglected by the whites, and without value to either — less honest than the former, and *perhaps* more knavish than the latter.

BROTHER: We were told that the failure of these first attempts was attributable to miscalculation, and we were invited to try again, by sending others of our young men to different schools, to be taught by different instructors. Brother, the result has been invariably the same. We believe it wrong for you to attempt further to promote your religion among us, or to introduce your arts, manners, habits and feelings. We believe that it is wrong for us to encourage you in so doing. We believe that the Great Spirit made the whites and the Indians, but for different purposes.¹

BROTHER: In attempting to pattern your example, the Great Spirit is angry — for you see he does not bless or crown your exertions.

Here according to the manuscript, Red Jacket painted in the most glowing and descriptive colors the curse that seemed to have descended upon all those Indians who had been made the objects of pious but mistaken missions — how imbecile, poor, effeminate, contemptible, drunken, lying, thieving, cheating, malicious, meddling, backbiting, quarrelsome, degraded and despised, the poor victims of civilized instruction had become — having lost all the noble qualities of the savage, and acquired all the ignoble vices of the whites — without one solitary exception where the Indian had been bettered. He then proceeded:

But, BROTHER, on the other hand we know that the Great Spirit is pleased that we follow the traditions and customs of our forefathers — for in so doing we receive his blessing — we have received strength and vigor for the chase. The Great Spirit has provided abundance — when we are hungry we find the forest filled with game — when thirsty, we slake our thirst at the pure streams and springs that spread around us. When weary, the leaves of the trees are our bed —

¹ According to a parenthetical note in the manuscript, Red Jacket here went into a train of reasoning from analogy.

— we retire with contentment to rest — we rise with gratitude to the Great Preserver. Renovated strength in our limbs, and bounding joy in our hearts, we feel blessed and happy. No luxuries, no vices, no disputed titles, no avaricious desires, shake the foundations of our society, or disturb our peace and happiness. We know the Great Spirit is better pleased with his red children, than with his white, when he bestows upon us a hundred fold more blessings than upon you.

Perhaps, BROTHER, you are right in your religion : it may be peculiarly adapted to your condition. You say that you destroyed the Son of the Great Spirit. Perhaps this is the merited cause of all your troubles and misfortunes. But, brother, bear in mind that we had no participation in this murder. We disclaim it— we love the Great Spirit—and as we never had any agency in so unjust, so merciless an outrage, he therefore continues to smile upon us, and to give us peace, joy and plenty.

BROTHER : We pity you—we wish you to bear to our good friends our best wishes. Inform them that in compassion towards them, we are willing to send them missionaries to teach them our religion, habits and customs. We would be willing they should be as happy as we are, and assure them that if they should follow our example, they would be more, far more happy than they are now. We cannot embrace your religion. It renders us divided and unhappy—but by your embracing ours, we believe that you would be more happy and more acceptable to the Great Spirit. Here (pointing his finger to several whites present who had been captured when children, and been brought up among them), here brother (with an animation and exulting triumph which cannot be described), here is the living evidence before you. Those young men have been brought up with us. They are contented and happy. Nothing would be an inducement with them to abandon their enjoyments and adopt yours—for they are too well aware of the blessings of our society, and the evils of yours. But as you have our good will, we would gladly know that you have relinquished your religion, productive of so much disagreement and inquietude among yourselves, and instead thereof that you should follow ours.

Accept of this advice, BROTHER, and take it back to your friends, as the best pledge of our wishes for your welfare. Perhaps you

think we are ignorant and uninformed. Go, then, and teach the whites. Select, for example, the people of Buffalo. We will be spectators, and remain silent. Improve their morals and refine their habits — make them less disposed to cheat Indians. Make the whites generally less inclined to make Indians drunk, and to take from them their lands. Let us know the tree by the blossoms, and the blossoms by the fruit. When this shall be made clear to our minds we may be more willing to listen to you. But until then we must be allowed to follow the religion of our ancestors.

BROTHER: Farewell!

A bitter satire! Humanity weeps that the conduct of civilized men puts arguments like these into the mouths of the heathen, against their own best good. It is a striking coincidence that the Iroquois Indians were first unhappily made acquainted with their two greatest enemies, RUM and GUNPOWDER, by the rival discoverers, Hudson and Champlain, during the same week of the same year, 1609. While Henry Hudson was cautiously feeling his way, as he supposed, into the northern ocean, through the channel of the river which bears his name, Champlain was accompanying a war party of the Hurons against the Iroquois, upon the lake receiving its name from him. Hudson discovered a company of the Iroquois upon the bank of the river, whom he regaled with rum. Champlain discovered a body of Iroquois warriors upon the lake, near the spot afterward selected for the site of Ticonderoga, and there first taught them the fatal power of gunpowder. The tradition of the savages, as to their first knowledge of the former, is substantially this: Many years ago, before a white skin had ever been seen, some of their people who were fishing where the sea widens, descried a huge object, with white wings, moving up the water. They hurried ashore, and called their friends to view the phenomenon. None of them could divine what it was. Some of them supposed it must be a huge fish, and others a monster of

another sort. Onward it came, growing larger as it approached. The natives were terrified, and despatched runners in all directions to collect their warriors. By and by living objects were seen moving upon the back of the monster. As it came nearer, they saw that it was a floating house or castle, and that the living objects on board had the figures of men, but clothed in a very different manner from themselves. One of them was in red. They now concluded that it was the Manitto, or Great Spirit, coming to make them a visit. Their sensations were, therefore, changed from fear to adoration. Instantly they set themselves at the work of preparation to receive their celestial visitor with divine honors. The men prepared a sacrifice, and the women a feast. They had no apprehension that the Manitto was coming to them in anger, for they worshipped him in sincerity. They descried from the distance various animals in their Manitto's water pavilion, and thought that perhaps he was coming to bring them some new species of game. While the preparations for the festival were in progress, the house upon the water stopped. The medicine men were busy with their charms, to divine the import of the extraordinary visitation, and the women and children looked on with awe. At length a voice sounded from the vessel, speaking words in a language they could not understand. They replied by a shout peculiarly their own. A small canoe then left the large vessel with several persons therein, one of whom was the being in red. It was certainly the Manitto! The sachems and warriors formed a circle to receive him with solemn respect. As the canoe touched the land, the figure in red, with two attendants, stepped on shore, and approached them with a friendly countenance. The figure in red saluted them with a smile, and they returned his salute. A passage was opened for him into the circle, and his gorgeous red dress, and ornaments glittering in the bright

sun, were viewed with delight. Surely it must be the Manitto. But why should he have a white skin? The thought was perplexing; but he was, nevertheless, regarded with mingled feelings of amazement and adoration. After friendly salutations had been interchanged, the Manitto beckoned to one of his attendants at the canoe, who brought him a *bockhack*,¹ clear as the new ice upon the surface of a lake. He also had a little cup which was also transparent. The Manitto then poured a liquid from the *bockhack* into the cup, which he drank. Then filling the cup again, he handed it to the chief standing near him. The chief smelled it, and passed it to the next, who did the same, and in this manner it went around the circle, without the liquor having been tasted by either. As the last man of the circle was about returning the cup to the Manitto, the first chief interposed and arrested the movement. The cup, he said, had been given to them to drink, as the giver had done himself, and it would be offending their Great Benefactor to return it to him untasted. To drink it would please him — to refuse might provoke his wrath. Be the consequences, therefore, what they might, he would drink the cup. It would be better for him to encounter even a poisoned draught, than for the Great Spirit to become angry with their whole nation. Saying which, the patriotic chief bade his people adieu, and quaffed the cup to its bottom. All eyes were now directed to the chief in watching the effects. There was no sudden change; but no long time had elapsed before his joints became relaxed — his movements grew flexible, and ere long his limbs refused to perform their office. His eyes closed lustreless, and he rolled heavy and helpless upon the ground. The dusky group stood around him in solemn thought, and the wailings of the women rose upon the gale. He became

¹ A gourd. The reference is to a glass decanter.

motionless, and they supposed him dead. But perceiving afterward, from the heaving of his chest, that he yet breathed, their grief was abated, and they watched anxiously the result — not daring, of course, to breathe a murmur against the Great Spirit, whatever that result might be. After a long time, their chief began to revive. He rose upon his seat, rubbed his eyes, and at length sprang joyously upon his feet. He declared that he had experienced the most delightful sensations while in the trance. He had seen visions, and had never been more happy. He requested another draught; and encouraged by his example, the liquor was poured out for them all. They all partook of the ravishing cup — and all became intoxicated.¹

Fatal indeed was that cup! From the hour when they first tasted the maddening poison to the present, their thirst for it has not abated. In vain have their best advisers and teachers admonished them against it. In vain have humane legislatures endeavored to prohibit its introduction among them. In vain have their own councils, when sober, passed decrees against it. And equally vain have been the most eloquent and pathetic appeals of their women against it — whenever and wherever they can lay their hands upon the fire-water, they are sure to drink it. Two hundred years ago, the clergy, and all good men, deplored the evil as deeply as their successors do at this day. With equal vehemence did they then, as now, inveigh against the conduct of the white men, who, knowing their infirmity, supply them with the poison. “Those,” says Charlevoix, writing in 1721, “who perhaps have greatest reason to reproach themselves with the horrors of Indian intoxication, are the first to ask whether they are Christians. One might answer them, yes, they are Christians, and new

¹ Manuscript in the New York Historical Society. Heckewelder, vol. i. *Philadelphia Philosophical Transactions*.

converts, knowing not what they do; but those who, in cold blood, and with a perfect knowledge of what they are about, reduce, from sordid motives of avarice, these simple people to this condition, can they be imagined to have any religion at all? We certainly know that an Indian will give all he is worth for one glass of brandy. This is strong temptation to dealers, against which neither the exclamations of their pastors, nor the zeal and authority of the magistrate, nor respect for the laws, nor the severity of divine justice, nor the dread of the judgments of the Almighty, nor the thoughts of a hell hereafter, of which these barbarians exhibit a very striking picture, have been able to avail."¹

¹ Charlevoix — *Voyage to North America*. Letter viii.

CHAPTER IX.

MOVEMENTS of Tecumseh and the Prophet, Elskawatwa, among the western nations — The young Senecas eager to join them — The government of the United States admonished by Red Jacket — His speech to the Secretary of War — Battle of Tippecanoe — Conduct of the Prophet — War of 1812 with England — Council of the Six Nations at Buffalo — Speech of Granger, the agent — Red Jacket's reply — Senecas declare themselves neutral — Active hostilities — The Senecas declare war — General Alexander Smyth — General Lewis invites the Senecas to join him — Their arrival at Fort Niagara — Murder of Lieutenant Eldridge — Invasion of Black Rock by the enemy under Colonel Bishop — Repulsed by General Porter's volunteers and Indians — Death of Colonel Bishop — Smart affair of the Indians and volunteers near Fort George — 1811–1813.

THE reader will probably be surprised to discover the name of Red Jacket in connection with the Indian war between the United States and the Shawanese, and other powerful tribes of the west, under the celebrated Tecumseh, in the year 1811. Like the great Pomatecom, the Wampanoag,¹ of the eastern Indians, and Pontiac the Ottawa, and Brant the Mohawk, Tecumseh, with the aid of his brother, Elskawatwa,² had for years been laboring to form a vast league of the western and southwestern Indians, in the vain expectation that they might be able to arrest the farther advances of the white population. Those Indians were then, as they ever had been since the conquest of Canada from the French, more under the influence of the British

¹ Philip of Pokanoket, commonly called King Philip.

²This name, according to Schoolcraft, signifies *A-fire-that-moves-from-place-to-place*. The orthography of Elskawatwa's name has been variously changed by recent writers. Cushing, in his *Life of Harrison*, writes it *Oli-wa-chi-ca*, upon what authority I know not. In the absence of a reason for the change, the primitive name is preferred.

officers in the northwest, and of the British fur companies and traders, than under that of the Americans. Notwithstanding all the friendly advances of the Americans toward them, prior and subsequent to the war of 1789–1795, ended by General Wayne at the battle of the Miamis and the treaty of Greenville—their attachment to England was much stronger than to the United States, and the movements of Tecumseh were evidently not looked upon with an unfavorable eye by the British provincial authorities in the remote interior, inasmuch as the relations between the United States and Great Britain were at that time critical, and evidently verging toward a war. The prophet had begun to collect his warriors as early as 1808, and in 1810 Tecumseh assumed a semi-hostile attitude toward General Harrison, in a council held at Vincennes. The elements of the succeeding storm thenceforward gathered rapidly; and although the United States had vastly increased in numbers and strength since the Indians were overwhelmed at the Miamis, yet the white settlements immediately upon the borders were in as great peril as were the borderers twenty years before. For many months, therefore, during these movements of Tecumseh and his brother, the homes of the frontier settlers were those of peril. They were in daily apprehension that their paths would be ambushed. At every rustling leaf the mother pressed her infant more closely to her bosom. The yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture seemed again in fancy to sigh upon the west winds, and mingle with every echo from the mountains. Families retired to rest, not knowing but that the war whoop should wake the sleep of the cradle, or that the darkness of midnight might not glitter with the blaze of their own dwellings.¹

It has been seen in the glances heretofore given of the

¹ Speech of Fisher Ames on the British treaty.

former Indian wars, ended by General Wayne, that notwithstanding the friendship of most of the Seneca chiefs for the United States, many of their warriors, especially their young men, would steal away and join themselves to the forces of the Little Turtle and his allies; and although sixteen years of peace had intervened since the treaty of Greenville, and the Senecas had been living in close proximity, and upon cordial terms, with the white settlers of New York, by whom they were now completely surrounded, yet no sooner did they scent blood upon the western gales than numbers of their warriors again stole away and joined themselves to the forces of Tecumseh and the Prophet.¹ The fact of this intercommunication between the Senecas and the warriors of Tecumseh could not of course be kept from the knowledge of the chiefs of the former, and it is due to Red Jacket to place the fact upon record, that he was true to the United States in regard to those transactions, and that as early as 1809 he gave information to the Indian agent of the gatherings of the western tribes, and the organization of another extensive league, for the avowed purpose, in their own councils, of war. Very early in the year 1810, Red Jacket visited the city of Washington at the head of a delegation of his people, attended by Erastus Granger the agent, and Captain Parish the interpreter. During this visit, viz., on the 13th of February, Red Jacket delivered a speech to the secretary of war, of which the following passage has been preserved in the archives of the department:

BROTHER: At the time we were making bright the chain of friendship at Canandaigua, the commissioner on your part told us that the time might come when your enemies would endeavor to disturb our minds, and do away the friendship we had there formed with you. That time, brother, has already arrived. Since you

¹ Manuscript letter of George Hosmer to Henry O'Reilly, Esq., author of *History of Rochester*.

have had some disputes with the British government, their agents in Canada have not only endeavored to make the Indians at the westward your enemies, but they have sent a war belt among our warriors, to poison their minds, and make them break their faith with you. This belt we exhibited to your agents in council, and then sent it to the place whence it came, never more to be seen among us. At the same time we had information that the British had circulated war belts among the western Indians, and within your territory. We rested not, but called a general council of the Six Nations, and resolved to let our voice be heard among our western brethren, and destroy the effects of the poison scattered among them. We have twice sent large deputations to their council fire, for the purpose of making their minds strong in their friendship with your nation; and, in the event of a war between the white people, to sit still on their seats, and take no part on either side. So far as our voice has been heard, they have agreed to hearken unto our council, and remain at peace with your nation.

BROTHER: If a war should take place, we hope you will inform us of it through your agents, and we will continue to exert our influence with all the Indians with whom we are acquainted, that they will sit still upon their seats, and cultivate friendship with your people.

Of these two councils to which Red Jacket referred in this speech, they having been probably composed exclusively of Indians, no written memorials have been preserved. Yet it is stated that at about that period there was held at Detroit, or in its vicinity, perhaps the largest Indian council that had been known in many years, at which were assembled deputations from all the tribes and nations of the upper lakes, and to which the Senecas sent a strong representation with Red Jacket at its head. The first day of the council there arose a question of the right of precedence in debate—a point of honor most tenaciously regarded. It was claimed by the Wyandots, and supported by their ablest chiefs, to whom Red Jacket replied, displaying a knowledge of the history of the several tribes,

and powers of oratory, particularly of invective, which according to an eye witness, who understood the language perfectly, were truly wonderful. At least his speech was so overpowering that no one attempted a reply, and the rank of the Senecas was yielded to them without farther contention.¹

This may very likely have been one of the councils to which Red Jacket referred in his speech to the secretary of war, in which the Seneca chiefs endeavored to dissuade Tecumseh from a farther prosecution of his designs. But those pacific counsels were of no avail. The storm of war broke out in 1811,¹ but was summarily ended, for that year at least, by General William Henry Harrison, then governor of Indiana, at the head of a division of United States troops, and several corps of western volunteers, on

¹ Letter to the author from Hon. Albert H. Tracy.

¹ The battle of Tippecanoe was fought on the Wabash, near the Prophet's town, on the 7th of November, 1811. The forces of Governor Harrison consisted of a body of Kentucky and Indiana militia, and the 4th U. S. regiment under Colonel Boyd. The straggling Indians whom they saw on the march toward the town had behaved in a very threatening manner — so much so that it was the strong desire of Colonel Daviess and the officers generally, that Harrison should proceed and attack the town, on the afternoon of the 6th; but the governor's orders were peremptory not to fight, if hostilities could possibly be avoided, and as he was met near the town by several chiefs, disclaiming all hostile designs, and making offers of peace and submission, the governor, after carefully reconnoitering the country, selected an advantageous position, and encamped for the night. At four in the morning, just after the governor had risen and dressed, while engaged in conversation with his military family, the attack was commenced — the Indians, to the number of from six to eight hundred, having crept stealthily up to his very outposts. The camp was furiously assailed on all sides, and a bloody and doubtful contest ensued. It was not until after sunrise that the Indians were finally repulsed, with the loss, on the part of the Americans, of sixty-two killed and one hundred and thirty-six wounded, and a still greater loss on the side of the Indians. Col. Daviess, a distinguished lawyer, a volunteer from Kentucky, Colonel White, and several other valuable officers, fell on this occasion. Governor Harrison, having destroyed the Prophet's town, and thrown up some fortifications, returned to Vincennes.

the bloody field of Tippecanoe. The action was fierce, and many of the noblest spirits of the west fell. But the victory was decisive. Tecumseh was not himself in this battle, having been absent on a visit to the Creeks, whom he was endeavoring to persuade to take up the hatchet. The Indians were commanded by White Loon, Stone Eater, and Winemac, a Potawatamie chief who had been with General Harrison on his march, and at Fort Harrison, making great professions of friendship.¹ Their master-spirit was the prophet himself, Elskawatwa. Not that he was actually in the battle, since "he kept himself secure

¹Dawson's *Life of General William Henry Harrison*. The Prophet was frequently engaged in practising incantations and infernal rites and conjurations. There is no better method of working upon the feelings of the Indians than an appeal to their superstition. Tecumseh and the Prophet had conceived the idea of combining all the Indians in a league, and making war upon the United States as early as 1806. The first account of the pretended divine mission of the Prophet is contained in a *talk* which was circulated widely among the Indian nations, in 1807. This *talk* was delivered at the entrance of lake Michigan, by the Indian chief *Le Maiquois*, or *The Trout*, on the 4th of May, of that year, as coming from "the first man whom God created," and was addressed to all the Indian tribes. The following is an extract from the *talk* referred to, and is a curiosity :

"I am the father of the English, of the French, of the Spaniards, and of the Indians. I created the first man, who was the common father of all these people, as well as yourselves; and it is through him, whom I have awakened from his long sleep, that I now address you. *But the Americans I did not make. They are not my children, but the children of the evil spirit.* They grew from the scum of the great water, when it was troubled by the evil spirit, and the froth was driven into the woods by a strong east wind. They are numerous, but I hate them. My children, you must not speak of this *talk* to the whites. *It must be hidden from them.* I am now on the earth, sent by the Great Spirit to instruct you. Each village must send me two or more principal chiefs to represent you, that you may be taught. The bearer of this *talk* will point out to you the path to my wigwam. I could not come myself to Abre Croché, because the world is changed from what it was. It is broken, and leans down, and as it declines, the Chipewas and all beyond will fall off and die. Therefore, you must come to see me, and be instructed. Those villages which do not listen to this *talk*, and send me two deputies, will be cut off from the face of the earth."

This great Manitou, or Indian second Adam, was Elskawatwa.

on an adjacent eminence, singing a war song. He had told his followers that the Great Spirit would render the army of the Americans unavailing, and that their bullets would not hurt the Indians, who would have light while their enemies would be involved in thick darkness. Soon after the battle commenced he was informed that his braves were falling. He told them to fight on, assuring them that it would be as he had predicted, and then began to sing in louder tones." Numbers of the young Seneca warriors were engaged in this battle.

From the evidence collected by the government of the United States at the time, no doubt can exist that Tecumseh and his followers had been moved to their hostile course by the officers of the British Indian department in the upper lake country, and by the British fur traders. The relations between the United States and Great Britain had again assumed an unfriendly character, threatening war; and as in former years, the agents of the latter were active in their exertions again to secure the Indians as their allies, in anticipation of a rupture.¹

The act of the congress of the United States, declaring war against England, was approved by President Madison on the 18th of June, 1812, and the proclamation of the president, announcing the fact to the world, was issued on the 19th. The news had no sooner reached the province of Upper Canada, than measures were adopted by the officers of the crown to induce the Mohawks and all other Indians, who could be controlled by their influence, to take up the hatchet. The Shawanese, and Miamis, and their confederates, who had been so recently and severely chastised by General Harrison, were of course eager for the onslaught. The Mohawks, moreover, residing upon the Grand river, about sixty miles from Niagara, were no less ready to take

¹ Vide American State papers — *Indian Affairs*, pp. 795–804.

part in the war, and their emissaries were early among the Senecas, for the purpose of influencing them to embark in the contest, upon the same side. In this effort they were not successful, as the Senecas, and all others of the Six Nations remaining within the state of New York, were disposed to peace, save some hundreds of the younger warriors, who seemed impatient to bear a part, though, for once, not against the United States. But the older chiefs preferred repose, and they more than once despatched messengers of peace among their brethren the Mohawks, to dissuade them from their bloody purposes. Farthermore the American government, in conformity with the humane policy which had prompted a similar course at the beginning of the revolutionary war, lost not a moment in its endeavors to prevent the Senecas and others of the Six Nations residing in the state of New York, from engaging at all in the contest. To this end a council of those nations was convened at Buffalo, on the 6th and 8th days of July, by Mr. Erastus Granger, the Indian agent, with the view of spreading the whole matter before them, and consulting with their chiefs as to the course it would be most wise to adopt. The proceedings of the council were opened by Red Jacket, who addressed himself to Mr. Granger thus:

BROTHER: We are glad of having an opportunity once more of meeting you in council. We thank the Great Spirit that has again brought us together. This is a full meeting. All our head men are present. Every village is represented in this council. We are pleased to find our interpreter, Mr. Parish, is present. He has attended all our councils since the last war, and is well acquainted with all the treaties we have made with the United States. The voice of war has reached our ears, and made our minds gloomy. We now wish you to communicate to us every thing which your government has charged you to tell us concerning this war. We shall listen with attention to what you have to say.

Mr. Granger thereupon addressed the council at length, in the following words:

BROTHERS OF THE SIX NATIONS: I am happy to behold so many of you assembled together at this time. I observe that the chiefs of the Seneca, Onondaga, Cayuga and Tuscarora nations, and some of the Delawares, are present. The Mohawks, who live in Canada, are not represented, and the Oneidas, living at a distance, could not attend.

BROTHERS: You will now listen to what I say:

At the close of the revolutionary war the United States held a treaty with the Six Nations at fort Stanwix. They restored to you the country of land which they had conquered from you and the British, and set you down once more on your old seats. Several treaties have since been made with you; but that which particularly binds us together, was made at Canandaigua about eighteen years since.

The chain of friendship then formed has been kept bright until this time. In this great length of time nothing material has happened to disturb the peace and harmony subsisting between us. Any momentary interruptions of peace which have taken place, have been happily settled without injury to either party. Our friendship has remained unbroken.

BROTHERS: The prosperity and happiness of the Six Nations have always been objects which the United States have had in view.

You have enjoyed with us all the blessings which the country afforded, consistent with your mode and habits of living. We have grown up together on this island. The United States are strong and powerful; you are few in numbers and weak; but as our friends, we consider you, and your women and children, under our protection.

BROTHERS: You have heretofore been told that the conduct of Great Britain towards us, might eventually lead to war. That event has at length taken place. War now exists between the United States and the British nation. The injuries we have received from the British, have at length forced us into a war.

I will now proceed to state to you the reasons why we have been compelled to take up arms.

For a number of years past the British and French, who live on the other side of the great waters, have been at war with each other, shedding each other's blood. These nations wished us to take a part in their war. France wanted us to fight against Great Britain. Great Britain wanted us to join against France. But the United States did not wish to take any part in their quarrels. Our object was to live in peace, and trade with both nations. Notwithstanding our endeavors to maintain friendship with them, both France and Great Britain have broken their treaties with us. They have taken our vessels and property, and refused to restore them or make compensation for the losses we sustained.

But the British have done us the greatest injury. They have taken out of our vessels at least six thousand of our own people, put them on board their ships of war, and compelled them to fight their battles. In this situation our friends and connections are confined, obliged to fight for the British.

BROTHERS: If you consider the situation in which we are placed, you cannot blame us for going to war. I will ask you a question. Suppose that the Mohawk nation, who live in Canada, were at war with a nation of Indians at the westward. Both these nations being your friends, you were determined to take no part in their disputes, but to be at peace with both — to visit them, and trade with them as usual. In consequence of this determination, you should send messengers with speeches to inform them of the system you had adopted. But the Mohawks not satisfied in seeing you in prosperity, enjoying the blessings of peace, visiting and trading with their enemy — determine to make you feel the evils of war, unless you agree to give up all intercourse with those they are at war with. This you cannot consent to: you want the privilege of selling your furs and skins where you can find the best market. The Mohawks still continue to flatter you — say they are your friends — put on smiling faces and speak good words. But in the mean time, while professing friendship towards you, they fall upon your hunting and trading parties, as they travel back and forth — strip them of their property — leave them naked in the world, and refuse to make satisfaction. Not only this, but they come near your villages, and there murder your people — others they take, when found from home, bind them fast and compel them to go and fight their battles.

BROTHERS : Could you for a moment submit to such treatment? Would you not all as one rise from your seats, and let the enemy feel your vengeance? If you are warriors, if you are brave men, you certainly would. What I have stated is exactly our case. The British have done us all these injuries, and still continue to do us wrong without a cause. The United States have risen from their seats — they have raised their strong arm, and will cause it to be felt.

BROTHERS : I feel it my duty at this present time, to point out to you the straight path in which you ought to walk. You well recollect the advice given you by the people of the United States, at the commencement of the revolutionary war against Great Britain. You were then requested to stay at home — to sit upon your seats at your own council fires, and to take no part in the war.

It would have been happy for you had you followed this good advice. But the presents and fair speeches of the British poisoned your minds. You took up the hatchet against us, and became our enemies. At the close of the war with Britain (the event you well know), the United States had it in their power to cut you off as a people, but they took pity on you, and let you return to your former seats.

Your great father, the president of the Seventeen Fires, now gives his red children the same advice that was given you at the beginning of the last war: that is — *That you take no part in the quarrels of the white people.* He stands in no need of your assistance. His warriors are numerous, like the sand on the shores of the great lakes, which cannot be counted. He is able to fight his own battles, and requests you to stay at home, cultivate your fields and take care of your property. If you have any regard for your women and children — if you have any respect for the country in whose soil repose the bones of your fathers — you will listen to his advice, and keep bright the chain of friendship between us.

You have been invited to join the British in this war. Reflect for a moment on the consequences of complying with their request. You will lose your property in the United States. We shall soon take possession of Canada. They will have no land to sit you down upon. You will have nothing to expect from our mercy.

You will deservedly, as a people, be cut off from the face of the earth.

The late delegation which you sent to Canada, was told that they ought not to put any confidence in the United States — that if you did we should deceive you — that the United States kept no promises made to Indians.

BROTHERS: I now ask, in what have the United States deceived you? Have they not punctually paid your annuities as they became due? Have not the Senecas received annually the interest of their money in the public fund? Has not the state of New York honestly fulfilled her engagements with the Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas? Have not the Tuscaroras been assisted in the sale of their property in North Carolina, and in obtaining a pleasant seat, purchased of the Holland Land Company? I again ask, have not the United States observed good faith toward you? Have they deceived you in any one thing? I answer, they have not.

Knowing, as you do, that we are your friends, will you act like children, and suffer yourselves to be imposed upon at this time by our enemies?

BROTHERS: It was our wish that the Six Nations should all be agreed as one man, but the Mohawks and some few others living on the British side, have been so foolish as to declare in favor of war. The good advice you lately gave them, has not been attended to. They are now at Newark in arms against the United States. I am sorry they have not listened to good counsel. You, however, have done your duty, and you are not to blame for their folly. They will soon find they have done wrong, and must suffer the consequence.

BROTHERS: Continue to listen.

You have been frequently told, that in case we went to war we did not want your assistance. The same thing has this day been repeated. But I find some of your young men are restless and uneasy. They wish to be with our warriors, and I am sensible the chiefs have not power to control them. As I observed before, we want not their aid, but we believe it better for them to be our friends than our enemies.

If they will not be contented to stay at home, but must see something of a war, perhaps 150 or 200 will be permitted to stand by

the side of our warriors, and receive the same pay and provisions which our soldiers receive.

If they should be permitted to join our troops, they must conform to our regulations. Your mode of carrying on a war is different from ours. We never attack and make war upon women and children, nor on those who are peaceably inclined and have nothing to defend themselves with. Such conduct we consider as cowardly, and not becoming a warrior.

BROTHERS : If you have not sufficient time this evening to deliberate on what I have said, I will meet you to-morrow, or next day, and receive your answer.

The agent of the United States having concluded his speech, the council was adjourned until the 28th, when Red Jacket delivered the following reply :

BROTHER : We are now prepared to give an answer to the speech you delivered to us in council the other day. We are happy to find so many of the *white* people present. We are not accustomed to transact important business in the DARK ! We are willing that the *light* should shine upon whatever we do. When we speak, we do it with sincerity, and in a manner that cannot be misunderstood.

You have been appointed by the United States an agent for the Six Nations. We have been requested to make you acquainted with the sentiments of those nations we represent. None of the Mohawks or Oneidas, it is well known, are present. The number of treaties that have passed between the Six Nations and the United States, appears to be fresh in your memory. We shall only mention to you some things that were agreed upon in the treaty made at Canandaigua.

We were a long time in forming that treaty, but we at length made up our minds and spoke freely. Mr. Pickering, who was then agent for the United States, declared to us that no breach should ever be made in that treaty. We replied to him, if it should ever be broken, you will be the first to do it. We are weak. You are strong. You are a great people. You can, if you are so disposed, place yourselves under it and overturn it—or, by getting upon it, you can crush it with your weight ! Mr. Pickering again declared,

that this treaty would ever remain firm and unshaken, that it would be as durable as the largest rock to be found in our country.

This treaty was afterward shown to General Washington. He said that he was satisfied and pleased with what the agent had done. He told us that no treaty could be formed that would be more binding. He then presented us with a chain, which he assured us would never rust, but always remain bright. Upon this belt of wampum,¹ he placed a silver seal.² This belt we always have and always wish to look upon as sacred.

In the treaty, it was agreed that the Six Nations should receive a small annuity, to show the intention of the United States to continue friendly with them. This has been complied with. It was also agreed that if any injury or damage should be done on either side, satisfaction should be made to the party injured. We were a long time in conference before we could make up our minds upon one article of the treaty—what punishment should be inflicted for the crime of murder? Mr. Pickering said it should be *hanging*. We told him that would never do; that if a white man killed an Indian, the Indians would not be permitted to hang the white man—the sacrifice would be considered too great for killing an Indian! We at length agreed that conciliatory measures should be resorted to, such as would give satisfaction to all parties.

In cases of theft, as in stealing horses, cattle, &c., it was agreed that restitution should be made. In this article, the whites have transgressed twice, where the Indians have once. As often as you will mention one instance in which we have wronged you, we will tell you of two in which you have defrauded us!

I have related these articles of the treaty to show you that it still remains clear in our recollection, and we now declare to you in presence of all here assembled, that we will continue to hold fast the chain which connects us together. Some who first took hold of it are gone! but others will supply their place.

We regret extremely, that any disturbance should have taken place among the white people. Mischief has commenced. We are

¹ Holding up a belt of wampum curiously wrought.

² Upon which an eagle was engraved, representing the United States.

now told that war has been declared against Great Britain. The reasons for it are unknown to us. The Six Nations are placed in an unpleasant situation. A part of them are in Canada, and the remainder in the United States.

Whilst we were endeavoring to persuade those who live in Canada to remain peaceable and quiet, the noise of war suddenly sounded in our ears. We were told that all communication between us and them would be prevented. We have since heard that they have taken up arms. We are very sorry to hear of this. They are our brothers and relations, and we do not wish that their blood should be spilt, when there is so little occasion for it. We hope that the passage is not so closely stopped but that a small door may still be open by which we may again have an opportunity of seeing our brothers, and of persuading them to take no part in a war in which they have nothing to gain.

We know the feelings of the greater portion of them. We therefore believe, that if we have another opportunity, we can persuade them to have nothing to do with this war. Our minds are fully made up on this subject, and we repeat, that it is our wish to see them once more, and to give them our advice about the path they ought to travel.

You (Mr. Parish), are going to the eastward; you will visit the Oneidas. Relate to them faithfully what has taken place in this council; tell them all we have said, and request that a deputation of their chiefs may be sent to attend our council here. We wish that you would return with them.

[The orator then brought forward the belt which he had before held up in his hand, and requested Mr. Granger and the others present to look at it and observe whether it was not the one that had been presented to the Six Nations by General Washington. He likewise held up another belt, much larger, of different colors, which appeared to be very ancient, and then continued:]

BROTHER: I will now state to you the meaning of this belt. A long time ago the Six Nations had formed an union. They had no means of writing their treaties on paper, and of preserving them in

the manner the white people do. We therefore made this belt, which shows that the Six Nations have bound themselves firmly together; that it is their determination to remain united; that they will never do any thing contrary to the interests of the whole; but that they will always act towards each other like brothers.

Whenever, for the future, you see a small number of our people meeting together to consult about any matter of trifling account, we desire that you pay no attention to it. It may give you uneasiness, when we have no intention to injure you. This happened but a few days ago: It seems that a white man and two or three Indians, living on the same creek, had a small conversation, which the mischievous talked about until the whole country was in an uproar, and many families left their country and homes in consequence.

The council held some time since at Batavia, was unauthorized by us, and we now declare to you that none have a right to hold council any where except at this place, around the great council fire of the Six Nations.¹

We hope that you will not accept of any of our warriors, unless they are permitted by our great council to offer themselves to you. And we should be sorry indeed if any of the whites should entice our young warriors to take up arms. We mention these things to show you that we wish to guard against every thing that may interrupt our good understanding.

BROTHER: We hope that what has been said will be generally known to the white people. Let every one recollect and give a faithful account of it. We wish them to know that we are peaceably disposed towards the United States, and that we are determined to keep bright the chain of friendship that we formed with them at Canandaigua.

BROTHER: We have one thing more to which we would wish to call your attention. We present you the papers which² secure to us our annuities from the United States. We would be glad to know if this war would affect our interests in that quarter. We also desire that you would inform us whether the moneys we have deposited in

¹ There are no records, that I am aware of, connected with the council here referred to.

² Handing the agent a small bundle of papers.

the [late] bank of the United States will be less secure, than if this war had not taken place.

To which Mr. Granger, after thanking them for their general and punctual attendance, thus rejoined :

BROTHERS : You have this day brought forward the large white belt, given you at Canandaigua. Your speaker has explained the leading particulars of the treaty made at that time. I am much pleased to find your minds so deeply impressed with them. I now repeat to you that the United States will, on their part, hold fast of the treaty ; they wish you to do the same. Should it be broken on your part, the United States will no longer consider themselves bound by it.

BROTHERS : It appears that you are still desirous of sending to Grand river, to endeavor to prevail on your brethren in that quarter to remain at peace. An undertaking of this kind will be of little use. They will only fill your heads with idle talk, and poison your minds against the United States. Perhaps after crossing Niagara river, you will not be permitted to go any farther. Still, should you insist upon it, permission will be granted to four or five of your chiefs to go over, with such instructions as you shall think proper to give them.

But should your young men cross over and join our enemies, they must never expect to be allowed to set their feet on our shores again as friends. Rest assured they will be severely punished for it.

With respect to the property you have placed in the hands of the United States you have nothing to fear, it will be fully as secure as if this war had not happened. Your annuities will be paid you as formerly, and your bank stock be as productive as usual.

I now return you my thanks for the good attendance you have given at this council. I feel pleased that you have again come forward and renewed the covenant of friendship, that you have once more declared your steady attachment to the United States.

Your friend, Mr. Parish, will soon go to the eastward, where he will see such of your brethren as were not present at this council. In a short time he will return, and remain here, if he should be wanted, through the summer.

The earnestness with which the council, through the mouth of their speaker, had urged their request for leave to send yet another peaceable message to their brothers, the Mohawks, induced the agent to grant the desired permission; although he had not the least confidence in the measure. He was right in his conjectures. A deputation of five chiefs proceeded to Lewiston, and application was made to General Brock, then in command of the British forces on the opposite shore of the Niagara, that they might be allowed to land in his majesty's dominions. After deliberating two days upon the request, the deputation was permitted to cross over and hold a consultation with some of the Mohawk chiefs. They did so; but the conference was brief, and the object was not accomplished. The Mohawks had taken up the hatchet, and were resolved not to bury it; and the friendly messengers of the Senecas were ordered to return.

But the Senecas did not long succeed in maintaining their neutrality. The young men, as already intimated, were restless from the moment of the declaration of war; and the soul stirring music, the glittering panoply and pomp of war, speedily wrought so powerfully upon the feelings, and indeed the natural propensities of the older chiefs, that they rather sought occasion to declare hostilities on their own behalf—considering themselves still an independent nation. That occasion was fast approaching. Not long after the commencement of hostilities, it was rumored at Buffalo, and among the Senecas, that the enemy had taken possession of Grand island, appertaining to the United States, and then owned by the Senecas. Red Jacket immediately convoked a council of his people, and invited Mr. Granger to attend there for consultation. After stating the case to the latter, the orator avowed the purpose of the Senecas in the following brief but energetic speech:

BROTHER : You have told us that we have nothing to do with the war that has taken place between you and the British. But we find that the war has come to our doors. Our property is taken possession of by the British and their Indian friends. It is necessary now for us to take up the business, defend our property, and drive the enemy from it. If we sit still upon our seats, and take no means of redress, the British, according to the customs of you white people, will hold it by conquest. And should you conquer the Canadas, you will claim it upon the same principles, as though you had conquered it from the British. We therefore request permission to go with our warriors, and drive off those bad people, and take possession of our lands.

The request was granted, and at a subsequent meeting of the council, strengthened by a larger attendance, a formal declaration of war was issued in the following terms :

We, the chiefs and counselors of the Six Nations of Indians, residing in the state of New York, do hereby proclaim to all the war chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, that war is declared on our part against the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Therefore, we hereby command and advise all the war chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations to call forth immediately the warriors under them, and put them in motion to protect their rights and liberties, which our brethren, the Americans, are now defending.¹

No speech of Red Jacket delivered at this council has been preserved, but from the address of one of the oldest warriors present, it would appear that it was their expectation to put as many as three thousand braves upon the war path.² But there surely must have been some mistake in this computation, since the whole Iroquois confederacy was never able to call forth so large a number of warriors, even in the palmy days of Sir William Johnson ; and at the time under consideration, the number of warriors within

¹ Drake and Thatcher.

² Ibid.

the confines of the state of New York — Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras, all included — could not have exceeded two thousand fighting men. Not more than a fourth of that number ever took the field at any one time during the war of 1812. Still the friendship of the nation was unwavering, and considerable bodies of their warriors were occasionally in the service of the United States upon that frontier, until near the close of the contest. The Mohawks and the other red allies of England, it is true, endeavored to poison their minds with disaffection, for which purpose emissaries were occasionally discovered amongst them, but without effect.

Yet, notwithstanding their preparations, and their formal declaration of hostilities — the first Indian declaration of the kind, it is believed, ever issued in writing — they seem not actually to have entered the field as the allies of the Americans during that year — at least such is the presumption from the following circumstances: After the brilliant, though in the end, disastrous affair of Queenston, and after the relinquishment of the command of that frontier by General Van Rensselaer, General Alexander Smyth succeeded to the station. He made preparations to retrieve the fortunes lost at Queenston, but his demonstrations were failures, and the results proved him to be a man of words rather than of deeds. His name is only here introduced because of the declaration contained in one of his inflated proclamations, illustrating the fact just asserted, that the Senecas were not in actual service in that year. In the proclamation referred to, General Smyth, in order to stimulate the militia into the field, told them that “even the Indians of the friendly Six Nations had offered their services, but that, through regard to the cause of humanity, he had refused to follow a disgraceful example by letting loose these barbarous warriors upon the inhabitants of Canada.”¹

¹ H. M. Breckenridge's *History of the War*.

No corresponding feelings had deterred the enemy from employing Indians, and using them at every opportunity. It was, therefore, at length thought advisable by the government of the United States to bring the same description of warriors into the field, though not into battle, if that alternative could be avoided. The spring of 1813 found Major General Lewis in command of the American fortress of Niagara; and it occurred to that officer, that inasmuch as the relationship between the Mohawks, and others of the Six Nations who had joined their settlement upon the Grand river, and the Senecas, Cayugas and Onondagas upon the American side, were near and intimate, they might feel reluctant to come into conflict, brother against brother. The idea was accordingly suggested, that the actual employment of the Senecas might possibly induce the Mohawks to retire — in which case the Senecas were forthwith to have been dismissed. With this object the Seneca warriors were invited to meet General Lewis at Niagara, and they responded to the invitation, to the number of from three to four hundred, armed, painted, and with distended nostrils breathing eagerly for the contest. They were led by Farmer's Brother, the most noble Indian in form and mould, in carriage and in soul, of that generation of his race.¹ The forest warriors were received by General Lewis, and addressed in accordance with the views already indicated. But very great was the disappointment of the Indians. They had supposed themselves invited to a feast of blood in earnest, and their dissatisfaction at the suggestions of the general, who intended to use them rather to prevent than to participate in fighting, was

¹ The opinion and nearly the same language of Colonel William J. Worth, of the army, who at the time was in the staff of General Lewis, and from whose conversations the facts concerning the Indian service upon the Niagara frontier in the campaigns of 1813-1814, have in part been drawn.

but ill concealed, if indeed concealment was intended. Their countenances fell; their murmurs were deep and strong; and they left the fort with a degree of displeasure bordering upon indignation. Red Jacket was among them on this occasion, and was as usual their orator; but he appeared not in the character of a war chief, being now the head sachem or civil magistrate of his nation.¹

But fastidiousness in regard to the employment of this description of force by the Americans soon ceased to be a virtue. The campaign of that year against Upper Canada was auspiciously commenced by the capture of York, on the 27th of April. The plan of this brilliant exploit was conceived by General Pike, whose blood was a dear purchase of the triumph. This achievement was followed, a month afterward, by the conquest of forts George and Erie. Still, these successes not being followed up with corresponding vigor, a war of outposts succeeded in that quarter, continuing through the season, unattended by any important results. "On the 8th of July a severe skirmish was brought on, in which nearly the whole force on each side was engaged, without any thing of moment resulting from it. An incident, nevertheless, occurred which exasperated the Americans to a greater degree than any thing that had previously transpired in that quarter during the war. Lieutenant Eldridge, a gallant and accomplished youth, with about forty men, was drawn by his impetuosity too far, and was surrounded by British troops and Indians. The greater part resisted until they were killed; but Lieutenant Eldridge and ten others were taken prisoners, and never afterward heard of. The bodies of the slain were treated in the most shocking manner by the Indians. Their heads were

¹ In the account of the great treaty at Canandaigua, it has been seen how jealous the Indians were of the power of their war chiefs. But that was a time of peace. In peace the voice of the chief sachem is potential. In war he is but a counselor, while the war chief becomes the dictator.

split open, and their hearts torn from their bodies. General Boyd, considering the forbearance hitherto practised in declining the aid of Indian allies as no longer justifiable, and by way of preventing a recurrence of such barbarities, accepted the services of four hundred Senecas, under Henry O'Bail, the Young Cornplanter.¹ But it was positively stipulated that the unresisting and defenseless should not be hurt, and that no scalps should be taken.²"

The first affair in which these auxiliaries took an active part in the contest, was the defense of Black Rock and Buffalo against an attack by the British troops, in July, 1813; and, although in proportion to the numbers engaged, it was, both in its style of execution and its issue, one of the most brilliant and useful achievements of the war, it was but little noticed either in the army despatches, or in the public journals, by reason of its having occurred at a time when there was a sort of *interregnum*, or shifting of commands, between Generals Dearborn, Lewis and Boyd; and the public attention, as well as that of the army, was engrossed with the scenes, far from creditable to the American arms, which were enacting at the Beaver dams, Cross roads, and other places in the immediate vicinity of head quarters.³

After the capture of fort George, in May, General Dearborn withdrew nearly the whole of his forces from the upper parts of the Niagara river, to the support of his position at fort Niagara; leaving the provisions, naval stores and equipments, collected for the squadron with which

¹ This young chief had been partially educated in Philadelphia; but not liking the restraints of civilization, he had again resumed the blanket.

² Breckenridge's *History of the War*.

³ The affairs here referred to were the discomfiture and captivity of Generals Winder and Chandler, on the morning of June 4th, 1813, and the sad and humiliating defeat of Colonel Boerstler, at the Beaver dams, on the 23d of June, by a small party of British troops and a few hundred Mohawks.

Commodore Perry, soon after, did such signal execution, in the warehouses at Black Rock; and also a large supply of provisions and quarter-master's stores for the army, at Buffalo — wholly unprotected.

On being strongly urged by those who were more conversant with the affairs of the frontier, and the probable views of the enemy, than himself, General Dearborn ordered a guard of eight or ten artillerists to take charge of the block house at Black Rock, and made a call for five hundred of the neighboring militia — about one hundred and fifty or two hundred of whom arrived early in July, and were stationed near the warehouses at Black Rock, under command of Major P. Adams, who was furnished with two or three pieces of artillery. For Buffalo he ordered about ninety or one hundred regular troops, being a body of infantry and dragoon recruits on their march from the south to headquarters, under Captain (now Colonel) Cummings. Besides which, Mr. Granger, the Indian agent, was directed to engage as many Seneca warriors as would consent to remain in camp. At the same time requesting General Peter B. Porter, who was then residing at his house in Black Rock, to take command of the whole, in case of an emergency.

Notwithstanding this show of force, an expedition was fitted out against these places, at the British headquarters on Lundy's lane, and placed under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Bishop, of the forty-first regiment, comprising three hundred regulars of his own regiment, and a body of provincials and volunteers, under Colonel T. Clark; and making in the whole a force estimated at four hundred.

This detachment embarked in boats at Chippewa, early in the evening of the 10th of July; and, passing up the Niagara, landed in the course of the night on the American shore, two or three miles below Black Rock; and soon after daylight on the 11th, surprised the encampment of

Major Adams, who fled to Buffalo with his militia, leaving his artillery with its ammunition on the ground, without taking the precaution to disable it.

The enemy, after setting fire to the marine and military barracks and block house, and ordering breakfast at General Porter's house for their principal officers, (little anticipating that a less palatable one was preparing for them in the field), proceeded to the plunder of the inhabitants as well as of the public stores, assisted by constant reinforcements of men and boats from the British shore.

General Porter, after a narrow escape from his own house, and an unsuccessful attempt to reach Major Adams's camp, retired on foot toward Buffalo; but before reaching there was met by Captain Cummings, who, having heard the alarm, was promptly advancing with his command to the support of Black Rock. After directing the captain to proceed to an open ground between the two villages, and there to halt until a sufficient force could be collected to justify an attack on the enemy; and after supplying himself with a horse and equipments taken from one of the captain's dragoons, the general left him for Buffalo; and, in the course of an hour and a half, rejoined him with about ninety or a hundred of Major Adams's militia, who had retreated by the lake route, and been kept together by their officers, and about fifty volunteer citizens of Buffalo, who were found in the streets making preparations to abandon the town with their effects.

Captain Cummings having, in the meantime, ascertained by his videttes that the enemy — that is to say, their three hundred regular troops, their volunteers being engaged in plundering — were in possession of the commanding position left by Major Adams, and prepared for defense, General Porter determined to divide his force into three parts, and by a simultaneous attack from three different points, throw the enemy into confusion, and prevent the effective

use of their artillery. The smallest of these divisions consisted of but twenty resolute volunteers, who were directed to associate themselves with a body of Indian warriors, understood to be gathering in the woods a short distance in advance—provided the Indians would consent to join them—and take a position, unobserved, in a deep ravine close upon the enemy's left, remain concealed until the action commenced, and then raise the war whoop and rush forward. These Indians, numbering between thirty and forty, did join, behaving throughout in the most admirable manner.

By a bold and united attack with these forces, the enemy at 8 o'clock in the morning, after a spirited resistance of a few minutes, were beaten, routed and driven in great confusion to the neighborhood of their boats. Here they again rallied with their entire force, and with the apparent intention of renewing the fight. But being again attacked by the united and organized force of the assailants, fled with precipitation into their boats, taking with them most of their wounded, and leaving eight or ten dead on the field, and sixteen or eighteen prisoners, among whom was Captain Saunders of the forty-first, badly wounded.

But their principal loss was after they had entered their boats, particularly the last, which, besides some sixty men, contained most of their officers. The pursuit was so close that some of the American warriors actually plunged into the water, seized upon the gunwales of the boat, and would have brought it to shore but for the fire from the rear, which obliged them to desist. The occupants of the boat made great efforts at first to gain an offing in the river, but the firing from the shore became so intense that they dropped their oars and hoisted signals for surrender; in consequence of which, the firing in a few minutes ceased. Taking advantage of this interval, they dropped down the river with the current, followed *pari passu* by the troops on

shore, making in the meantime some slight movements with their oars, as if to return to shore, and proclaiming their inability to do more by reason of their disabled state, until they reached the upper point of Squaw island, when, by a sudden and vigorous effort, they sheered their boat to the outside of the island, and soon escaped under its protection; but not without again suffering from a renewal of the fire. The apology afterwards given for this act of bad faith was, that the soldiers in the boat declared that they had seen Captain Saunders tomahawked and scalped by the Indians, after he had surrendered; and that they could have expected no better fate if they had done the same.

Colonel Bishop and several of his officers were slain in their boats, the former having received a severe but not mortal wound while on horseback in the field, and four or five others after he had embarked, of which he died in the course of the day.

The Indians throughout this affair displayed the most admirable tact and gallantry, and evinced no disposition to commit acts of barbarity on the prisoners or the slain — other than to take the scalps of the latter, had they been permitted, according to their usages in war. When passing Captain Saunders, they divested him, in the gentlest manner, of his cap, epaulettes, sword and belt, but offered him no personal insult. He was wounded by a rifle ball passing through his chest and lungs, which it was not supposed he could survive; and a musket shot shattering his wrist; but he had no cut or mark of the knife or the tomahawk.

He was carried, after the action, by the Indians, in blankets to General Porter's house, where he was suffered to remain, under the kindest treatment — accompanied by his wife, who was written for at his anxious request — for two or three weeks, when he was sent to the *depot* at *Williamsville*, and is now a British pensioner.

The whole loss of the British — whose numerical force exceeded that of the Americans, in that expedition — was estimated at one hundred, inclusive of killed, wounded and prisoners; while the American loss was only one sergeant and three or four privates of the militia, killed, and as many more wounded; and Young King, the leader of the Indians, and one of his warriors badly wounded. The disproportionate loss of the militia, compared with the regulars and Buffalo volunteers, was the consequence of their having been permitted to retrieve the reputation they had lost by the retreat, by taking the advance in the charge on the British line, which they executed most gallantly. Major Adams being in too bad health to permit him to take an active part, his battalion was led by his adjutant, now General Phineas Staunton, of Genesee county, who had kept them together on their retreat, and who distinguished himself in that as well as many subsequent occasions on the Niagara. Captain Cummings was joined by Colonel King of the army, on their march from Buffalo to the Rock, and both of them took efficient parts in the operations of the morning.¹

¹ For this account of the invasion of Black Rock by Colonel Bishop, and his defeat, I am indebted to General Peter B. Porter. I had written an account myself, from such material as could be obtained; but finding that the publications of the day, and the books subsequently written, gave but a very unsatisfactory idea of the gallant affair, I gave my manuscript to General Porter, who not only corrected, but rewrote the narrative. This, therefore, is the first correct account that has appeared of that brilliant exploit. General Porter adds, in a note, that in writing this account more details have been indulged than was otherwise necessary, for the purpose of correcting the misrepresentations contained in General Armstrong's book lately published, and intended as a repository of historical truth for posterity, entitled *Notices of the War of 1812*. In this book (vol. 1st, pages 147 - 8 and 9), the general attempts to depreciate and ridicule the militia of the state, by representing them as having run away on the first sight of the enemy, but giving them no credit for their prompt return and subsequent good conduct; and ascribing the gallant attack and defeat of the British, on that occasion, to about one hundred and fifty United States

The next affair in which the Indians were engaged, occurred in the neighborhood of fort George, on the 17th of July. A body of volunteers and Indians, under Major Cyrenius Chapin, having crossed over to the fort, and being somewhat impatient to see the enemy, a plan was concerted to cut off his pickets. The forces of Major Chapin, Indians and militia, consisted of about three hundred. To these was added a detachment of two hundred regulars, under Major Cummings, and the command of the whole entrusted to General Porter. The British and Indian encampment was surprised at daylight, seventy-five of their number killed, and sixteen taken prisoner. It has been stated that the success of the expedition was almost entirely owing to

infantry and a few Indians, whom he represents as having casually assembled at Buffalo.

It is true as asserted by General Armstrong, and admitted in the preceding account, that the militia stationed at Black Rock did flee most ignominiously on the first appearance of the British troops, and without firing a gun; but it is equally true, that these same militia a short time afterward nobly returned to their duty, and fought and achieved the only severe battle of that morning, unaided by the regular troops from Buffalo — who, by the by, amounted — not to one hundred and fifty men, as represented by General Armstrong — but to only about one half that number, and they too, with the exception of the officers, raw recruits, nine-tenths of whom had never seen a battle or a camp.

The attacking force was on that morning divided by the commanding officer into three columns, which were to advance by different routes, and make a simultaneous assault on the British position, which was on high, open and commanding ground. The militia and Indians arrived in season and commenced the attack; but the column composed of the regular infantry and the volunteer citizens attached to it, being commanded at the time the order for the attack was given by Captain Cummings of the army, but who was superseded at the critical moment when the troops were advancing, by another officer of the army of higher rank, who happened to arrive and to insist on his right to command the column, lost the favorable moment for rendering efficient service. Misapprehending the precise orders under which they were acting, the officer who thus assumed the command over Captain Cummings, made an awkward, although but momentary diversion, which prevented him from reaching the ground until the battle had been fought, and the enemy had fled in the direction of their boats.

a stratagem of the Indians, who, when they had formed their plan of attack, succeeded in decoying the opposing Indians into an ambuscade, so artfully disposed that when they raised the war whoop their dusky opponents mistook it for a signal of a party of their own friends.¹ An official account of this affair was given by General Boyd, then commanding the post of fort George, in which he says :

Those who participated in this contest, particularly the Indians, conducted with great bravery and activity. General Porter volunteered in the affair, and Major Chapin evinced his accustomed zeal and courage. The principal chiefs who led the warriors this day were Farmer's Brother, Red Jacket, Little Billy, Pollard, Black Smoke, Johnson, Silver Heels, Captain Half Town, Major Henry

Subsequently, when the enemy had rallied and again presented a line of battle in the vicinity of their boats, the regular infantry from Buffalo, being now incorporated with the other troops, advanced to the charge with all the zeal and spirit that distinguished their associates ; but the British, abashed by the vigor and resolution manifested by their assailants, made and received but one or two fires, when they took to their boats and hurried to the opposite shore of the Niagara.

This explanation is made in no feeling of unkindness toward the regular troops ; but it is richly due to the gallant little band of militia, who, it is believed, set the first example during the late war — but afterward so often and so gloriously repeated on the Niagara frontier — of a body of raw militia advancing and meeting, in open field and regular order, an equal, or as in this case, even a superior number of disciplined British troops, and dispersing them at the point of the bayonet. For the conflict on this occasion was closer and more desperate than happens in nine out of ten battles said to be fought by British troops at the bayonet's point.

There are other misrepresentations in General Armstrong's account of this affair — such as materially underrating the number of combatants, and the numbers slain and made prisoners ; and in his assertion that the British had accomplished, before they were driven back, most of the important objects of the expedition, in burning barracks and block houses, and carrying away the *whole* of the plunder that invited it — when in fact they did not carry away or destroy more than one third of the valuable naval stores prepared at Black Rock for Commodore Perry, nor touch a particle of the military stores in *depot* at Buffalo for the use of the army. But these are errors of minor consideration, and would not have been noticed but for the cruel attack upon the militia of the Niagara frontier.

¹ Drake's *Book of the Indians*.

O'Bail, and Captain Cold, who was wounded. In a council which was held with them yesterday, they covenanted not to scalp or murder; and I am happy to say that they treated the prisoners with humanity, and committed no wanton cruelties on the dead.

The chiefs named in this despatch were all Senecas excepting Captain Cold. In a subsequent bulletin General Boyd spoke a second time of the good conduct of the Indians in this brisk affair, thus: "The bravery and humanity of the Indians were equally conspicuous;" and another authority¹ says: "They behaved with great gallantry, and betrayed no disposition to violate the restrictions imposed upon them by General Boyd." The despatch of General Boyd, just quoted, contains the first official information extant, of Red Jacket's personal service in the field during that contest.

¹ Article in Niles's *Weekly Register*.

CHAPTER X.

DISASTROUS close of the Niagara campaign in 1813 — Military operations of the following year — Red Jacket rouses the Indians upon the war-path — Invasion of Canada by General Brown — The field of Chippewa described — Capture of fort Erie — March to Chippewa — The battle — Its effects — Remarks thereon — Conduct of the Indians — Subsequent operations on that frontier — The Indians of both armies, on a proposition from Red Jacket, mutually withdraw from the service — Conduct and views of the Indians in war — Red Jacket in battle — Captain Worth and Farmer's Brother — Startling incident at Buffalo — Colonel Worth's opinion of Red Jacket — 1813.

NOTWITHSTANDING the brilliant successes with which it had been opened, the Niagara campaign of 1813 closed disastrously to the American arms. Forts Erie and George were successively evacuated by the forces of the United States — the latter withdrawing to the republican side of the river, while their pathway was lighted by the conflagration of the beautiful town of Newark, wantonly laid in ashes by General M'Clure, under a misapprehension of his instructions from the secretary of war. This event, the remembrance of which is painful to every American of just feelings, occurred on the 10th of December. But the vandal act was not allowed to pass unavenged. On the night of the 18th, the enemy crossed the river in force, and the fortress of Niagara was carried by surprise. Pursuing his success, the enemy swept rapidly along the frontier from Ontario to Erie, carrying the works at Lewiston, Manchester, Black Rock and Buffalo, laying those fair villages in ruins, and ravaging the adjacent country with fire and sword. It is true that this frontier had been left comparatively defenseless, by the withdrawal of the regu-

lar troops for the memorable descent of the St. Lawrence, with a view to the capture of Montreal—an enterprise which signally failed. Still, the fall of Niagara was inglorious, while but few laurels were won in defense of either of the posts, successively and immediately thereafter falling into the hands of the invaders. Among the villages destroyed in this retaliatory invasion was that of the Tuscaroras; but the Indians themselves appear to have borne no part even in the feeble defense interposed by the militia, and the handful of regulars stationed among them.

But the contest was renewed in that quarter in the following year, more vigorously than ever, and the Senecas, with their confederates upon the American side, roused by the stirring eloquence of Red Jacket, were upon the war path as early at least as the American troops were prepared to resume offensive operations.

On the 1st of July, 1814, General Brown found himself in Buffalo, at the head of a military force so strong as in his judgment to authorize the invasion of Canada, for which movement the country at large as well as his own troops appeared to be impatient. His army consisted of two brigades of infantry, commanded respectively by Generals Scott and Ripley, to each of which was attached an efficient train of field artillery, under Colonel Towson and Major Hindman, and a small squadron of cavalry under Captain Harris—the whole in the highest state of discipline and equipment. To these was added a brigade of miscellaneous troops, comprising a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers about five hundred strong, a corps of six hundred New York volunteers, one hundred of them mounted—then on their march from Batavia—and five hundred and fifty to six hundred Indian warriors, embracing nearly the whole military force of the Six Nations—all under the immediate command of General Peter B. Porter, as the quarter-master general of the militia of New York; who,

without intending to adopt permanently the military profession, was induced to accept this heterogeneous command, under a belief that his local knowledge of the country, at least, might enable him to be useful in the prosecution of a war which, in another situation, he had been instrumental in recommending, but which thus far had been attended with so little success.¹

General Brown proposed to open the campaign by the capture of fort Erie; and thence, proceeding rapidly down the Niagara river, reduce in succession the British posts of Chippewa, Queenston heights, forts Mississaugua and Niagara; anticipating the coöperation of Commodore Chauncey's squadron on lake Ontario, in the achievement of the two last objects.

Fort Erie, situated at the foot of lake Erie, was garrisoned by one hundred and seventy men, and commanded by Major Burke of the British army. Chippewa, eighteen miles below, and then the head quarters of the British forces, was occupied by General Real, with an army — inclusive of troops at available distances in his rear — of about the same numerical force, and of the same composition with that of General Brown, save that the number of his Indian allies was somewhat less.

In order to form any just estimate of the merits of the battle of Chippewa — no just or adequate account of which has yet appeared in history — a correct and minute knowledge of the positions of the two armies and their surrounding localities, at the time of the engagement, is indispensably necessary. The Chippewa or Welland river, the north or left bank of which, near its mouth, was occupied by the British army and their defenses, consisting of two block houses connected and flanked by a parapet, is a considerable stream, about one hundred yards wide and from twelve

¹General Porter, as a member of congress, had been a strong and eloquent advocate for the declaration of war.

to twenty feet deep, coming from the west and entering the Niagara at a right angle. Street's creek, the mouth of which was selected by the American commanders as a suitable position before the battle, is a small sluggish stream parallel to the Chippewa, and entering the Niagara two miles above, or to the south of it. The Chippewa is bordered on the south by a flat, open plain, about three-fourths of a mile wide and terminating in the rear in a dense forest of primitive growth; so wet, and so much obstructed by fallen timber, as to be impracticable for carriages or horses. The west bank of the Niagara is precisely similar to the south bank of the Chippewa — with this difference only, that about midway between the Chippewa and Street's creek there is, or was at that time, a strip or tongue of woodland which had never been cleared, about one-fourth of a mile in width, extending from, or being a continuation of, the forest in the rear to a narrow clearing of one hundred yards width, on the bank of the river, used as the public highway — thus forming a mask between the two positions of Chippewa and Street's creek, by which the occupants of each were excluded from all knowledge or observation of what was passing at the other.

On the 2d of July General Brown, with Generals Scott and Porter, made a reconnoissance of fort Erie and the upper parts of the Niagara, and concerted a plan for the attack of the fort on the following morning. By this plan General Ripley, with part of his brigade, was to embark in boats at Buffalo in the course of the night, and passing up and across the lake, land at daylight on the British shore, a mile above fort Erie; and General Scott with his brigade to cross the Niagara river, through a difficult pass in the Black Rock rapids, and make a simultaneous landing, a mile below the fort; when the two brigades, closing and surrounding the fort, would prevent the escape of the gar-

arrison until artillery could be brought from Buffalo to reduce it. General Ripley, although punctual in his departure, did not reach the point of debarkation until some hours after the appointed time, in consequence of a heavy fog by which his pilots were misled. But General Scott, with his accustomed promptitude, made good his landing at the hour indicated, and was able, with the assistance of a few Indians and volunteers who accompanied him to invest the fort in such a manner as to secure its garrison.

The rising sun disclosed to the British commandant and his officers, who were deliberately viewing the scene with their glasses from the top of their works not only their fort already surrounded, but the hurried transit of boats at the ferry below freighted with Indians, artillery and other means for their destruction. Whether influenced most by the formidable appearance of the artillery or of the Indians, who are held even in greater terror by European than by American soldiers, the commanding officer, soon after mid-day, and too soon perhaps to satisfy the claims of military etiquette, surrendered the fort and garrison to the demand of General Brown, without firing a gun.

On the same evening General Scott, with his brigade and Towson's artillery, proceeded down the Niagara, and on the morning of the 4th, having driven in on his march some advanced posts of the enemy, established his camp in the open field on the south side of Street's creek, near its mouth and two miles from Chippewa. On the evening of the same day (4th) he was joined by General Brown, with General Ripley's brigade, which took post in the same field in rear of General Scott. In the course of the night of the 4th, General Porter crossed the Niagara at Black Rock, with the Pennsylvania volunteers and Indians; and at sunrise on the morning of the 5th, marched for the camp, where they arrived at twelve o'clock. On their way down they

were met about five miles above Chippewa by General Brown, who on joining and returning with them gave General Porter to understand that the position of the American army, although probably the best that could have been selected, was a most uncomfortable one on account of its contracted limits—there being but about three-fourths of a mile distance between the river and an almost impenetrable forest, infested by a band of Indians and militia, conversant with its haunts and sent out from the British camp to annoy and assail his pickets; that he had that morning been under the necessity of making an example of a valuable officer for suffering his guard to be driven in, and the army thus exposed to the direct fire of these troublesome visitants—that it was absolutely necessary for the quiet and safety of the camp that these intruders should be dispersed; and, as regular troops were ill qualified for such service, proposed to General Porter that he should with his corps of Indian warriors, aided if necessary by the volunteers, scour the adjoining woods and drive the enemy across the Chippewa, handling them in such a manner as would prevent a renewal of this kind of warfare—*assuring him in the most confident terms* that there was not and would not be in the course of that day a single British regular soldier on the south side of the Chippewa. But still, to be prepared for such improbable contingency, that he would direct General Scott's brigade to cross Street's creek and occupy the plain on the north side of it (which afterward became the principal battle ground), and be in readiness to sustain him. The proposition was of course acceded to by General Porter, and when afterward communicated to his brigade, received by them with enthusiasm.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, the men having been refreshed from the fatigues of the preceding twenty-four hours—the plan of march and attack settled, and the war-

riors duly arrayed in their battle dress¹—General Porter's command—with the exception of two hundred Pennsylvanians who were left on parade, subject to future orders—was formed about half a mile in rear of the main camp, into a single or Indian file, with Indians on the left; and thence marching into the woods in the same order, in a line at right angles to the river, until the whole Indian force was immersed in the forest, leaving the white troops in the open field—they had only to halt and face to the right, when the whole were formed in line of battle, three-fourths of a mile long and *one man deep*, looking in the direction of Chippewa. Red Jacket was placed at the extreme left of the line, and General Porter took his station on the margin of the woods between the white and red troops, accompanied by Captain Pollard—a Seneca chief, who was considered as the first in command among the Indians²—Colonel Flemming, the quarter-master of the

¹ It was the uniform practice of our Indian warriors, when going into action, to divest their persons of all covering excepting moccasins, perhaps leggings, a breech-cloth, a large tuft of white feathers fastened to the hair on the crown of the head, and a small strong plaited line or belt, three or four yards long (called a matunip line), girt about their waist, to secure the tomahawk, knife, powderhorn, &c., and used if necessary to bind their prisoners. Their naked bodies and faces were then painted with bold and gaudy colors, without uniformity, and generally, though not always, without much taste or design.

² The selection of their leader for this battle, or perhaps for the campaign, was made in council but a short time before the action took place. The chief who expected the distinction was an Onondaga, named *Ka-was-kwant*, or the *Spring-trap*, commonly known as Captain John. He was an aged warrior, who had shown his bravery at Wyoming, Cherry valley, and Newtown, and in short at almost every place where fighting was to be done during the war of the revolution. He was now seventy-five years old; but hearing that his people were about to go again upon the war path, the fire of heroism rekindled in his bosom, and he hastened to the frontier, confident, that from his well known character of old, he should be chosen the leader on the present occasion. But he was not even named in council, the choice falling with great unanimity upon Pollard. Captain John was greatly affected by this neglect, and the tears rolled down his cheek as he

Indian corps, Lieutenant (now Major) Donald Fraser, his aid, Henry Johnson, his interpreter.¹ He was also accompanied by Major (now Adjutant-general) Jones, and Major Wood of the engineers, who afterward fell in the sortie from fort Erie, as volunteers; and supported by a company of regular infantry, marching in column in the rear as a reserve. The Indians were commanded by their war chiefs who were indulged in their own mode of conducting the attack, marching about twenty yards in advance of the warriors of their respective tribes. General Porter having sent out scouts to reconnoitre the enemy, the march was commenced by signal, and proceeded at first with great stillness and caution. The chiefs have signals, by which, on the discovery of any circumstance requiring consultation or a change of route or action, they convey notice through their ranks with great celerity, on which the whole line of warriors drop instantly to the ground, and remain there until farther orders. Two manœuvres of this kind occurred on the march — the first of little moment, but the second communicating, through the scouts, the exact position of the enemy, who, apprised of their assailants' approach, lay concealed in a thicket of bushes along the margin of Street's creek. A consultation was thereupon held and new orders given, the purport of which was to change the line of march so as to meet the enemy to more advantage, to

related the circumstances to Mr. Tyler, the author's informant. "They think me too old, and that I am good for nothing," said the veteran chief, in the bitterness of his heart; and with a countenance saddened with disappointment he left the warriors, and retraced his steps to Onondaga. As they did not want his services, he would not trouble them with his presence.

¹ Henry Johnson (called Cattaraugus Hank), was a white man by birth; but having been made a prisoner in infancy, was in all his associations, habits and dispositions, a thorough Indian. He was honest and possessed a handsome property, was endowed with great physical power and enterprise, and being withal an admirable hunter, there was, probably, not an Indian or a white man on the Niagara, who could boast of having slain the number of foes that fell by his unerring rifle.

increase the speed as much as was consistent with the preservation of order, to receive their first fire, but not to return it except singly and when it could be done with certain effect, and then to raise the war whoop, pursue, capture and slay as many as practicable, until they should reach the open ground in front of Chippewa, and thence return to camp.

The march was accordingly resumed, the fire of the enemy received, and a rush accompanied with savage yells made upon them and continued for more than a mile, through scenes of frightful havoc and slaughter, few only of the fugitives offering to surrender as prisoners, while others, believing that no quarters would be given, suffered themselves to be cut down by the tomahawk, or turning back upon their pursuers, fought hand to hand to the last.

On reaching the open field in front of Chippewa, the assailants were met by a tremendous discharge of musketry, by which the warriors, who were principally in front, were thrown back upon the volunteers and reserve, who for want of equal speed were a short distance in the rear. Presuming that the fire had come from the enemy he had been pursuing, and who had rallied on reaching the open ground, General Porter made an effort, not without success, to reform his line with the volunteers, reserve, and a portion of the warriors; but on again advancing to the margin of the woods found himself within a few yards of the whole British regular army formed in line of battle, and presenting within a given space at least three men fresh from their camp, to a single one in his own attenuated and exhausted line. After receiving and returning two or three fires, the enemy rushed forward with charged bayonets, when, hearing nothing from General Scott, he gave the order to retreat, *saue qui peut*, and form again on the left of General Scott's brigade, wherever it should be found.

It appears that the British commander had resolved on making a general attack that day on the American camp; and in execution of this purpose had marched his whole force across the Chippewa a short time before General Porter entered the woods with the Indians; and having sent forward his Indians and militia—which was the British force met in the woods—to commence his attack on the left flank of the Americans, formed in the meantime his battalions of regulars on the plain, under cover of the strip of wood land which divided the two camps, with his artillery on his left, near the gorge occupied by the road along the bank of the river; ready to act the moment the effect of the flank attack should be developed.

The repulse of General Porter's command was thus effected by the main body of the British army, while General Scott's brigade was more than a mile in the rear, and had not yet crossed the bridge over Street's creek. The error, therefore, of General Porter—if he committed one—consisted in remaining as long as he did under so unequal a fire; or perhaps in attempting to rally at all against so superior a force; and if the Indians were more censured for cowardice than the volunteers, in consequence of being foremost in the flight, they owe their degradation to their greater speed and bottom, for every fugitive, whether white or red man, exerted his utmost power of locomotion to escape, restrained by no other consideration than a passing regard to the safety of his immediate companions in flight.¹ In a retreat of a mile in a diagonal

¹ Colonel Worth, of the United States army, has given me in conversations some amusing reminiscences of this retreat of the Indians. The colonel was a young officer at that time, attached to the military family of General Scott. Some of the Indians, it seems, had taken their sons, lads of twelve to fourteen, into the battle, to teach them early in the trade of war. As the Indians came rushing along in a diagonal direction, some of them ran up in front of Scott's brigade, which opened a passage through for their retreat. Among them Colonel Worth observed one stalwart Indian, with his son upon his shoulder, bounding forward with the utmost expedition.

direction to the right, so as to uncover the enemy to the fire of the American line, then just beginning to form; they gained but little distance on the British columns who were in hot pursuit. When General Porter and his staff arrived at Street's creek, they were met by Major (now General) Jesup's battalion, then in the act of taking its position, which was on the left, and a short distance from the remainder of General Scott's brigade; and the volunteers, fatigued as they were, aided Major Jesup's evolutions, which were executed with great order and celerity, by breaking down the fences to enable him to pass from the road bordering on Street's creek, to his position in the field. Nothing could exceed the coolness and order with which General Scott's brigade crossed the bridge and formed its line, under the galling fire of the enemy's artillery, and the headlong approach of his infantry, who, when only fifty yards distant, were received by a tremendous discharge of musketry from the American line, which forced them to fall back for a considerable distance. But they speedily rallied and advanced again, when they were met in the same gallant manner, which proved decisive of the battle; and they thereupon fled the field with as much precipitation as they had entered it — not halting until they had recrossed the Chippewa and destroyed their bridge. General Scott pursued them around the point of woods, beyond which he could only advance in face of their batteries, and these he could not reach by reason of the intervening river. He therefore deployed to the left,

Just as he was passing near the position of the general and staff, a shell of the enemy's exploded apparently over his head. With the usual exclamation of "Ugh!" the Indian bounded nearly ten feet high, and as he came down, his son, who was about fourteen years old, tumbled sprawling upon the ground — the father continuing his speed, and the young brave picking himself up and scampering after him as fast as possible. The scene was so ludicrous as to create merriment among the young officers, even on so grave an occasion — calling forth a rebuke from General Scott.
W. L. S.

and forming a line in the open field in front of Chippewa, directed his men to lie down with their heads toward the batteries, the better to avoid the effect of their fire.

The battle between the regular troops was but of a few minutes duration, with the exception of the artillery, which, on both sides, was earliest and longest engaged, and served with the most destructive effect — Colonel Towson occupying the right of the American line, on Street's creek, and the British artillery the left of theirs, at the point of the woods, and both commencing with the first movements of the regular troops.

Immediately after the two lines had encountered on Street's creek, a magnificent charger completely caparisoned, but without a rider, was seen prancing and curvetting in the centre of the battle field, and endeavoring to make his escape through the American line to the rear. Presuming that he had belonged to some officer who had fallen, he was forthwith secured by the servant of General Porter, and immediately mounted by the general, to whom he was a most acceptable acquisition after the labors of the day which he had performed on foot.¹

Riding up to General Brown, who was also in the midst of the action, General Porter received his orders to march with the two hundred Pennsylvanians who had been left in camp, to the support of General Scott; which orders were promptly executed by following General Scott's brigade around the point of woods, receiving the fire of the British batteries, and taking post on his left with the men in the

¹ This powerful steed was the property of Major M'Neal, who commanded one of General Scott's battalions, and never having before been in action, was so much alarmed by the sudden and tremendous discharge of musketry and artillery in every direction, as to be, for a few moments, wholly unmanageable; and the major was obliged to dismount and abandon him. He, nevertheless, soon became familiarized, as his owner had been long before, to the dangers of his new profession, and was the next morning restored to the major.

same recumbent position. Here they awaited the arrival of General Ripley's brigade, which, on the first discovery that the whole British army was in the field, had been ordered to make a detour through the woods, and attack the enemy's right. They soon came up, in the same muddy plight with the volunteers and Indians who had previously traversed the same ground; when the whole army at about sundown quietly retired to their camp on the south side of Street's creek. And thus ended the battle of Chippewa, which probably produced more important results in favor of the American arms than any other engagement by land in the course of that war; although there were several battles fought on the Niagara, if not elsewhere, during the same campaign, exhibiting a greater number of combatants engaged, a larger number slain, and a result equally creditable to the gallantry and good conduct of the American soldiers.

The first advantage gained was in driving from the British army those troublesome enemies, their Indian allies, who had been the terror of our troops in the west, during all the preceding stages of the war, and had kept the camps of General Dearborn, General Lewis and General Boyd, in a perpetual panic during the campaign of 1813. Terrified and disheartened by the reception they met with at Chippewa, they fled from the battle field to the head of lake Ontario, a distance of thirty miles, without halting, and never again during the remainder of the war appeared in the British camp—thus giving a practical and decisive proof that they held the prowess of their red American foes in much higher estimation than some of the allies of the latter were disposed to accord to them.

Another immediate effect of this battle was to give the American people confidence in the courage and efficiency of their army, and to the latter, confidence in themselves. A great blunder had been committed at the commencement

of the war, in the appointment of incompetent and unworthy men, taken perhaps from the gambling table or the race course, as officers of the army, owing their places to the importunities of influential friends, who sought this mode of providing for those who were useless in civil life.

It is a well known fact, and it is fortunate for the purposes of war that it is so, that the tone, temper and spirit of the common soldier will, in most instances, and especially on occasions of great peril, conform to and identify themselves with those of his commanding officers; so that if an officer prove recreant in battle, his example will poison and make cowards of the whole corps to which he belongs; and it was to this circumstance that the Americans were indebted for most of their early discomfitures.

In 1814, this difficulty had in a great measure been overcome by the resignation or dismissal of undeserving incumbents, and the army of Niagara entered the field under a complement of as gallant officers as could be found in any army or country.

The victory of Chippewa and those which followed it were achieved by men three-fourths of whom — including the regular troops as well as the volunteers and Indians — had never before been in action — thus establishing the important fact, which should not be lost sight of in the future organization of our army and militia, that the efficiency of a military force depends more on the judicious selection and arrangement of the original material of which it is composed, than on prolonged discipline; and that a farmer fresh from the plough may, by a drill of six weeks, *under proper officers*, be rendered as efficient in all the duties of the field, as a soldier of ten years standing, although he may not within this short space become enured to the habits of the camp.

The *eclat* of these victories created such an enthusiasm throughout the country, that not only the youth, but men

of every age and condition in life, were pressing for opportunities to enter the service; and had the war continued, the campaign of 1815 would have opened with an army of any desired extent, selected from the choicest materials of the country. But these same events, so brilliant on our part, had a corresponding influence in depressing the hopes and expectations of our enemy, and led to the peace of December, 1814, so honorable to both parties, and which, it is to be hoped, will not soon be again disturbed.

On reviewing the several incidents connected with the battle of Chippewa, it is evident that, had General Scott's brigade been at hand to support the volunteers and Indians when first met by the regular columns of the British army, the contest as a whole would have presented quite a different aspect from the one it actually assumed; but that the result would have been equally auspicious to the American arms is not to be doubted. Why they were not there has never been satisfactorily explained to those who were most interested in the movement. There can be no question that General Scott was as full a believer as General Brown, in the proposition and prophecy so confidently advanced by the latter in the morning, "that there was not and would not be, in the course of that day, a single regular British soldier on the south side of the Chippewa," and that General Porter's force was amply sufficient to dispose of the Indians and militia. But whether the tardy execution, or rather non-execution, of the promised order for his support, proceeded from delay in the issuing, or in the performance of it, is a question which seems not to have been settled.

Still, the successive mistakes committed by the two armies on that day, by reason of their mutual ignorance of each other's positions, plans and movements, were probably quite as injurious in their consequences to the British as to the Americans. The first error, in throwing the volunteers and Indians, in their exhausted condition, into

the power of the British battalions, without support, was immediately followed by an equal one on the part of the latter, who, on seeing the sudden check and rapid retreat they had given to their assailants, and elated too, as they evidently were, with the idea that victory was already achieved, pursued them for a mile with a precipitation which at once exhausted their strength, and threw them into a degree of confusion, which was so much increased by the astounding reception they met with from General Scott's line, that they could never afterward restore that order which was necessary to enable them to cope with the cool and compact ranks of the Americans. And these mutual blunders probably hastened the termination of the battle, and rendered it less sanguinary than it would have been had the parties met more deliberately, and with a better knowledge of each other's views and comparative strength.¹

The rumor which was industriously spread, that the whole of the American Indians, immediately on their repulse at Chippewa, fled to Buffalo, and were never seen again in the American camp, was destitute of foundation. The Indians never coerce their warriors into battle or compel them to remain there, and it is true that a considerable number of them fled from sheer cowardice and fright, on the first fire; but the number of fugitives was much exaggerated for want of a knowledge of Indian customs. When they take a prisoner, the captor, with surprising dexterity and dispatch, binds his hands behind his back with his maturnip line and leads him off to the rear, like a horse by a halter, on a trot; and the frequent appearance of these parties gliding along the skirts of the woods at the commencement of the action — the guard generally outnumbered.

¹ General Riall had seventeen hundred men engaged in this battle, while the American troops actually brought into the battle did not exceed thirteen hundred.

bering the prisoners — led the other troops by whom they were observed to believe that they were all fugitives. But that the great body of warriors as well as volunteers, engaged in the opening attack, fought with a boldness, not to say desperation, unsurpassed by any other troops until they were placed — and that not by their own fault — in a situation where it would have been madness not to retreat, was fully attested by their officers; and, was, moreover, proved by the fact that the loss of the British Indians and militia in the woods, inclusive of killed, wounded and prisoners, was not less than that of their regular troops in the subsequent engagement in the field.

Most of the warriors remained in camp for some fifteen days longer, and until the eve of the battle of Bridgewater, when, for reasons which were plausible, if not satisfactory, they retired from the army to their respective villages.

On the morning of the 6th of July, General Porter was waited on at his tent by about twenty chiefs, each accompanied by a warrior bearing the scalps which his tribe had taken during the preceding day. They had, it seems, been informed that they were to receive a bounty for every scalp taken in battle. But on being apprised of their mistake, these unseemly trophies were immediately buried or thrown into the river. Still they were allowed a premium for the prisoners they had taken, amounting to sixteen or eighteen — among whom were two or three chiefs — proportioned to the rank they held.

At their request General Porter gave them permission to visit the battle ground, for the purpose of bringing off the bodies of their friends who had fallen, which in the hurry of the preceding day they had not been able to do — it being understood that Colonel Flemming should accompany them.

After an absence of a few hours they returned, bringing in the bodies of fifteen warriors, among whom were three

chiefs, all of which were buried in the course of the evening with the honors of war.¹ They reported also that among the numerous bodies of their enemies strewed along the woods, they had discovered three who, although mortally wounded, were still living. Two of these they despatched by cutting their throats, but recognizing in the third a late member of one of their own villages, who was burning with fever and thirst, Johnson had filled his own canteen with water at a neighboring creek and given it to him, to die by himself. On being reproached with the savage proceeding of taking the life of an unresisting foe, the only answer given by Johnson, with marks of evident contrition, was—"That it did seem hard to take the lives of these men, but that we ought to recollect that these were very hard times."

Two days after the battle a passage was forced across the Chippewa at a point three miles above its mouth, by Major Hindman's corps of artillery, supported by General Ripley's brigade and the New York volunteers, just arrived. After a short and gallant resistance by the enemy at the cannon's mouth, they fled in great haste and confusion—destroying their works at Chippewa and Queenston heights—to fort Mississagua, at the mouth of the Niagara river.

On the march of the army to Queenston, the Indians, whose roving habits it was impossible to restrain, committed some depredations upon the neighboring farmers, besides capturing some fifty to one hundred barrels of wine, brandy, and other stores belonging to the British

¹ Among the slain chiefs was Captain Le Fort, an Onondaga, of courage and reputation. His son, Abraham Le Fort, yet resides at Onondaga. He has procured a good education, adopted the costume of the whites, and his children are inmates of the English common school in his neighborhood. He was a lad of fourteen at the time of the battle of Chippewa, and accompanied his father in that campaign. W. L. S.

army, which they found concealed in the woods. This property was taken from them by the United States quarter-master, in virtue of an order issued by General Brown on entering the province, and as regarded the public stores, much to their dissatisfaction.

About this time, on the suggestion of Red Jacket, approved by General Brown, two young chiefs distinguished for their bravery, prudence and address, were despatched to the camp of the British Indians at the head of the lake, with secret propositions for the mutual withdrawal of the whole Indian forces from both armies. After three days absence they returned, and reported that they were kindly received by the few chiefs with whom they dared to communicate or to be made known to; and that measures would be immediately taken by them to carry the proposition into effect. This embassy — which Red Jacket was disposed to turn to the best advantage — resulted in the retirement of all the American warriors to their respective villages, with a positive engagement, nevertheless, that they would immediately return if the British Indians should again appear in the field. But they did not appear; still, some forty or fifty American Indians, among whom was Johnson, lured by the love of war and by the exciting scenes through which they had already passed, returned to the army and were useful auxiliaries during the remainder of the campaign — having been in fort Erie at the time of its investment, and performed a conspicuous part in the sortie of the 17th September, on which occasion they were among the first to scale the enemy's works.

The writer¹ of the preceding account has relied almost wholly on his memory — having had recourse to scarcely a

¹General Porter is himself the author of this account of the crossing of the Niagara by the American army; the capture of fort Erie; and the battle of Chippewa. I had written as good an account of these events as all the materials I could obtain enabled me to collate. But not being satis-

single written document, except to ascertain dates—for the facts it contains. His principal object has been to vindicate the men of the Six Nations, who have no historian to chronicle their good or bad deeds, against the charges both of bad faith and cowardice preferred against them during their brief connection with the army. He will close it with a few remarks on their character, and more especially that of Red Jacket, as warriors.

Although these people are unable, for want of the necessary science, materials, and machinery, to wage a systematic and independent war, they are nevertheless most valuable auxiliaries to an army in this country. Indeed, a corps of Indian warriors, bearing a due proportion to the size of the army with which they act, may be considered as worth at least double their numbers in any other description of troops. Equal, at least, to white men in physical strength, intelligence, and military ambition, the athletic habits in which they are educated, their familiarity with the woods and fields, and their abstemious modes of living, confer on them an activity and fleetness and a power of endurance far beyond what white men possess; while the lightness of their arms and dress, and the scanty means required for their subsistence and sleeping, relieve an army from a vast amount of the lumber and material of war. The prevailing impression that they are more cowardly than white men—which is an inference from their well known repugnance and refusal to fight hand to hand in the open field—is known to be unjust by those intimately acquainted with their character and customs. It should be recollected that the sentiment of true valor, which is as much respected and cherished by the Indians as by white men, is not less the offspring of

fied with it myself, I placed the manuscript in the hands of General Porter, who kindly favored me with a far more correct, extended and impartial account of that portion of the campaign of 1814, than I could obtain the means of composing. See letter from General Porter to the author, appendix E.

education than of instinct. Among the qualifications of a great war chief, prudence, sagacity and skill in circumventing and prostrating an enemy with the least possible loss to his own people, are not less regarded and venerated than his prowess in the field. They are taught from their infancy to hold in detestation that sort of blind chivalry which induces two men, or two equal bodies of men, to march into a field, and deliberately hack each other down. Yet many of our Indians were repeatedly seen, not only charging with the other troops in the field, but performing — when acting by themselves — feats of open, bold, and daring bravery, from the execution of which few even of our best troops would not have recoiled. But when they do indulge in such feats it must be when the chances of success are strongly in their favor, and in prospect of a boon commensurate with the hazard they run.

As to Red Jacket he was considered by his own friends as well as by his enemies, constitutionally a coward — that is to say, as formed with nerves more sensitive to danger than those of most other men; and yet so powerfully was he influenced by the feelings of pride, and the necessity of sustaining in every situation the reputation of a great chief, that he was said by those who were near him to have behaved exceedingly well in the battle of Chippewa. But he took care to keep himself out of all minor engagements and skirmishes, where, if the hazard would have been less, so also was the object to be achieved. During the whole period of the war, the powers of his great eloquence were constantly exerted both on the government and on the chiefs and warriors; first, to keep them from joining in the war, and after they had become engaged to withdraw them from it; and in this his counsels were those of a wise man and a provident father of his people. His principal arguments were — that the Indians had no interest in the quarrel between the two parties, and nothing to gain or lose in the

result — that they had no voice in the declaration of war, nor could they have in its conduct and termination — and above all, that the Six Nations had but few young men, who, if permitted to be drawn into the contest and employed in such enterprises as the white officers by whom they would be commanded should direct, and their own ambition court, would be very soon exterminated, and leave the remainder of their nation poor and powerless.

Four days after the battle of Chippewa, the army resumed its march down the Niagara, for the investment of fort George, the passage of the Chippewa being but feebly opposed, and General Riall falling back upon Twelve Mile creek, and throwing a portion of his troops into the last mentioned fortress.

In the hard fought battle of Lundy's lane, on the 25th of July, among the wounded were the Commander-in-chief Major-General Brown, General Scott, and his favorite aide-de-camp Captain Worth. The latter officer was carried back to Buffalo to be healed of his wounds. While lying there, an incident occurred connected with the Indian department of history, which is worthy of record. Captain Worth had become quite a favorite with the Indians in that and the preceding campaign, and during the several weeks of his confinement, they were wont to hang around his quarters in considerable numbers, watching him with great solicitude. Farmer's Brother, in particular, was in the habit of attending his bedside several hours almost every day. On one occasion, a Chippewa Indian crossed over from the Canada shore, and joined a large party of Indians near Captain Worth's quarters, in the character of a deserter. According to his story, he had left the British camp below the falls, swum the Chippewa, and finding means of crossing the Niagara, he had now come over to join the Americans. Desertion is not an Indian vice, being peculiar to the more elevated race of the whites.

His statement was therefore received with distrust. Nevertheless, for a short time he mingled among the Senecas undetected. But his true character could not be long concealed. The Indians having indulged rather more freely than common in drink one afternoon, and consequently waxing valiant, began vauntingly to recount their exploits — each one relating how many of the British red coats and Indians he had killed. The spirit of the Chippewa kindled at the recital; and forgetting for the moment his assumed character, he held up his fingers and boasted of the number of Yankees and Senecas whom he had slain. Words ran high, and ere many minutes had elapsed the Chippewa stood in the midst of a circle of some twenty warriors, self-convicted, not only as an enemy, but a spy. The veteran Farmer's Brother happened at the time to be sitting with Captain Worth, and the noise of the excitement called him into the street. The weather was extremely hot, and the windows of the Captain's apartments were open, so that he was enabled to see from his couch all that was passing without. After a few words to the old chief, apparently of explanation, but which Captain Worth could not understand, Farmer's Brother stepped up to the Chippewa, who drew his blanket over his head, and fell from a blow inflicted by the veteran's war club. He was stunned, and for a few seconds lay motionless — when, springing suddenly upon his feet, he leaped through the circle, and ran swiftly away to the distance of several rods. Recovering from the momentary surprise into which they had been thrown by this unlooked for action, the Senecas called after the fleeing Chippewa, and taunted him for his cowardice in refusing to die like a brave man. The retreating spy, stung by the reproach, stopped short in his flight, wheeled about, and deliberately retraced his steps to the fatal circle. Having resumed his place, he once more drew his blanket over his head, and laying himself quietly down, received the

contents of Farmer's Brother's rifle in his breast and expired — atoning for his crime with as much calmness and resignation as Socrates displayed in drinking the deadly hemlock.¹

From the preceding narrative it must be apparent that Red Jacket bore no very prominent part among his people while upon the war path. Yet, in other respects, while with the army, his influence upon his people was great. Their councils were frequent during the campaign, and Red Jacket was uniformly their principal orator. His manner was graceful and imposing in the eye of every beholder, and his voice music — especially to the ears of his own people. He had the power of wielding them at will, and the soul stirring trumpet could not produce a more kindling effect in the bosoms of a disciplined army, than would his appeals upon the warriors of his race. Still, they were all aware of his infirmity, and sometimes when he was speaking of the war path, those who were waggishly inclined would exchange significant glances at his expense.² And yet they were strongly attached to him, from their admiration of his talents, their love of his eloquence, and their confidence in his patriotism. He had years before this period become addicted to that almost universal vice of his race, intemperance, and was now indeed almost a confirmed drunkard. But he always abstained from the fire water for a season before a council,

¹Notes of the author's conversations with Colonel afterwards General Worth.

²An anecdote in point has been related to the author by a western gentleman who knew Red Jacket well. He says that the Indians were often in the habit of jeering him for his cowardice, notwithstanding their strong affection for him. On one occasion this gentleman heard a conversation between the orator and two Indians, who were walking with him. They were reminding him of the circumstance of their having once in compassion given him a scalp that he might take it home as a trophy, but they said that he was afraid to carry it!

and made due preparations for any intellectual effort he might be expected to put forth. "Often have I known him to make a great speech, rich in eloquence — and in an hour afterward seen him drunk upon the ground."¹

In the course of the campaign sketched in the present chapter, Red Jacket is said to have formed a strong friendship for Colonel Snelling, of the army, who had shown him some particular attentions. The colonel having been ordered to the command of Governor's island, in the harbor of New York, the orator waited upon him to bid him farewell. His parting speech was thus reported :

BROTHER : I hear you are going to a place called Governor's island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. And above all, I hope, wherever you go, you may never find whisky above two shillings a quart.²

¹ Remark of Colonel Worth to the author.

² Published in the *New England Galaxy*, by William J. Snelling.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER land company — The Senecas begin to look for a new home at the west — Council at Sandusky — An incident of travel — Red Jacket's speech at the council — Speeches of others in reply — Nothing effected — Attempted treaty between the Ogden Land Company and the Senecas, at Buffalo, in 1819, Morris S. Miller, commissioner — Opening of the council — Speech of Red Jacket — Treaty broken off without success — Captain Pollard's apology for the rudeness of Red Jacket — Subsequent negotiations — 1815 - 1840.

IN process of time, subsequent to the negotiation of Thomas Morris with the Indians in behalf of the Holland Land Company, this association disposed of its preëemptive right to the several reservations yet held by the Senecas, to Colonel Aaron Ogden and others, since known in connection with this subject as The Ogden Company. Thenceforward it of course became the interest of this last mentioned association to induce the Indians to relinquish those reservations, and seek a new home in a more distant territory. Negotiations to this end have often been instituted since, attended, from time to time, by partial success. It appears, moreover, that the Senecas themselves began to think of "removing their seats," at an early day after the peace of 1815. There is some reason also to suppose that connected with this projected removal was the revival, by Red Jacket and his fellow chiefs, of the scheme so ardently prosecuted by Brant twenty-five or thirty years before, of forming a great confederacy of the northwestern nations, at the head of which the Senecas would have claimed their position. Such, at all events, is the inference, irresistible, to be drawn from the proceedings of a grand Indian council held at the upper rapids of the Sandusky, in the autumn of 1816.

Among the northwestern nations represented in this council were the Wyandots, Shawanese, Delawares, Ottawas, Monseys, Piankishaws, and several others. A deputation of the chiefs of the Six Nations were likewise in attendance, at the head of which was Red Jacket, accompanied by Jasper Parish, the interpreter, and likewise by George Hosmer, Esq., a resident of the Genesee valley, who had been a warm friend of the Seneca chiefs from his youth up, and who made this journey with them at their express solicitation.¹

Among Mr. Hosmer's memoranda of his journey to Sandusky on this occasion, he has recorded an agreeable incident, illustrating the fact that notwithstanding the scorn with which he looked upon the laws and usages of civilization, Red Jacket was not an entire stranger to the rules of propriety and delicacy in the social circle. In traveling up the shore of lake Erie, when in the neighborhood of Cleveland, they were overtaken by a heavy storm of rain, which thoroughly drenched the party and their baggage. Stopping for the night at a comfortable log tavern, after having partaken of some refreshments, the whole party were seated in a large circle around a cheerful fire, drying their baggage and clothes. The chiefs, with the exception of Red Jacket, were earnestly and with much animation and glee engaged in a jocular conversation with Captain Parish, and by the keenness of their wit, and the readiness and briskness of their sallies, greatly annoyed him, as was evident from his exertions to sustain himself. During all this time Red Jacket sat opposite to Mr. Hosmer, calmly smoking his pipe, and apparently taking little interest in the conversation farther than occasionally to cast toward Mr. H. a gratified expression of his sparkling eye. Mr. Hosmer

¹ I am indebted exclusively to Mr. George Hosmer for the accompanying account of this council, and the sketches of the speeches delivered, which were reported by him.

was ignorant of the Seneca language—a circumstance which Red Jacket very well knew—and the idea crossed his mind that his friend might possibly suppose that their sport was at his expense, which, situated as he was, would have been inexcusable rudeness. After their mirth had been indulged for some time, Red Jacket interposed a word to Mr. Parish, and instantly all were silent. He then addressed a few sentences to Mr. Parish, which he desired him to interpret to Mr. Hosmer. It was done in the following words :

We have been made uncomfortable by the storm ; we are now warm and comfortable ; it has caused us to feel cheerful and merry. But I hope our friend who is traveling with us will not be hurt at this merriment, or suppose that we are taking advantage of his ignorance of our language, to make him in any manner the subject of our mirth.

To which Mr. Hosmer replied, that knowing himself to be in company with brave and honorable men, he could not allow himself to entertain any such impression. After which they resumed their merriment, and Red Jacket his gravity.

Arriving at the council fire, and the council having been organized for business, on the 7th of November, Red Jacket delivered the following speech :

BROTHERS OF THE COUNCIL — LISTEN ! You must recollect that a few years since some delegates from your elder brethren, the Six Nations, came to you. That council fire was kindled at Brownstown, by the mutual consent of the Six Nations ; but we then requested that all important business should thereafter be transacted at this place. A few years after this, another delegation came to this council fire from your elder brethren, the Six Nations. We then thought appearances looked squally. We thought the United States and Great Britain were looking with jealous eyes at each other. It appeared to us a tremendous and destructive storm was

approaching, bearing blood and carnage upon its wings. We then told you that if we were not on our guard we should feel that storm. We also told you that it was the policy of the red coats¹ to request at such times the aid of the Indians. We admonished you to take warning from the past, and told you to recollect the calamities which have befallen our nations in the wars of the pale faces. We then, therefore, solemnly requested you to be neutral in that contest. We advised you not to listen to their requests, but to sit still on your seats.

At length the tremendous storm burst, and first in this quarter you were disturbed by the Virginians. Others of our brothers who listened to the voice from the other side of the water, and some of your warriors, united with the Virginians. Those warriors you took without consulting your elder brethren, the Six Nations. The consequence was, your whole land, and the place of your council fire, was smeared with blood. Our ancient records were dispersed, and many were wholly lost. Thus are we situated. There is now a delegation present from the Indians at large. A great council fire is kindled, whose smoke shall ascend to the heavens; and we now appoint this the place for kindling a great council fire, where all important business shall be transacted. In token we give you a large belt of wampum, brown and white, intermixed with strings.

BROTHERS: When we received your message to attend at this time and place, you requested a full representation should arise from their seats, for the purpose of making some general arrangement for the benefit of the Indians. We have attended agreeably to your request—and shall now make some communications to remind you of former transactions. Whenever the two white nations are about falling into difficulties, we discover different languages are held out by the British that we must adhere to them, and when the storm is near by, they will present you with a sharp iron. This has always been the course of the red coats.

BROTHERS: You must be sensible that this continent was the gift of the Great Spirit. But in consequence of the wars that have taken place, we have been the perpetual sufferers. In all wars

¹ The English.

within my memory, we have lost territory by taking up the hatchet. The British have sold our country to buy peace. By the experience of the past let us learn wisdom, and close our ears to British counsel. War may again happen ; and when it does you will be invited to mate with the British. If we continue to listen to their counsel, we shall soon be exterminated. Let us guard against this by forming a permanent union which shall protect us in future. To decoy you into their measures, the British allure you with many fanciful trinkets. But these are trifles when compared with our general and individual happiness. We now earnestly request you will exert yourselves to extend the sound of our voices to our brethren who are absent from this council.

WARRIORS, LISTEN ! You recollect that we have now established at this place a council fire, to be under the care of the Wyandots. I request you to submit to the direction of the sachems, and not through pride to attempt to control them. It is planted in the centre of your country. Do not be flattered away by any white people who may wish to purchase your land. To command respect you must possess extensive territory. Keep your seats sufficiently large that you may not be crowded on any side by the whites. And do not ever attempt to transact any business except at this place, and then in the presence of the sachems. I hope that you will aid and assist the sachems in bringing back from the other side of the water¹ those of our brothers who have gone astray to the British. Take them by the hand in friendship, and forget their errors. They will add to your strength.

MY YOUNGER BRETHREN OF THE SHAWANESE : I now address myself to you. When we were created by the Great Spirit, we were all of one color. But it was his pleasure that we should speak different languages, and be placed in different countries. You must be sensible that you are foreigners. A number of years since you came to this country, and were taken under the protection of our brethren the Wyandots, who gave you a pleasant seat, where you enjoyed a delightful country, and shared in common with them the game of the forest. These proceedings came to the knowledge of

¹Not the ocean, but the great lakes meaning. The same phrase, in the same sense, occurs frequently in the course of this speech.

the Six Nations. You had not resided here long before you became uneasy, and you have been first to produce disturbances, and been forward to effect the sale of lands which did not belong to your nation. You have been the authors of other difficulties between the red and white people. You have been forward in the late difficulties, by listening to the voice from across the waters. Where is now your head sachem? Where a part of your people? They lent an ear to the red coats, and are now in exile beyond the waters. We admonish you to recall them—unite them with their brethren—form a band of union with the Wyandots. Settled on the seats of the Wyandots, your friends, listen to their counsel. It will be good. Listen also to the counsels of the Six Nations, your elder brethren. Do not attempt to transact important business, involving the rights of others, unless at the great council fire, and with the approbation of the Wyandots.

SACHEMS OF THE MUNSEE AND DELAWARE INDIANS: You are sensible that you are not the original proprietors of the country you now enjoy. You came from the east. We know the country you came from. You wasted away your inheritance and became wanderers. We gave you a seat on White river, where is plenty of game and pure water. And notwithstanding this, your nation is dispersed. Some of your people have taken up the hatchet, united with the red coats, and are now across the water. We request you will collect yourselves in one body, and settle yourselves on your lands at White river. Do this, and we will then unite ourselves together under one confederacy. We shall then have strength and be respected as well by the whites as by the more western nations.

[The speaker next proceeded to address the dispersed members of the Six Nations, residing on the lands of the Wyandots, admonishing them as he had admonished others, and counseling them to act in union and harmony, and to follow the advice of the Wyandots. He then addressed himself to Mr. Parish, and another officer in the Indian department, named Johnston:]

BROTHERS: We are happy to meet you both at our council. We of the Six Nations transact all our business openly, and not under

the curtain. I have observed with what attention you have listened to me. I hope you will be willing to unite with us in bringing back our friends from beyond the water, and making us one band. Then we shall become one great family of children, under our great father, the president. We ask your assistance. Let the communication with the other side of the water be opened, and then we shall be able to bring back our friends from across the water. Our great father we hope will not forget his red children; and as he now possesses much of our finest land, we hope he will be more liberal of presents than he has been. You must now be sensible that we are well pleased with presents. You may know this by the influence of British presents. They have won to the British cause many brave warriors. I hope that you will take much pains, now that we are at peace, in uniting all. Treat us well. We in common with you possess this soil. We have frequently heard your voice, when it was for our interest and happiness to listen to it. It would conduce much to our happiness to listen to the voice of the United States, and not be poisoned by the language of the red coats. To make us happy do not crowd our seats. When you purchase lands still leave us some to move upon. This you will make known to our father the president, and solicit his aid in opening our passage across the water to our friends.

BROTHERS OF THE DELAWARES: We received a message from you a number of years since, offering us a seat of land in your country. You said you had not forgot the favors heretofore received from the Six Nations, who took you under their care, until at length you traveled west to the country of White river. As you say you have not forgot past favors, are you now willing to offer the Six Nations, or any part of them, a seat in your country? This invitation has been often repeated. We now come forward to accept the offer. We request you will designate its extent, situation and boundary. We have applied to our father the president for leave to move into that country, and to be assured that he will confirm your grant. We find it is necessary by his answer, that when you shall make such a grant, it must be done on paper, so that such conveyance may be confirmed. We should be unwilling to leave our present seats without a secure and permanent grant, securing a seat for us, our children, and children's children, to the remotest genera-

tion. We request that if you are not authorized of yourselves to make such location, you will communicate our wishes to the neighboring nations, proprietors of the land, that they may make such location. This seat we shall expect to receive not as our exclusive property, but to be held in common for the benefit, as well of such of the Six Nations who may wish to settle upon it, as of any other Indians who may choose to take their seats there with us.

Such is the only report preserved of Red Jacket's speech at this great council, the apparent design of which was entirely of a pacific character, intended by the Indians to heal the wounds among each other inflicted during the then recent war between the United States and England, in which they had indiscreetly taken a part, and likewise to improve their social condition, by means of a more extensive and perfect union among themselves. The speech has lost much of its Indian character in the process of translation, or else Red Jacket's language and course of thinking had become somewhat assimilated to those of the white man. Still, the character of the speech was well adapted to the occasion, and its counsels were those of wisdom. It is, moreover, worthy of preservation, not only as appertaining to the life of Red Jacket, but as forming a fragment of Indian history. Mr. Hosmer, who took down the speech from the lips of the interpreter, notes that the orator concluded by a general address to the council, recommending the cultivation of friendly intercourse among themselves—and at the close gave them a string of wampum which he called "the path of peace." He again admonished them to avoid the British and their shores, and to hold their communications on the south side of the lakes.

On the day following the speakers of the several nations addressed by Red Jacket made their replies. The Wyandots spoke first, by Teār-unk-to-yor-on, or Between-the-Logs, as follows :

BROTHERS OF THE SIX NATIONS : You say that at Brownstown was a great council fire, whose smoke ascended to the heavens. I must remind you of an omission. At that fire was a large tree. A strong root ran to the east. At its foot lay a staff and a broom. The root moving eastward was to represent the Six Nations. The staff was for the support of the aged, who sought shelter there. The broom to brush away any destructive worm, or other thing that might endanger the tree.

[The orator next proceeded to rehearse the speech of Red Jacket, as the Indian manner is, in order to show that all had been understood. He then said :]

BROTHER : This has been your conversation as I have rehearsed it. You have appointed this place for the council fire of the Six Nations. As it is your choice we accept it as a friendly act towards us. Brothers, we return you many thanks, warriors and women all. You may expect due attention paid to it.

BROTHER : We are happy to hear that you have not forgot the customs of our forefathers. By these strings — do not think them too small — you will return to your respective nations, and say their wishes are accepted of. As to your request that we use our influence in getting back our brothers beyond the water, we will do so. We will use our best endeavors to win them back by gentle means. You may expect that our younger brethren, the Shawanese, and our nephews, the Delawares, will unite with us in recalling the dispersed of our tribes. And now, **BROTHERS**, I enjoin that you do the same thing on your part. You are similarly situated. This winter will pass and the next summer will come, before we shall hear from you again on this subject. I am not certain whether we shall come to you, or you to us. We will take care to suppress our pride, and lest I should be thought to possess it, I will say but little. It is easy to say all that is necessary.

BROTHERS : As to your speech yesterday, relative to our assisting our sachems, depend upon it we will take due care ; if we see anything go amiss, we will put it right. Do you the same. It has often been an injury that the counsels of the war chiefs have not been heard. We have now closed our reply to your speech. You will now open your ears to the reply of the Shawanese.

The Shawanese chief, Cutte-we-ga-saw, commonly called Black Foot, then spoke to the following effect :

BROTHERS OF THE SIX NATIONS : We heard you yesterday. You shall soon hear our reply. We are pleased that the council fire is established at this place by our friends the Wyandots, and that our brothers, the Six Nations, have agreed to unite with us.

BROTHER : I remember what you said relative to our people being dispersed. Some of them are scattered, it is true, and I shall do all in my power to collect them. What you say relative to our making difficulties I admit is truth. The way it happened was this : A man came among us who pretended he had communication with the Great Spirit,¹ and that if we followed him we could regain our lands. The whites were crowding upon us. He said they would eat land, and that they would soon eat all our land up. I was deceived and led away by him, and many of my nation. We took him for the Great Spirit. But we soon found him to be a devil, and forsook him. This great man, who pretended to be the Great Spirit, has not only intermeddled with us, but he has been among you,² and has misled many of all nations. I am not surprised that you should bring this charge against us. This prophet exerted such influence over us that we were no longer governed by our ancient customs, but were entirely led by him. You, my elder brother, are of the same people who flocked to him, and listened to him, expecting he would carry his point. I disbelieved it. You, when you went there, were shown a great map, and on it the prophet traced out a great tract of land for you on the Wabash, which was promised you. There was a battle there, and some of your men were in it ; and there were others on the way who did not arrive in season. The next place where we found the prophet was at Malden, with some of the Senecas as his followers. And this man was the cause of the destruction of our council fire at Brownstown. This prophet was driven back into Canada. He again attempted to strengthen himself. He promised to your people the land on the Wabash. We

¹ Elskawatwa, the brother of Tecumseh.

² Alluding to the fact that some of the warriors of the Six Nations were in the battle of Tippecanoe.

heard it. Of all our people who followed the prophet, only eight families remain with him. His power is broken. He is nothing.

The council was next addressed by a chief called Colonel Lewis, but his nation is not designated in Mr. Hosmer's manuscript. He expressed his concurrence in the views presented by Red Jacket, and exhorted the Indians to be of one mind, and as Americans all, to be faithful and true. He was succeeded by Black Hoof (of what nation is not stated), who said :

BROTHERS OF THE WYANDOTS: You have invited me to this council, and you see me standing before you. I address myself to all present. I have heard all that has been said, and am well pleased with it. I agree with my brothers the Wyandots, in all they have said.

BROTHERS OF THE SIX NATIONS: You were the first to make away with your lands, on which you ought to have reared your women and children. You advise us to take good care of our lands. We thank you for that counsel, and are very sorry you did not take better care of yours. We now give the same advice to you. Take care of your land. We shall take good care of ours. We have not much left. But what we have we mean to keep, and we recommend the same counsel to our brothers the Wyandots. We have made peace with the United States, and I shall keep it. To my brothers the Wyandots I recommend that great care should be taken of their lands. Let the rights of all be established and carefully guarded.

MY BROTHERS OF THE DELAWARES: I understand you have promised a seat to the Senecas. I invite your attention to this subject. I have frequently talked with the president. He has sent Mr. Johnson as our agent, through whom we may communicate with him. If you have any thing to do in transferring your land, consult him.

BROTHER SENECAS: I wish to remind you of one thing. I understand our brothers, the Delawares, have invited you to settle at White river. They own no land, and were only permitted to settle there and hunt. But they have been there so long that they pretend a claim, and have in two instances made sales of land.

The Delawares, their chiefs being absent, declined saying any thing in reply to the imputation of having sold what was not their own; neither did Red Jacket respond to the sharp rebuke directed to the Six Nations, for having been among the first after the war of the revolution to dispose of their domains. No further information in regard to this council has been obtained from the manuscripts of Mr. Hosmer, or from any other source. As it was a meeting in which the United States had no concern, the archives of the Indian bureau contain nothing respecting it; and the council seems to have broken up without the adoption of definite measures of any description, for the benefit of any of the parties concerned therein.

But in the summer of 1819, the Ogden Company determined to open negotiations directly with the Seneca chiefs, for the purpose either of securing their removal from all the reservations yet held by them, or of inducing them to concentrate the several fragments of their nation upon a single one of these reservations. Arrangements having been made for holding a treaty with them at Buffalo, the Hon. Morris S. Miller was appointed a commissioner to conduct the proceedings by the United States.¹ The Hon. Nathaniel Gorham, of Canandaigua, was designated by Massachusetts, as agent to attend the negotiation.² The council was opened on the 5th of July — Colonel Ogden and his associates being present, with Captain Parish, the interpreter. Major Joseph Delafield, at that time an agent of the United States for the adjustment of boundaries under the sixth article of the treaty of Ghent, happening to be in the village of Buffalo, and having a few days of

¹ Mr. Miller is since deceased. He was a resident of Oneida county, and was for several years an able member of congress from Oneida.

² From her former interest in the Indian country of western New York, Massachusetts has ever appointed an agent to attend these land negotiations with the Senecas, for the purpose of guarding them from wrong.

leisure on his hands, complied with the request from Judge Miller to act as secretary.

It was well known that Red Jacket was to appear in the character of principal speaker in opposition to the objects of the land company, and the deep and general interest felt in the result of the negotiation drew together a large concourse of people—pale faces and red. No subsequent assemblage of Indians within the state of New York has presented so numerous and imposing an array, nor is it likely that so many of them will ever again meet upon the soil of their fathers.

The council having been opened for business, Captain Pollard, the brave Seneca chief who had signalized himself upon the war path in the Niagara campaign of 1814, rose to welcome the commissioner and the other officers, agents, and parties in attendance upon the council—a duty which he performed with much courtesy. The credentials of the commissioner on the part of the United States having been read and interpreted, Judge Miller proceeded to explain the objects of his mission.

He stated that their great father the president had deputed him to meet them at their council fire; that he came to give them his good advice, and the assurance of their great father, who protected both the red and the white men, that it was his wish to extend to them security and the useful arts. That, situated as they now were, his wishes would not be so well effected as if the Indians were more closely concentrated. He explained to them the tenures by which they held their reservations; the rights of the preëmptioners, and the guardianship of the United States. He then submitted to them these several propositions: *First*, that they should all concentrate on the Alleghany reservation, the title to which should be ceded to them in fee, as white men hold their lands. *Second*, if they preferred to join their red brothers at Sandusky, or to settle in the territories of the United States, upon other lands to be given to them, they were at liberty to do so. In case they chose the latter proposition, the offer made by their great father was not to impair

the price they were to receive from the preëmptioners, nor in any manner to influence the bargains to be made. It was meant as a free gift, and for the mutual benefit of the red and white men. Judge Miller proceeded with much eloquence to describe the present situation of the Six Nations, more particularly that of the Senecas, and predicted the time when they must be overwhelmed by the force of the white population, if they continued in their little villages so closely surrounded. He cautioned them against the antipathies of bad men, and against the hasty adoption of the advice of good white men, and concluded by admonishing them that they must reflect more for themselves, and take time to deliberate in council.

An adjournment was then proposed by Governor Ogden, to give time to consider these propositions, whereupon Captain Pollard spoke as follows :

BROTHERS: We have listened attentively to what the commissioner has said to us : as well to the authority by which he meets us at this council as also to the views our great father the president entertains, relative to the affairs of his red children here. In doing this, brother, you have addressed yourself principally to the Senecas. The Six Nations are present. They are our confederates. For myself, I am gratified that they are present, and that they, too, have heard what you have said to us. You have told us, that the propositions which we now hear from our great father have not been made by him in haste ; that he has deliberated a long time, and taken a full view of the interests of his white and red children. In doing this, he has sometimes addressed the Senecas, sometimes the Six Nations. He has considered fully, you tell us, the situation of his red children, and he knows their wants, their poverty, and their troubles. You have told us, too, of his solicitude for the red men, and also of the solicitude of his great council, as expressed during the last year. You are not now to expect that we will reply to these subjects. We think it proper now to make but a short talk ; to thank you for what we have heard, and to thank the president for what he has said to us through you, to which we have listened attentively. We rejoice that this council has been made so public. We are pleased that so many white men have attended. We rejoice

that your squaws have come with you, and we thank you that they are present.

Then turning to Colonel Ogden, he proceeded :

The commissioner has not spoken solely to the red men. You are also interested in what our great father has said, and the result of this council will also interest you as well as us. After our brother's talk you told us this, and that you wanted time to reflect upon the propositions, which are serious and important. We too, brother, have had a short consultation upon your proposal to meet the day after tomorrow. We wish to give you time, and to have time ourselves to hold our councils, and to reflect. We will meet you again the day after to-morrow. Knowing that our proceedings are slow and dilatory, and not like yours, we propose to meet you at 10 o'clock on that day.

The commissioner then explained that he had addressed the Senecas more particularly, because his commission appointed him to treat with that nation; but as the Six Nations were assembled, he had also addressed them jointly; and again advising them to a full and calm deliberation, the council was adjourned.

The council fire was rekindled by Red Jacket on the 7th of July, who spoke as follows :

BROTHERS: We have been preserved in health, strength and spirit, to meet you again at our council fire. The Great Spirit has protected us, and we are thankful again to meet you. You will recollect, brothers, that we listened with attention to what the commissioner said, and to the words of our great father through his mouth. As this council was called by the voice of our great father, you barely told us of his care for his red children. You further promised us that the Yorkers (meaning the preëmptioners), had communications for us. We now welcome you all to this council, and are ready to hear what you have to say. We see here our brother from Massachusetts. He, too, is welcome, and we are ready to hear from him.

BROTHERS : We wish you to open your minds to us. Let us hear frankly all that you have to communicate, that we may be ready to answer.

Having thus spoken, Red Jacket resumed his seat, and Judge Gorham addressed the council, approving of the propositions in behalf of the company, from the president. Mr. David A. Ogden succeeded him, and discussed at greater length the views of the preëmptioners—explaining the nature and extent of their rights, and the relations subsisting respectively between the Indians and the United States, the state of Massachusetts, and the company. In conclusion, he offered in behalf of the company to accede to the propositions that had been submitted by the commissioner at the first meeting. Red Jacket then addressed the council and said :

We have now heard our great father and Mr. Ogden. We must take time to deliberate upon these propositions and agreements. When we are ready we will send you word. We are slow, and the subjects are important. We have nothing farther to decide at this council fire.

The council convened again on the 9th of July, when Red Jacket, first addressing the commissioner, spoke at large as follows :

BROTHER : We understand that you have been appointed by our great father the president to make these communications to us. We thank the Great Spirit for this pleasant day given us for our reply, and we beg you to listen.

BROTHER : Previous to your arrival at this council fire, we were told that our great father had appointed a commissioner to meet us. You have produced your commission, and it has been read and explained to us. You have also explained the object of your mission, and the wishes of the president in sending you to the council fire of the Six Nations. We do not doubt that the sealed document you produced contained the words of the president, our great father.

When first informed of your appointment, we supposed that you were coming to meet us on a very different subject. Since the war of the revolution we have held various councils with our white brothers, and in this same manner. We have made various speeches and entered into several treaties, and these things are well known to our great father; they are lodged with him. We, too, perfectly understand them all. The same interpreters were then present as now. In consequence of what took place during the late war, we made it known to our great father, through our interpreter, that we wished to have a talk. Our application was not complied with. We sent a messenger to brighten the chain of friendship with our great father, but he would not meet around the council fire, and we were disappointed. We had supposed that the commissioner he has now sent came forward to brighten the chain of friendship, to renew former engagements. When we made a treaty at Canandaigua with Colonel Pickering, in 1794, we were told and thought that it was to be permanent, and to be lasting between us and the United States forever. After several treaties had been entered into under our great father, General Washington, large delegations from the Six Nations were invited to meet him. We went and met him in Philadelphia. We kindled a council fire. A treaty was then made, and General Washington then declared that it should be permanent between the red and white brothers: that it should be spread out on the largest and strongest rocks that nothing could undermine or break; that it should be exposed to the view of all.

BROTHER: We shall now see what has been done by the United States. After this treaty had been formed, I then said that I did not doubt but that the United States would faithfully perform their engagements. But I told our white brothers at that time, that I feared eventually they would *wish* to disturb those contracts. You white brothers have the faculty to burst the stoutest rocks. On our part we would not have disturbed those treaties. Shortly after our interview with our great father, General Washington, at Philadelphia, a treaty was made at Canandaigua, by which we widened our former engagements with our white brothers, and made some new ones. The commissioner — Colonel Pickering — then told us that this treaty should be binding and should last without alteration for

two lives. We wished to make it extend much farther, and the Six Nations then wished to establish a lasting chain of friendship. On our part, we wished the treaty to last as long as trees grow and waters run. Our brother told us that he would agree to it.

BROTHER : I have reminded you what had taken place between our confederates, the Six Nations, and our white brothers, down to the treaty of Canandaigua. At the close of that treaty it was agreed — it being as strong and binding as by my former comparisons I have explained — that if any difficulty should occur, if any monster should cross the chain of friendship, that we would unite to remove those difficulties, to drive away the monster ; that we would go hand in hand and prolong the chain. So it was agreed.

BROTHER : Many years ago we discovered a cloud rising that darkened the prospect of our peace and happiness. We heard eventful things from different quarters, from different persons, and at different times, and foresaw that the period was not very distant, when this threatening cloud would burst upon us.

BROTHER : During the late war we intended to take no part. Yet residing within the limits of the United States, and with the advice of General Porter, we agreed around our council fire that it was right, and we took a part. We thought it would help to promote our friendship with our white brothers, to aid the arms of the United States, and to make our present seats still stronger. These were our reasons. What were the results ? We lost many of our warriors. We spilled our blood in a cause between you and a people not of our color.

BROTHER : These things may be new to you, but they are not new to your government. Records of these things are with our great father the president. You have come, therefore, for a very different purpose from the one we expected. You come to tell us of our situation, of our reservations, of the opinions of the president that we must change our old customs for new ones ; that we must concentrate in order to enjoy the fair means you offer of civilization and improvement in the arts of agriculture.

BROTHER : At the treaty of Canandaigua we were promised that different kinds of mechanics — blacksmiths and carpenters — should be sent among us ; and farmers with their families, that our women

might learn to spin. We agreed to receive them. We even applied for these benefits. We were told that our children were too young to be taught. Neither farmers nor mechanics were sent.

BROTHER: We had thought that the promises made by one president were handed down to the next. We do not change our chiefs as you do. Since these treaties were made you have had several presidents. We do not understand why the treaty made by one is not binding on the other. On our part, we expect to comply with our engagements.

BROTHER: You told us when the country was surrounded by whites, and in possession of Indians, that it was unproductive, not being liable to taxes, nor to make roads and improvements, it was time to change. As for the taxing of Indians, this is extraordinary; and was never heard of since the settlement of America. The land is ours by the gift of the Great Spirit. How can you tax it? We can make such roads as we want, and did so when the land was all ours. We *are* improving in our condition. See these large stocks of cattle, and those fences. We are surrounded by the whites, from whom we can procure cattle and whatever is necessary for our improvement. Now that we are confined to narrow limits, we can easily make our roads and improve our lands. Look back to the first settlement by the whites, and then look at our present condition. Formerly, we continued to grow in numbers and in strength. What has become of the Indians who extended to the salt waters? They have been driven back and became few, while you have been growing numerous and powerful. This land is ours from the God of heaven. It was given to us. We cannot make land. Driven back and reduced as we are, you wish to cramp us more and more. You tell us of a preëmptive right. Such men, you say, own one reservation, and such another. But they are all ours — ours from the top to the bottom. If Mr. Ogden had come from heaven, with flesh on his bones, as we now see him, and said that the heavenly father had given him a *title*, we might *then* believe him.

BROTHER: You say that the president has sent us word that it is for our interest to dispose of our lands. You tell us that there is a good tract of land at Alleghany. This, too, is very extraordinary. Our feet have covered every inch of that reservation. A communi-

cation like this has never been made to us at any of our councils. The president must have been disordered in mind, when he offered to lead us off by the arms to the Alleghany reservation. I have told you of the treaty we made with the United States. Here is the belt of wampum that confirmed that treaty. Here, too, is the parchment. You know its contents. I will not open it. Now the tree of friendship is decaying; its limbs are fast falling off. You are at fault.

Formerly, we called the British brothers. Now we call the president our father. Probably among you are persons with families of children. We consider ourselves the children of the president. What would be your feelings were you told that your children were to be cast upon a naked rock, there to protect themselves. The different claims you tell us of on our lands, I cannot understand. We are placed here by the Great Spirit for purposes known to him. You have no right to interfere. You told us that we had large and unproductive tracts of land. We do not view it so. Our seats, we consider small; and if we are left here long by the Great Spirit we shall stand in need of them. We shall be in want of timber. Land after many years' use wears out; our fields must be renewed, and new ones improved, so that we have no more land in our reservations than we want. Look at the white people around us and back. You are not cramped for lands. They are large. Look at that man.¹ If you want to buy apply to him. He has lands enough to sell. We have none to part with. You laugh, but do not think I trifle. I am sincere. Do not think we are hasty in making up our minds. We have had many councils, and thought for a long time upon this subject. We will not part with any — not with one of our reservations.

We recollect that Mr. Ogden addressed his speech to you, therefore I have spoken to you. Now I will speak to Mr. Ogden.

BROTHER: You recollect when you first came to this ground that you told us you had bought the preëmptive right — a right to purchase, given you by the government. Remember my reply. I told you, you had been unfortunate in buying. You said you would not

¹ Mr. Ellicott, the agent of the Holland Land Company.

disturb us. I then told you as long as I lived, you must not come forward to explain that right. You have come. See me before you. You have heard our reply to the commissioner sent by the president. I again repeat that, one and all, chiefs and warriors, we are of the same mind. We will not part with any of our reservations. Do not make your application anew, nor in any other shape. Let us hear no more of it. Let us part as we met — in friendship. You discover white people on our reservations. It is my wish, and the wish of all of us, to remove every white man. We can educate our children. Our reservation is small. The white people are near. Such as wish can send their children to the white people's schools. The school master and the preacher must withdraw. The distance is short for those who wish to go after them. We wish to get rid of all the whites. They make disturbances. We wish our reservations clear of them.

Colonel Ogden and Judge Miller both made replies to Red Jacket, correcting him in several particulars wherein he had misunderstood them, as well as the views of the president, Mr. Monroe. It is but just, moreover, to say, that these replies were made with a degree of feeling and frankness carrying with it the conviction of a sincere desire that the Indians should be dealt with justly and generously. But their breath was expended to no good purpose. The counsels of Red Jacket prevailed, and the treaty was broken off without even an approach to success.

The speech of Red Jacket, it will have been observed, in some respects bordered upon rudeness, and in one instance upon irreverence to heaven. Great pains had been taken by his people that he should be well prepared for this council, and that he should appear in his best condition. The consequence was, that whatever excesses might have marked his conduct before or after the council, there was on this occasion no evidence of intemperance. On the contrary, his personal conduct was marked throughout by the utmost propriety, and his manner was calm, delibe-

rate and decided. Still, there had been intemperate expressions in his speech, which gave pain to some of the most considerate and respectable of the chiefs, and which they feared would be sources of unpleasant reflection, if not of irritation, to the commissioner and the other white gentlemen of his company. It must be here remarked that the Senecas had, some time before the holding of this treaty, become divided into two bodies — the pagan and Christian parties. At the head of the former was Red Jacket, of the latter, that fine old chief Captain Pollard.¹ It was this latter party, of course, that felt chagrined at some of Red Jacket's remarks and they determined that an apology or explanation ought to be tendered to the commissioner. On the day after the adjournment of the council, therefore, the commissioner received a message from Captain Pollard, informing him that thirteen of their chiefs were then in council deliberating upon the occurrences of yesterday, and that they wished to make a communication to him. In the afternoon a deputation of chiefs presented themselves, consisting of Young King, Pollard, Destroy Town, Jim Nickerson, White Seneca and Captain Johnson, when Pollard, addressing the commissioner, said :

BROTHER : You recollect what took place in council yesterday. The speaker first made a reply to you, and then to the proprietors. You must have discovered some things in that reply that were not correct, and some that were improper. You must also have observed from our different meetings that there was a division among ourselves. This is true. It has been so for a long time. We, although a minority, have been reflecting, for a long time, how we

¹ Captain Pollard, or Ka-o-un-do-wand, is yet living (1841), a venerable looking old man — with a finely developed head which would form a noble subject of study for Dr. Combe. The author visited him in the autumn of 1838, to make certain historical inquiries connected with the invasion of Wyoming. Pollard was a young chief in that bloody expedition. He declares that neither Brant nor the Mohawks were there.

could adopt the advice of good white men, and how it could be possible that you would have told us any thing that did not come from the president our great father, when you said it came from him. An intimation of this kind, you might have perceived, was given. The speaker yesterday acknowledged your authority, and that your commission contained the president's words; but he did not admit that your subsequent words came from our great father. One expression grieved us. He said that the president, our great father, must have been disordered in mind to offer to lead us off to the Alleghany. This remark made us very unhappy. Another expression of his was very extraordinary — one that we are not accustomed to. He said that if Mr. Ogden should come from heaven with life and with flesh on his bones, and tell us he had a title to these lands, then we might believe him. This we, as Christians, think very wrong; and it gave us much pain. After the council dispersed, the followers of the speaker collected around him, and took him to task for these things. They proposed that an apology should be made for him. But he said no; it has gone forth, let it stand. This gives us an opportunity to come forward. He told you also of many treaties down to Pickering's. Speaking of that, he exhibited the wampum in confirmation, with the parchment. He would not open the parchment, saying that you had a copy at Washington, and had misrepresented it. This we consider improper, rude and indecorous. He spoke, too, of our great father the president — calling him president. We call him and consider him as father, friend and protector. The speaker has attempted to explain what he meant by the disordered mind of the president, but as we think, he has made the matter worse — because he casts aspersions upon the quakers, and others who have been long praying for our good. We view the commissioner as coming from a father to his children. Your advice to concentrate and improve in our mode of agriculture we approve of. We see that the time has come when we should change our condition and improve our husbandry. But we all agree in what he said about parting with our lands; and we all agree that his harsh and rude language was improper.

Another motive for asking this interview is, to make you acquainted with our peculiar views and feelings. We, the Senecas,

are divided. The Tuscaroras are all united and wish to receive instruction and civilization. The Alleghanies are divided, but are principally with our party — wishing to receive instruction from the whites.

When I look back among our forefathers, I see nothing to admire, nothing I should follow, nothing to induce me to live as they did. On the contrary, to enjoy life I find we must change our condition. We who are present have families and children; we wish them to be instructed and enlightened — if we have not been — that their eyes may be opened to see the light, if our's have not been. We are getting old and cannot receive the instruction we wish our children to have. We wish them to know how to manage their affairs. After we are dead and gone — are covered with the dust — they will bless us for giving them instruction that our fathers had not given us. The Tuscaroras have for a long time received instruction, and they continue to improve. They see and know the advantage of it, and their children will enjoy it. We wish our great father the president to know of this interview and our explanations. Hereafter when he makes communications to the Senecas, we wish to have them made to us, the Christian party. This we think would do good, and be a lesson to our children. We wish to adopt his advice in improving our condition, because we see that by following Indian habits we must decay and sink to nothing. We are sensible that we cannot remain independent, and would therefore wish to undergo a gradual change. In cases of crimes committed we are not independent now. We are punished, and this is right.

One cause of division among us is,¹ that one party will school their

¹The author is indebted entirely to the kindness of Major Joseph Delafeld for the speeches at this council, by whom they were taken down from the lips of the interpreter. Major Delafeld remarks in a note at the close of his report, which has never before met the public eye, that the speeches were taken down as nearly in the language of the interpreter as was possible — such corrections as were obviously necessary having been made at the time. The only liberty taken in transcribing them, has been to omit the repetitions for which both Red Jacket's and Pollard's speeches were remarkable. The interpreter stated that he could not translate some of Red Jacket's figurative flights — they were too wild and difficult to appear in English — and he did not attempt it. Should his speech be improved by omitting its tautology, it has no doubt lost much of its most characteristic beauty and interest from the acknowledged omissions of the interpreter.

children — the other will not. Another cause is, the placing of white men on our lands as tenants. I did so, because advised by a white friend, and because I wished to show our people how the white men farmed the land.

The hopes of the preëmptioners were thus again deferred; but they ceased not in their efforts to accomplish their purposes by proposing treaties, and using such appliances as were within their power. Indeed such were their perseverance and pertinacity in pushing their designs, that the Indians, in their ignorance, were at times apprehensive that means would be found to dispossess them of their lands without their own free consent. A strong and eloquent address from the Senecas to the president of the United States, upon this subject, was transmitted to Washington in January, previous to the council held by Judge Miller, and two years afterward another appeal was made to the executive of the state of New York — Governor De Witt Clinton. In his reply to their memorial, dated February 9, 1820, Governor Clinton said :

All the right that Ogden and his company have, [to your reservations] is the right of purchasing them when you think it expedient to sell them — that is, they can buy your lands, but no other person can. You may retain them as long as you please, and you may sell them to Ogden as soon as you please. You are the owners of these lands in the same way that your brethren, the Oneidas, are of their reservations. They are all that is left of what the Great Spirit gave to your ancestors. No man shall deprive you of them without your consent. The state will protect you in the full enjoyment of your property. We are strong, and willing to shield you from oppression. The Great Spirit looks down on the conduct of mankind, and will punish us if we permit the remnant of the Indian nations which is with us to be injured. We feel for you, brethren : we shall watch over your interests. We know that in a future world

we shall be called upon to answer for our conduct to our fellow creatures.¹

But the Anglo Saxon race is seldom diverted from its purpose, especially if that purpose be the acquisition of territory. Treaty after treaty succeeded the abortive council held by Judge Miller; and although at all these treaties, so long as he lived, Red Jacket exerted himself to the utmost to prevent the sale of another rood of ground, yet the arts and appliances of the Ogden Company and its agents, by degrees prevailed over the patriotism of the Indians, and the chief, already stricken in years, lived yet long enough to mourn the loss, by piecemeal, of almost the entire of that beautiful region which he loved so well, and over which he had been wont to roam, free as the air he breathed, with so much delight.

A distinguished gentleman, long a resident of Buffalo, has supplied a few notes of one of the treaties just referred to, between the Senecas and the Ogden Company, and of the part borne thereat by Red Jacket, which is both spirited and interesting. According to the memoranda of that gentleman,² this treaty, or council, was holden at the Seneca village near Buffalo, in 1822 or 1823. The council having been addressed by the commissioner, and also by Governor Ogden, Red Jacket, in a single speech replied to both. After a concise and appropriate exordium, addressing himself to the commissioner, and repeating in form the speech in which the desire of the United States had been communicated, that the Senecas should sell their lands, he gave a succinct but connected history of the transactions between the Indians and the whites, from the first settle-

¹ Manuscript answer of Governor Clinton, to a speech from the Senecas. Would that the elevated morality of that great philanthropist had governed every American negotiation with the children of the forest.

²The Hon. Albert H. Tracy.

ment of the country, down to that day. Some of his figurative illustrations were very happy.

We first knew you, said he, a feeble plant which wanted a little earth whereon to grow. We gave it you—and afterward, when we could have trod you under our feet, we watered and protected you—and now you have grown to be a mighty tree, whose top reaches the clouds, and whose branches overspread the whole land; whilst we, who were then the tall pine of the forest, have become the feeble plant, and need your protection.

Again, enforcing the same idea, he said :

When you first came here, you clung around our knee, and called us *father*. We took you by the hand and called you BROTHERS. You have grown greater than we, so that we no longer can reach up to your hand. But we wish to cling around your knee and be called YOUR CHILDREN.

Referring to their services in the then recent war with England, he said :

Not long ago you raised the war club against him who was once our great father over the waters. You asked us to go with you to the war. It was not our quarrel. We knew not that you were right. We asked not : we cared not : it was enough for us that you were our brothers. We went with you to the battle. We fought and bled for you—and now, said he with great feeling, pointing to some Indians who had been wounded in the contest, dare you pretend to us that our father the president, while he sees our blood running yet fresh from the wounds received while fighting his battles, has sent you with a message to persuade us to relinquish the poor remains of our once boundless possessions—to sell the birth place of our children, and the graves of our fathers. No! Sooner than believe that he gave you this message, we will believe that you have stolen your commission, and are a cheat and a liar.

In reply to an explanation as to the nature of the pre-emptive claim of the company to their lands, and an

assurance that the object was not to wrong them in the purchase, but to pay the full value, he referred to the different treaties — the great cessions the Indians had made — the small equivalents they had received — and the repeated solemn assurances given by the government that they should not be importuned to relinquish the reservations remaining to them.

You tell us, said he, of your claim to our land, and that you have purchased it from your state. We know nothing of your claim, and we care nothing for it. Even the whites have a law, by which they cannot sell what they do not own. How, then, has your state, which never owned our land, sold it to you? We have a title to it, and we know that our title is good; for it came direct from the Great Spirit, who gave it to us, his red children. When you can ascend to where he is — pointing toward the skies — and will get his deed, and show it to us, then, and never till then, will we acknowledge your title. You say that you came not to cheat us of our lands, but to buy them. Who told you that we have lands to sell? You never heard it from us.

Then drawing up, and giving Mr. Ogden a look of earnestness, if not of indignation, he said :

Did I not tell you, the last time we met, that whilst Red Jacket lived you would get no more lands of the Indians? How, then, while you see him alive and strong (striking his hand violently on his breast), do you think to make him a liar?¹

Red Jacket was doubtless sincere, at this time, and during the latter years of his life, in his opposition to any farther disposition of their already contracted territory,

¹Speaking in reference to the real eloquence of Red Jacket, the gentleman referred to in the last note remarks: It is evident that the best translations of the Indian speeches must fail to express the beauty and sublimity of the originals — especially of such an original as Red Jacket. It has been my good fortune to hear him a few times, but only of late years, and when his powers were enfeebled by age, and still more by intem-

although, as has been seen at an earlier stage of his life, he could speak with a forked tongue upon the subject — declaring eloquently in open council against the selling of an acre, and meeting the agent of the purchase by night to facilitate his operations. But however sincere at the last mentioned and at subsequent councils, in his opposition to the views of the præmption company, their persuasives were stronger than his — less eloquent, but far more effective. It is believed that no sales of land were made at either of the two councils last mentioned; but shortly afterward, viz., in the summer of 1826, another negotiation was opened, which was attended by better success for the company. The commissioner on the part of the United States was the Hon. Oliver Forward, of Buffalo. The agent for the commonwealth of Massachusetts was the Hon. Nathaniel Gorham. The agent of the company was John Greig, Esq., of Canandaigua, who succeeded in extinguishing the Indian title to about eighty thousand acres of their smaller reservations along the course of the Genesee river, of which there were several. Red Jacket participated largely in the proceedings of the council, and opposed every cession step by step. Yet his eloquence, though earnest as ever, was exerted to but little purpose; the Indians acceded to the terms proposed to them. After the treaty was concluded, and its terms were reduced to writing, Mr. Greig remarked to Red Jacket that as he had opposed the sales he need not sign the paper. But the

perance. But I shall never forget the impression made on me the first time that I saw him in council:

Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sate, and public care,
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin.

I can give no adequate idea of the strong impression it made upon my mind, though conveyed to it through the medium of an illiterate interpreter. Even in this mangled form, I saw the *disjecta membra* of a regular and splendid oration.

chief would listen to no such proposition. He was proud of having his name appear upon every document connected with the fortunes of his people, whether he approved of them or not, and insisted on signing the instrument, which he accordingly did.¹ Still, although this negotiation was conducted with the utmost fairness in respect to the Indians, loud complaints were made against it by Red Jacket and the noncontents, and a commission was subsequently instituted by President Adams, to inquire into the true character of the transaction. This duty was confided to Richard Montgomery Livingston, of Saratoga. A powerful effort was made by Red Jacket to cause the treaty to be set aside as fraudulent, but without success, and it was allowed to be carried into effect.²

- Another negotiation was instituted in the year 1828, and others still have followed, until, yielding to the pertinacity of the company, in the autumn of 1839 the Indians so far relinquished the contest that a treaty was concluded, by virtue of which all the remaining territory of the Senecas in the state of New York was conveyed to the company that had so long and intently been striving to grasp the prize. This treaty was ratified by the senate of the United

¹ Conversations of the author with Mr. Greig.

² The treaty here referred to was concluded on the 31st of August, 1826. By it the Seneca nation of Indians sold to the proprietors of the preëmptive right 87,526 acres of their reservations, being 33,637 from the Buffalo, 33,409 from the Tonnewanta, 5,120 from the Cattaraugus, all of the Caneadea (10,240), and all of the Gardow, Squacky hill, Big Tree and Canawagus reservations, containing 1,280 acres each. The last four were situated in the county of Livingston, and contain each a portion of the Genesee river flats. The papers connected with this treaty were once partially examined by the author, at the house of the late Mr. Livingston, but they were subsequently burnt with his office building. Red Jacket was again active and eloquent in opposition to the views of the company; but he was out-voted in council, and compelled to yield to the overpowering numbers of democracy — savage and wild, literally — as Governor Morris once pronounced it in another place.

States in March, 1840;¹ but although yet unexecuted, and doomed, perhaps, to encounter opposition in regard to the appropriations necessary for its fulfillment, still it requires no special gift of prophecy to foretell that the remains of the once proud and powerful Senecas, comprising now but a few scattered and dissolving bands, must soon turn their backs upon the fair region which they have possessed for centuries, to seek out a new home toward the setting sun. Lost amid the boundless regions beyond the Mississippi, and mingled with nations of their own race more numerous than themselves, not many years will elapse before the Senecas will be numbered as among the nations that were.

¹ There remained to the Senecas after the treaty of 1826, at Buffalo 49,920 acres, at Tonnewanta 12,800, at Allegany 30,469, at Cattaraugus 21,760, and at Tuscarora 1,920 — in all 116,869 acres, all of excellent quality. With the exception of the Tuscarora reservation, which is small, all have now been sold by the Indians. For an account of the provisions of the last mentioned treaty, and a history of the arts and management by which it was obtained, see appendix F.

CHAPTER XII.

WITCHCRAFT—The case of Tommy Jemmy indicted for murder—Red Jacket takes part in the trial—His attention to the government of his people—Missionary enterprise among the Senecas—Red Jacket's opposition and hatred of Christianity—His letter to Captain Parish, appealing to Governor Clinton against the black coats—Legislative action, unwittingly, against the missionaries—Rev. Mr. Harris and his labors—Their success—Conversion of O-qui-ye-sou, or Captain Strong—The schools—Mr. Harris driven away under the law—Conduct of the white pagans—Application to the legislature in behalf of the missionaries—Letter of Red Jacket to Governor Clinton—The missionaries and teachers sustained—Beneficent labors of the Quakers—Remarkable interview between Red Jacket and Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, as detailed in a letter from the latter—Outlines of another anti-christian speech—His eloquence—1821-1824.

NEITHER civilized nor savage wars occurring again in the neighborhood of the Seneca country during the residue of Red Jacket's life, few public events with which his name is associated remain to be discussed. The most considerable exception to this remark is to be found in the celebrated case of Tommy Jemmy, a chief of the Senecas, who, in the year 1821, was tried for murder at Buffalo. The case was substantially this: In the spring of the year just mentioned, a Seneca Indian fell into a state of languishment, and died. The character and course of the disease were such that the Indian medicine men did not understand it; and from a variety of strange circumstances attending the sick man's decline and death, it was sagely concluded that he had been destroyed by sorcery. Nay more, the woman who had nursed him, and anxiously watched him at the bed side, was fixed upon as the beldam who, by the aid of an evil spirit, had compassed his death.

The woman fled the territory and crossed into Canada, but was followed thither by the sachems and others, arrested, and tried by a council, in due form, according to the immemorial usages of her people in such cases made and provided. She was proved guilty, and sentenced to death. But the Indians were too well informed, and too wary, to carry the execution into effect beyond the confines of their own territory, either in Canada or the United States. The poor culprit was therefore artfully inveigled back to the American side of the Niagara, and thence within the bounds of their own jurisdiction, where it was determined she should meet her doom. Still the Indian who had been designated as the executioner faltered in his duty. Either his heart or his hand failed, or his conscience smote him, and he declined the fulfillment of his bloody commission. In this emergency, a chief named So-on-on-gise, but who was usually called Tommy Jemmy, seized a knife, and despatched the sorceress by cutting her throat. The white inhabitants of the neighborhood were shocked at the deed; and forgetting that, to a certain extent at least, the Indians constituted an independent community, Tommy Jemmy was arrested by the civil authorities of Buffalo, and thrown into prison. In due time he was indicted for the capital crime of murder, and arraigned at the bar of the oyer and terminer to take his trial. This trial, interesting in itself, became in its progress both curious and instructive; and before the close of all the proceedings had in connection therewith, attracted very general attention throughout the state, especially with the legal profession. The death of the woman, by the hand of the accused, of course was not denied. But the prisoner, by his counsel, pleaded to the jurisdiction of the court, that the Seneca Indians were a sovereign and independent nation, exercising exclusive jurisdiction of all offenses committed by any of its members within their own territory, and that the prisoner, as well

as the person killed, was a member of the Seneca nation, and the offense, if any, was committed within their own territory. The woman, it was held, had been judicially executed, according to their own laws and usages, and it was therefore insisted that it was a matter of which the tribunals of the state of New York could take no cognizance. To this plea a replication was filed by the public prosecutor,¹ denying the allegations, and an issue to the country tendered. In this issue the prisoner joined, and a jury was sworn to try the same. Among the witnesses introduced to support the plea of the accused was Red Jacket, who was examined at large touching the laws and usages of his people. The eminent counsel who conducted the prosecution wished to exclude his testimony, and to that end inquired whether he believed in the existence of a God. "More truly than one can who could ask me such a question," with an indignant look, was the instant reply.²

Afterward, on his cross-examination, the chief was asked by one of the counsel, what rank he held in his nation: to which he answered with a contemptuous sneer — "Look at the papers which the white people keep the most carefully" (meaning the treaties ceding their lands) "they will tell you what I am!"³

The testimony of the orator, as also did that of the other Indian witnesses, went to show that in the apprehension of the Indians the woman was clearly a witch, and that she had been tried by a properly constituted council, and executed, in pursuance of their laws, which had been established for a time whereof the memory of the white people, at least, ran not to the contrary, inasmuch as these laws were in force long before the English came to this island. In the

¹The Hon. John C. Spencer now (1841) secretary of the state of New York.

²Letter to the author from the Hon. Albert H. Tracy.

³Drake's *Book of the Indians*.

course of his examination, perceiving that their superstition on the subject of witchcraft was the theme of ridicule, as well with the legal gentlemen as among the bystanders, Red Jacket found an opportunity to break forth as follows:

What! Do you denounce us as fools and bigots, because we still believe that which you yourselves believed two centuries ago? Your black coats thundered this doctrine from the pulpit, your judges pronounced it from the bench, and sanctioned it with the formalities of law; and you would now punish our unfortunate brother for adhering to the faith of *his* fathers and of yours! Go to Salem! Look at the records of your own government, and you will find that hundreds have been executed for the very crime which has called forth the sentence of condemnation against this woman, and drawn down upon her the arm of vengeance. What have our brothers done more than the rulers of your people have done? And what crime has this man committed, by executing, in a summary way, the laws of his country, and the command of the Great Spirit?¹

The appearance of Red Jacket, when delivering this sarcastic philippic, was noted as remarkable, even for him. When fired with indignation, or burning for revenge, the expression of his eye was terrible, and when he chose to display his powers of irony, which were rarely excelled, the aspect of his keen sarcastic glance was irresistible.² The result of the trial was a verdict that the *allegations* contained in the prisoner's plea were true. The court suspended giving judgment, and the proceedings were removed by certiorari into the supreme court. At the August term of that tribunal, in the same year, a motion was made by the attorney-general for judgment that the prisoner answer farther, notwithstanding the verdict of the

¹ *Albany Argus*, 1821 — one of the editors of which paper, at that day, was present at the trial.

² William J. Snelling, who was also present at the trial. Vide *Drake's Book of the Indians*.

jury. The argument was opened, in behalf of the people, by Mr. Spencer, who was followed by Mr. Oakley,¹ in behalf of the prisoner. Mr. Samuel A. Talcott, attorney-general, closed the argument, which was sustained throughout, on both sides, with great ability. The discussion produced a very thorough examination of all the laws, treaties, documents, and public history relating to the Indians, from the time of the discovery; and the court, intimating that there was considerable difficulty in the question, took time for mature consideration. The conclusion of the whole matter was the discharge of the prisoner by consent. The court, not liking to make a decision recognizing the independent jurisdiction of the Indians in such cases, and yet being unable to deny to them the existence of a qualified sovereignty — perceiving, moreover, very clearly, that the case was not one of murder, as the Indians “understood it” — took the middle course, and allowed the liberation of the prisoner.

After the close of the war between the United States and Great Britain, in 1815, the whole attention of Red Jacket was devoted to the government of his people, and the advancement of what he doubtless honestly conceived to be their true interests. The leading feature of his policy was to exclude the white people from mingling with his nation, and to prevent Christian missionaries and schoolmasters from coming amongst them; in furtherance of which design, all his influence, and all that remained of his power, were exerted to the utmost. In a word, he labored with all his energies to shut out every thing like moral and social improvement, and to preserve his people in their primitive Indian character. But his arm was too feeble to check the advances of the Anglo Saxon race, and

¹ Thomas J. Oakley, formerly attorney-general, and now (1841) one of the judges of the supreme court of the city of New York.

the residue of the Six Nations at length found themselves hemmed closely within the comparatively narrow reservations yet remaining to them. Both schoolmasters and missionaries, also, the objects of the chieftain's peculiar hate, were still insinuating themselves among them; for the New York Missionary Society, nothing daunted by the repulse of Mr. Alexander, in 1811, had succeeded in establishing several missionary stations. Indeed, the Tuscarora Indians had received the missionaries as early as the year 1805, and the consequence had been a rapid improvement of their moral and social condition. A missionary house had likewise been opened at the Seneca village, about five miles from Buffalo, and another upon the Cattaraugus reservation.¹ These humble efforts in the cause of Christian civilization were crowned with very considerable success, so that previous to the year 1820 the Senecas had become divided into two distinct parties, Christian and pagan — as mentioned incidentally in a preceding chapter. The former was headed by the veteran Captain Pollard, or Ka-oundoo-wand, Gishkaka, commonly called Little Billy, and several other chiefs of note, and the latter by Red Jacket and the Young Cornplanter, who, notwithstanding the conversion of his father to the Christian faith, and his own education in Philadelphia, adhered still to the heathenism of his ancestors. There were likewise other pagan chiefs acting in concert with Red Jacket, who, with their followers, probably at that period composed considerably more than half the nation. The hostility of this pagan party to these inroads of civilization was uncompromising, and at the close of the year 1819, or early in 1820, an appeal was made to Governor Clinton for protection against the black coats. This appeal was embodied in a letter, dictated by Red Jacket, and addressed to Mr. Parish, their

¹ Reports from the missionary, in the *Missionary Herald*.

favorite interpreter, then on a visit to the seat of the state government, upon business appertaining to the Indians :

RED JACKET TO CAPTAIN PARISH.

BROTHER PARISH : I address myself to you, and through you to the governor. The chiefs of Onondaga have accompanied you to Albany, to do business with the governor ; I, also, was to have been with you, but I am sorry to say that bad health has put it out of my power. For this you must not think hard of me. I am not to blame for it. It is the will of the Great Spirit that it should be so. The object of the Onondagas is to purchase our lands at Tonnewanta. This and other business that they may have to do at Albany, must be transacted in the presence of the governor. He will see that the bargain is fairly made, so that all parties may have reason to be satisfied with what is done ; and when our sanction shall be wanted to the transaction, it will be freely given. I much regret that, at this time, the state of my health should prevent me from accompanying you to Albany, as it was the wish of the nation that I should state to the governor some circumstances which show that the chain of friendship between us and the white people is wearing out, and wants brightening. But I will proceed now to lay them before you by letter, that you may mention them to the governor, and solicit redress. He is appointed to do justice to all, and the Indians fully confide that he will not suffer them to be wronged with impunity.

The first subject to which we would call the attention of the governor, is the depredations that are daily committed by the white people upon the most valuable timber of our reservations. This has been a subject of complaint with us for many years ; but now, and particularly at this season of the year, it has become an alarming evil, and calls for the immediate interposition of the governor in our behalf. Our next subject of complaint is, the frequent thefts of our horses and cattle by the white people ; and their habit of taking and using them whenever they please, and without our leave. These are evils which seem to increase upon us with the increase of our white neighbors, and they call loudly for redress.

Another evil arising from the pressure of the whites upon us, and

our unavoidable communication with them, is the frequency with which our chiefs and warriors, and Indians, are thrown into jail, and that, too, for the most trifling causes. This is very galling to our feelings, and ought not to be permitted to the extent to which—to gratify their bad passions—our white neighbors now carry this practice.

In our hunting and fishing, too, we are greatly interrupted by the whites. Our venison is stolen from the trees where we have hung it to be reclaimed after the chase. Our hunting camps have been fired into, and we have been warned that we shall no longer be permitted to pursue the deer in those forests which were so lately all our own. The fish, which, in the Buffalo and Tonnewanta creeks, used to supply us with food, are now, by the dams and other obstructions of the white people, prevented from multiplying, and we are almost entirely deprived of that accustomed sustenance. Our great father the president has recommended to our young men to be industrious—to plough and to sow. This we have done, and we are thankful for the advice, and for the means he has afforded us of carrying it into effect. We are happier in consequence of it.

But another thing recommended to us has created great confusion among us, and is making us a quarrelsome and divided people; and that is, the introduction of preachers into our nation. These black coats contrive to get the consent of *some* of the Indians to preach among us, and wherever this is the case, confusion and disorder are sure to follow: and the encroachments of the whites upon our lands are the invariable consequence. The governor must not think hard of me for speaking thus of the preachers. I have observed their progress, and when I look back to see what has taken place of old, I perceive that whenever they came among the Indians, they were the forerunners of their dispersion; that they always excited enmities and quarrels among them; that they introduced the white people on their lands, by whom they were robbed and plundered of their property; and that the Indians were sure to dwindle and decrease and be driven back, in proportion to the number of preachers that came among them. Each nation has its own customs and its own religion. The Indians have theirs—given to them by the Great Spirit—under which they were happy. It was not

intended that they should embrace the religion of the whites, and be destroyed by the attempt to make them think differently on that subject from their fathers.

It is true, these preachers have got the consent of some of the chiefs to stay and preach among us, but I and my friends know this to be wrong, and that they ought to be removed; besides we have been threatened by Mr. Hyde — who came among us as a schoolmaster and a teacher of our children, but has now become a black coat, and refused to teach them any more — that unless we listen to his preaching and become Christians, we will be turned off our lands. We wish to know from the governor if this is to be so; and if he has no right to say so, we think he ought to be turned off our lands, and not allowed to plague us any more. We shall never be at peace while he is among us. Let them be removed, and we will be happy and contented among ourselves. We now cry to the governor for help, and hope that he will attend to our complaints, and speedily give us redress.

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, or *Red Jacket*.¹

In consequence of this representation, and others of corresponding import, an act was passed by the legislature of New York, during the session of 1821, for the more effectual prevention of encroachments upon the lands of the Senecas. The enactments of this law were peremptory — requiring the district attorney and sheriff of the county, on complaint being made, to remove from the reservation “all persons other than Indians.” Resistance to the mandate for such removal was punishable by imprisonment. It is not supposed that in the enactment of this law the legislature intended to molest the missionaries, or to interfere with their schools. The design was to afford

¹This letter was dictated by Red Jacket, and interpreted by Henry O'Bail, in the presence of the following Indians: Red Jacket's son, Cornplanter, John Cobb, Peter, Young King's Brother, Tom the Infant (Onnongaiheko), Blue Sky (Towyocauna), John Sky, Jemmy Johnson, Marcus, Big Fire, Captain Jemmy.

more efficient protection to the Indians against intruders in general, who were crowding upon them in considerable numbers, destroying their timber, and endamaging them in other respects. Against such it was occasionally enforced; but in regard to the missionaries its energies were allowed to slumber for two or three years. Meantime the New York Missionary Society had transferred its stations to the care of the American Board of Foreign Missions, by which latter association the Seneca missions had been reorganized upon a more efficient and commanding basis. In 1821, the Rev. Thompson S. Harris, with an augmented mission family, had been stationed at the Seneca village, with a commission as superintendent of the stations in the several cantons. A church was soon afterward organized, and schools, male and female, were opened. In the year 1822, the Rev. Mr. Thayer, with his family and suitable teachers for schools, were stationed at the Cattaraugus reservation. The labors of both of these families — missionaries and teachers — were greatly blessed; and Red Jacket and his pagan adherents were doomed to the mortification of beholding a rapid increase of the Christian party at the expense of their own. The children were flocking to the schools, and the adults almost daily renouncing their heathen rites and superstitions, and avowing themselves Christians. Among the notables of the tribe who came out from among the pagans, was the principal chief of the Cattaraugus clan, O-qui-ye-sou, well known in English as Captain Strong. He was a chief of talent and great influence among his people — a sober, deep thinking man, who for judgment and penetration surpassed most others of his nation. His family was connected with that of Red Jacket by ties of consanguinity, and, with all the members of that family, he remained a pagan until 1823. Red Jacket himself had not been more decided in his opposition to the missionaries than Captain Strong, down

to the period just mentioned. But observing the salutary influences which the missionaries and their schools were exerting upon his people, he was brought to reflect seriously upon the subject. His pagan friends became alarmed at the symptoms they discovered of a change in his views, and a council was convened, at which the most strenuous efforts were put in requisition to prevent his defection. But their efforts were vain. To the disappointment and grief of the pagans, after they had exhausted their stock of dissuasives, O-qui-ye-sou rose and in a manly speech abjured his pagan creed, and avowed himself a member of the Christian party — to which he has steadfastly adhered until this day. Alarmed at the loss of such a chief as Captain Strong, and at the rapid diminution of his adherents, foreshadowing his own loss of influence and power, the project of a forcible ejection of the missionaries and school teachers, under the act of 1821, was conceived by Red Jacket, and by the aid of several *white pagans* in Buffalo, who were ever on the *qui vive* to facilitate his anti-christian purposes, carried into prompt execution. Complaints having been duly entered against Mr. Harris and his teachers at the Seneca village, the district attorney and sheriff, having no discretion in the premises, were compelled to proceed against them, and the mission at the Seneca village was broken up in March, 1824. There were forty-three children in the school at the time, who, with their teachers and assistants, were removed to the Cattaraugus station. Mr. Harris and his family retired to Buffalo, to watch the course of events, and render such offices to the Indians of his spiritual charge as might yet be in his power. This was a sad disappointment to the mission family, and was deeply lamented by the Christian Indians, upon whom the happiest influences had been exerted. A lively concern had been awakened in their bosoms for the salvation of their souls, and they were in

the habit of resorting to the woods for their private devotions. They, therefore, felt deeply the loss of their minister, to whom they owed so much, not only for his instructions in religion, but for his labors in the improvement of their social condition. The American Board had no sooner heard of these transactions, than an appeal was made to the legislature for such a modification of the law of 1821 as would allow the missionaries to resume their labors. The people of Buffalo, also, with the exception of a small knot of unbelievers in alliance upon this subject with Red Jacket, sustained the application. Judge Wilkinson, then a senator from Buffalo, made a strong speech in favor of the proposed modification of the law, and bore powerful testimony to the advantages that had resulted to the Indians from the labors of the missionaries. In this posture of affairs, while the question was yet pending, Red Jacket addressed the following letter to Governor Clinton:

TO THE CHIEF OF THE COUNCIL FIRE AT ALBANY.

BROTHER: About three years ago, our friends of the great council fire at Albany wrote down in their book that the priests of white people should no longer reside on our lands, and told their officers to move them off whenever we complained. This was to us good news, and made our hearts glad. These priests had a long time troubled us, and made us bad friends and bad neighbors. After much difficulty we removed them from our lands; and for a short time we have been quiet, and our minds easy. But we are now told that the priests have asked liberty to return; and that our friends of the great council fire are about to blot from their book the law which they made, and leave their poor red brethren once more a prey to hungry priests.

BROTHER: Listen to what we say. These men do us no good. They deceive every body. They deny the Great Spirit, which we, and our fathers before us, have looked upon as our creator. They disturb us in our worship. They tell our children¹ they must not

¹ Several of Red Jacket's children had joined the Christian party.

believe like our fathers and mothers, and tell us many things we do not understand and cannot believe. They tell us we must be like white people — but they are lazy and won't work, nor do they teach our young men to do so. The habits of our women are worse than they were before these men came amongst us, and our young men drink more whisky. We are willing to be taught to read, and write, and work, but not by people who have done us so much injury.

BROTHER: We wish you to lay before the council fire the wishes of your red brethren. We ask our brothers not to blot out the law which has made us peaceable and happy; and not to force a strange religion upon us. We ask to be let alone, and, like the white people, to worship the Great Spirit as we think best. We shall then be happy in fulfilling the little share in life which is left us, and shall go down to our fathers in peace.

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA.¹

In one of the parables of the great author of Christianity, it is said that on a certain occasion, when a husbandman had been scattering good seed in his field, “an enemy” came afterward and sowed tares. It was even so at the village of the Senecas. There were a few individual white men in the vicinity of the reservation, unbelievers in the Christian religion — of whose number was a man of some political notoriety in Buffalo — who labored with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to thwart the efforts of the missionary and teachers at the Seneca village. By these men the prejudices of Red Jacket and his pagan adherents were fomented, and their hands strengthened. No man labored with greater industry in sowing the good seed than Mr. Harris. None could have labored with greater assiduity in sowing tares in the same field than the persons referred

¹ The original of this document is in the office of the secretary of state, at Albany. It was subscribed with the mark of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or Red Jacket, first, and then follow those of the Young Cornplanter, Green Blanket, Big Kettle, Robert Bob, Twenty Canoes, senior and junior, Two Guns, Fish Hook, Hot Bread, Bare Foot, and several others of the pagan party.

to. And these men were doubtless the counselors of Red Jacket, as they had been on other similar occasions, in the composition of the foregoing letter to Governor Clinton. It was a grievous libel upon the character and conduct of the missionaries, and probably was not without its influence for temporary evil, inasmuch as the application in their behalf was not at that time sustained by the legislature. But at a period not long subsequent, the rigors of the law were meliorated, and both missionaries and teachers were allowed to resume and continue their labors without farther molestation.

There is indeed, in one passage of the letter under consideration, an apparent qualification of the old chieftain's hostility to the introduction of the arts of reading and writing among the Indians; but he was nevertheless averse to the acquisition of those accomplishments from Mr. Harris and his assistants. But towards the quakers, who had exercised a watchful guardianship over the Alleghany clan of the Senecas, by means of boards of visitors and resident agents, almost from the hour of their laying down the hatchet in 1783, Red Jacket was much better disposed. He made an earnest appeal to them, at about the same time, for assistance, or for the exertion of their influence in keeping the missionaries at a distance. In his communications with the quakers upon this subject, he was more grievously libelous against the missionaries even than in the letter to Governor Clinton, charging them with stealing the horses of the Indians, driving away their cattle, and with other grave offenses. Charges like these, against men holding the commissions of the American Board of Foreign Missions, stationed, as it were, under the very eye of the board itself, carried their own contradiction upon their face. Still it may be possible — barely possible — that miscreants may have assumed the missionary garb in order to accomplish some sinister purpose against this much

abused race. And when the orator told the quakers, as it is alleged he did by at least one authority, that such of the Senecas as were nominally converted from heathenism to Christianity by those pretended teachers, only disgraced themselves by paltry attempts to cover the profligacy of the one with the hypocrisy of the other,¹ he must either have adverted to some isolated instance of imposture and affected conversion, or coined the libel with malignant intent.

But his hostility to Christianity and its teachers was implacable, and broke forth on every possible occasion. About the year 1824, a gentleman who had much official and personal intercourse with the Senecas, and with Red Jacket in particular, while in conversation with him in company with the late Colonel Chapin, asked the question why he was so much opposed to the missionaries. The inquiry awakened feelings of real or affected surprise in the bosom of the chief, and after a brief pause as though for reflection, he replied with a sarcastic smile, and an emphasis peculiar to himself:

Because they do us no good. If they are not useful to the white people, why do they send them among the Indians? If they are useful to the white people, and do them good, why do they not keep them at home? They are surely bad enough to need the labor of every one who can make them better. These men know we do not understand their religion. We cannot read their book — they tell us different stories about what it contains, and we believe they make the book talk to suit themselves. If we had no money, no land, and no country to be cheated out of, these black coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. The Great Spirit will not punish us for what we do not know. He will do justice to his red children. These black coats talk to the Great Spirit, and ask for light, that we may see as they do, when they are blind themselves,

¹ *Thatcher's Indian Biography.*

and quarrel about the light which guides them. These things we do not understand, and the light they give us makes the straight and plain path trod by our fathers dark and dreary. The black coats tell us to work and raise corn: they do nothing themselves, and would starve to death if somebody did not feed them. All they do is to pray to the Great Spirit; but that will not make corn or potatoes grow; if it will why do they beg from us and from the white people? The red men knew nothing of trouble until it came from the white men; as soon as they crossed the great waters they wanted our country, and in return have always been ready to teach us to quarrel about their religion. Red Jacket can never be the friend of such men. The Indians can never be civilized—they are not like white men. If they were raised among the white people, and learned to work, and to read, as they do, it would only make their situation worse. They would be treated no better than negroes. We are few and weak, but may for a long time be happy if we hold fast to our country and the religion of our fathers!¹

It need scarcely be added that this outpouring of invective against the missionaries was no more bitter than unjust; and were it not for the close resemblance it bears to the preceding letter to Governor Clinton, it would be charitable to hope that the reporter imparted to the language of the speaker a tone of severity beyond his design. No doubt can exist that his feelings of hatred to Christianity were at that time settled and deep; but, as has been previously intimated, there were white pagans in the Seneca neighborhood, who, with a vigilance that never slumbered, were watching for opportunities to infuse into the bosom of Red Jacket a portion of the poison rankling in their own. Such may have been the fact in regard both to the last mentioned speech and the letter. Perhaps, therefore, a more just conception of the old chieftain's general views upon this important subject—his manner of reasoning respecting

¹ Colonel M'Kenney's *Indian Biography*.

it—and the position in which he supposed the Indians stood in regard to it—may be formed by a perusal of the notes of a protracted colloquy between him and a young candidate for clerical orders—now an eminent divine¹—which occurred at about the period of his life now under consideration. These notes, or more properly sketches, in addition to their dramatic interest, will serve as vivid illustrations of the manners of the orator in his old age, and the character of his mind—while the missionaries are at the same time vindicated.

REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE TO THE AUTHOR.

“The first opportunity I ever enjoyed of seeing that deservedly celebrated Indian chief Red Jacket, was in the year 1821, at the residence of General PETER B. PORTER, Black Rock, New York. Being on a visit to the general and his family, it seemed a peculiarly fit occasion to become acquainted with the great Seneca orator, whose tribe resided within a few miles of Black Rock. General Porter embraced the Indian warriors who fought with us on that line, during the late war with Great Britain, in his command. From this cause; from his high character; his intimate acquaintance with the chiefs; and his known attachment to these interesting people, he had great influence over them; and his lamented lady, who it is not indelicate for me to say was my sister, had by her kindness won the rugged hearts of all their leading men. So that their united influence, and my near relationship to them, secured to me at once access to the chiefs, and their entire confidence.

“I had not only a great desire to see Red Jacket, but also to use this important opportunity to correct some of his false impressions in regard to Christianity and the mis-

¹ The Rev. John Breckinridge, D.D.

sionaries established in his tribe. To this end it was agreed to invite Red Jacket and the other chiefs of the Senecas, to visit Co-na-shus-tah,¹ and meet his brother at his house. The invitation was accordingly given, and very promptly and respectfully accepted.

“On the appointed day they made their appearance in due form, headed by Red Jacket, to the number of perhaps eight or ten, besides himself. Red Jacket was dressed with much taste, in the Indian costume throughout. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting-shirt, with blue leggings, very neat moccasins, a red jacket, and a girdle of red about his waist. I have seldom seen a more dignified or noble looking body of men than the entire group. It seems—though no such impression was designed to be made by the terms of the invitation—that some indefinite expectation had been excited in their minds of meeting an official agent on important business. And they have been so unworthily tampered with, and so badly treated by us, as a people, and many of their most important treaties have been so much the result of private and corrupting appeals, that they very naturally look for some evil design in every approach to them—however open and simple it may be. So it was on this occasion. As soon as the ceremonies of introduction had passed, with the civilities growing out of it, the old orator seated himself in the midst of the circle of chiefs, and after a word with them, followed by a general assent, he proceeded in a very serious and commanding manner—always speaking in his own nervous tongue, through an interpreter, to address me in substance as follows:

We have had a call from our good friends (pointing to the general and his lady) to come down to Black Rock to meet their brother. We are glad to break bread and to drink the cup of friendship with

¹ The name given to General Porter by Red Jacket.

them. They are great friends to our people, and we love them much. Co-na-shus-tah is a great man. His woman has none like her. We often come to their house. We thank them for telling us to come to-day. But as all the chiefs were asked we expected some important talk. Now, here we are — what is your business?

“This, as may be readily supposed, was an embarrassing position to a young man just out of college. I paused. Every countenance was fixed upon me, while Red Jacket in particular seemed to search me with his arrowy eye, and to feel that the private and informal nature of the meeting, and the extreme youth of the man, were hardly in keeping with the character and number of guests invited — and his whole manner implied, ‘that but for the sake of the general and his good viands, I should have waited for you to come to us.’ With these impressions of his feelings, I proceeded to say in reply:

That I should have thought it very presumptuous in me to send for him alone — and still more for all the chiefs of his tribe — to come so far to see me — that my intention had been to visit him and the other chiefs at his town — but the general and his lady could not go with me to introduce me. Nor were we at all certain that we should find him and the other chiefs at home; and at any rate the general’s house was more convenient. He intended, when he asked them, to keep them as long as they could stay, and to invite them to break his bread, and drink his cup, and smoke his pipe — that his woman, and he as well as I, desired to see them at their house — that as to myself, I was a young man, and had no business with them, except that I had heard a great deal of Red Jacket, and wished to see him and hear him talk — and also that I had some things to say to him when we were better acquainted, which, though not *business*, were important to his people — and I thought it would be interesting to him, as I knew he loved his people much — and finally that I would return his visit, and show him that it was not out of disrespect, but out of great regard for him, and great desire to see him, that we had sent for him — this being the way that white men honor one another.

“Mrs. Porter immediately confirmed what I had said, and gave special point to the *hospitality* of the house, and the great desire I had to see Red Jacket. Her appeal, added to the reply, relaxed the rigor of his manner and that of the other chiefs, while it relieved our interview of all painful feelings.

“After this general letting down of the scene, Red Jacket turned to me familiarly and asked: ‘What are you? You say you are not a government agent — are you a gambler?¹ or a black coat? or what are you?’ I answered: ‘I am yet too young a man to engage in any profession; but I hope some of these days to be a black coat.’ He lifted up his hands accompanied by his eyes, in a most expressive way, and though not a word was uttered, every one fully understood that he very distinctly expressed the sentiment — ‘What a fool!’ I had too often been called to bear from those reputed great and wise among *white* men, the shame of the cross, to be surprised by his manner; and I was too anxious to conciliate his good feelings to attempt any retort — so that I commanded my countenance, and seeming not to have observed him, I proceeded to tell him something of our colleges, &c., &c. That gradually led his mind away from the ideas with which it was filled and excited when he arrived.

“A good deal of general conversation ensued — addressed to one and another of the chiefs — and we were just arriving at the hour of dinner, when our conference was suddenly broken up by the arrival of a breathless messenger, saying that an old chief, whose name I forget, had just died, and the other chiefs were immediately needed, to attend his burial. One of the chiefs shed tears at the

¹ By the term gambler, Red Jacket meant a land speculator, and by the way not a bad definition — especially of those base men who have so long conspired to cheat the poor Indians out of their little remaining lands.

news — all seemed serious; but the others suppressed their feelings and spent a few moments in a very earnest conversation, the result of which Red Jacket announced to us. They had determined to return at once to their village; but consented to leave Red Jacket and his interpreter. In vain were they urged to wait until after dinner, or to refresh themselves with something eaten by the way. With hurried farewell and quick steps they left the house, and by the nearest foot path returned home.

“This occurrence relieved me of one difficulty. It enabled me to see Red Jacket at leisure, and alone. It seemed also to soften his feelings, and make him more affable and kind.

“Soon after the departure of the chiefs, we were ushered to dinner. Red Jacket behaved with great propriety, in all respects; his interpreter, Major Berry, though half a white man and perhaps a chief, like a true savage. After a few awkward attempts at the knife and fork, he found himself falling behind, and repeating the old adage which is often quoted to cover the same style among our white urchins of picking a chicken bone, ‘*that fingers were made before knives and forks,*’ he proceeded with real gusto, and much good humor, to make up his lost time upon all parts of the dinner. It being over, I invited Red Jacket into the general’s office, where we had for four hours a most interesting conversation on a variety of topics, but chiefly connected with Christianity; the government of the United States; the missionaries; and his loved lands.

“So great a length of time has passed since that interview that there must be supposed to be a failure in the attempt perfectly to report what was said. I am well assured I cannot do justice to his *language*, even as diluted by the ignorant interpreter; and his *manner* cannot be described. But it was so impressive a conversation, and I have so often been called on to repeat it, that the substance

of his remarks has been faithfully retained by my memory. It is only attempted here to recite a small part of what was then said, and that with particular reference to the illustration of his character, mind and opinions.

“It has already been mentioned and is largely known, that Red Jacket cherished the most violent antipathy toward the American missionaries who had been located among his people. This led to very strenuous resistance of their influence, and to hatred of their religion, but of the true character of which he was totally ignorant. His deep attachment to his people, and his great principle that their national glory and even existence depended upon keeping themselves distinct from white men, lay at the foundation of his aversion to Christianity. Though a pagan, yet his opposition was *political*, and he cared very little for any religion except so far as it seemed to advance or endanger the glory and safety of the tribe.

“He had unfortunately been led by designing and corrupt white men, who were *interested* in the result, falsely to associate the labors of the missionaries with designs against his nation; and those who wished the Senecas removed from their lands that *they* might profit by the purchase — and who saw in the success of the mission the chief danger to *their* plans, artfully enlisted the pagan party, of which Red Jacket was the leader, to oppose the missionaries — and thus effectually led to the final frustration of Red Jacket’s policy — in and by the defeat of the missionary enterprise. But as this question is discussed in the sequel, I will not anticipate. Thus much it was necessary to premise, in order to explain the nature and ends of my interview with Red Jacket. My object was to explain the true state of the case to him, and after this to recommend the doctrine of Christ to his understanding and heart. My first step, therefore, was to ask him why he so strongly opposed the settlement and labors of the missionaries? He

replied, because they are the enemies of the Indians, and under the cloak of doing them good are trying to cheat them out of their lands. I asked him what proof he had of this. He said he had been told so by some of his wise and good friends among the white men, and he observed that the missionaries were constantly wanting more land—and that by little and little, for themselves, or those who hired them to do it, they would take away all their lands, and drive them off.

“I asked him if he knew that there was a body of white men who had already bought the exclusive right to buy their lands from the government of New York, and that therefore the missionaries could not hold the lands given or sold them by the Indians a moment after the latter left the lands and went away. He seemed to be startled by the statement, but said nothing. I proceeded to tell him that the true effect of the missionary influence on the tribe was to *secure* to them the possession of their lands, by civilizing them and making them quit the chase for the cultivation of the soil, building good houses, educating their children, and making them permanent citizens and good men. This was what the speculators did not wish. Therefore they hated the missionaries. He acknowledged that the Christian party among the Indians did as I said; but that was not the way for an Indian to do. Hunting, war and manly pursuits, were best fitted to them. But, said I, your reservation of land is too little for that purpose. It is surrounded by the white people like a small island by the sea; the deer, the buffalo and bear, have all gone. This won't do. If you intend to live so much longer, you will have to go to the great western wilderness where there is plenty of game, and no white men to trouble you. But he said, we wish to keep our lands, and to be buried by our fathers. I know it—and therefore I say that the missionaries are your best friends; for if you follow the ways they teach you can still

hold your lands—though you cannot have hunting grounds; and therefore you must either do like white men, or remove from your lands—very soon. Your plan of keeping the Indians distinct from the white people is begun too late. If you would do it and have large grounds, and would let the missionaries teach you Christianity far from the bad habits and big farms of the white people, it would then be well: it would keep your people from being corrupted and swallowed up by our people who grow so fast around you, and many of whom are very bad. But it is too late to do it here, and you must choose between keeping the missionaries and being like white men, and going to a far country: as it is, I continued, Red Jacket is doing more than any body else to break up and drive away his people.

“ This conversation had much effect on him. He grasped my hand and said if that were the case it was new to him. He also said he would lay it up in his mind [putting his hand to his noble forehead,] and talk of it to the chiefs and the people.

“ It is a very striking fact, that the disgraceful scenes now passing before the public eye over the grave of Red Jacket, so early and so sadly fulfill these predictions; and I cannot here forbear to add that the thanks of the nation are due to our present chief magistrate,¹ for the firmness with which he has resisted the recent efforts to force a fraudulent treaty on the remnant of this injured people; and drive them against their will, and against law and treaties sacredly made, away from their lands, to satisfy the rapacity of unprincipled men.

“ It may be proper here to say likewise, that I do by no means intend to justify all that may possibly have been done by the missionaries to the Senecas. It is probable the

¹ This letter was written in January, 1841, and the president alluded to is Mr. Van Buren. W. L. S.

earliest efforts were badly conducted; and men of more ability ought to have been sent to that peculiar and difficult station. But it is not for a moment to be admitted, nor is it credible that the authors of the charges themselves believe it, that the worthy men who at every sacrifice went to the mission among the Senecas, had any other than the purest purposes. I visited the station, and intimately knew the chief missionary. I marked carefully their plan and progress, and do not doubt their usefulness any more than their uprightness; and beyond all doubt it was owing chiefly to malignant influence exerted by white men, that they finally failed in their benevolent designs. But my business is to narrate, not to discuss.

“My next object was to talk with Red Jacket about Christianity itself. He was prompt in his replies, and exercised and encouraged frankness with a spirit becoming a great man.

“He admitted both its truth and excellence, as adapted to white men. He said some keenly sarcastic things about the treatment that so good a man as Jesus had received from white men. The white men, he said, ought all to be sent to hell for killing him; but as the Indians had no hand in that transaction, they were in that matter innocent. Jesus Christ was not sent to them; the atonement was not made for them; nor the bible given to them; and therefore the Christian religion was not meant for them. If the Great Spirit had intended that the Indians should be Christians, he would have made his revelation to them as well as to the white men. Not having done so, it was clearly his will that they should continue in the faith of their fathers. He said that the red man was of a totally different race—and needed an entirely different religion—and that it was idle as well as unkind, to try to alter their religion and give them ours. I asked him to point out the difference of the races, contending that they were one, and needed but one

religion, and that Christianity was that religion which Christ had intended for, and ordered to be preached to, all men. He had no distinct views of the nature of Christianity as a method of salvation, and denied the need of it. As to the *unity* of the races, I asked if he ever knew two distinct races, even of the lower animals, to propagate their seed from generation to generation. But do not Indians and white men do so? He allowed it; but denied that it proved the matter in hand. I pressed the points of resemblance in everything but color—and that in the case of the Christian Indians there was a common mind on religion. He finally waived this part of the debate by saying “that one thing was certain whatever else was not—that white men had a great love for Indian women, and left their traces behind them wherever they could.”¹

“On the point of needing pardon, from being wicked, he said the Indians were *good* till the white man corrupted them. ‘But did not the Indians have *some* wickedness *before* that?’ ‘Not so *much*.’ ‘How was *that* regarded by the Great Spirit? Would he forgive it?’ He hoped so—‘did not know.’ ‘Jesus’ I rejoined, ‘came to tell us he would, and to get that pardon for us.’

“As to suffering and death among the Indians, did not they prove that the Great Spirit was angry with *them*, as well as with white men? Would he thus treat men that were *good*? He said they were not wicked before white men came to their country and taught them to be so. But they *died before* that? And why did they *die*, if the Great Spirit was not angry, and they wicked? He could not say, and in reply to my explanation of the gospel doctrine of the entrance of death by sin, he again turned the subject by saying he was a great doctor, and could cure any thing but *death*.

¹ In another conversation upon this subject, I believe with Dr. Breckenridge, Red Jacket expressed this idea more pungently, as may be seen by referring back to page 186. W. L. S.

“The interpreter had incidentally mentioned that the reason the chiefs had to go home so soon, was that they always *sacrificed a white dog on the death of a great man*. I turned this fact to the account of the argument, and endeavored to connect it with, and explain by it, the doctrine of *atonement*, by the blood of Christ, and also pressed him on the questions, how can this *please* the Great Spirit, on *your* plan? *Why* do you offer such a *sacrifice*, for so it is considered? And *where* they got such a rite from? He attempted no definite reply.

“Many other topics were talked over. But these specimens suffice to illustrate his views, and mode of thinking.

“At the close of the conversation he proposed to give me a *name*, that henceforth I might be numbered among his friends, and admitted to the intercourse and regards of the nation. Supposing this not amiss, I consented. But before he proceeded he called for some whisky. He was at this time an intemperate man — and though perfectly sober on that occasion, evidently displayed toward the close of the interview the need of stimulus, which it is hardly necessary to say we carefully kept from him. But he *insisted* now, and after some time a small portion was sent to him at the bottom of a decanter. He looked at it — shook it — and with a sneer said — ‘Why, here is not whisky enough for a name to float in.’ But no movement being made to get more, he drank it off, and proceeded with a sort of pagan orgies, to give me a name. It seemed a semicivil, semi-religious ceremony. He walked around me again and again, muttering sounds which the interpreter did not venture to explain; and laying his hand on me pronounced me ‘Con-go-gu-wah,’ and instantly, with great apparent delight, took me by the hand as a brother. I felt badly during the scene, but it was beyond recall — and supposing that it might be useful in a future day, submitted to the initiation.

“Red Jacket was in appearance nearly sixty years old at

this time. He had a weather beaten look ; age had done something to produce this—probably intemperance more. But still his general appearance was striking, and his face noble. His lofty and capacious forehead, his piercing black eye, his gently curved lips, fine cheek, and slightly aquiline nose, all marked a great man, and as sustained and expressed by his dignified air, made a deep impression on every one that saw him. All these features became doubly expressive when his mind and body were set in motion by the effort of speaking—if effort that may be called which flowed like a free full stream from his lips. I saw him in the wane of life, and I heard him only in private, and through a stupid and careless interpreter. Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, he was one of the greatest men and most eloquent orators I ever knew. His cadence was measured and yet very musical. In ordinary utterance it amounted to a sort of musical monotony. But when excited he would spring to his feet, elevate his head, expand his arms, and utter with indescribable effect of manner and tone, some of his noblest thoughts.

“ After this interesting conference had closed, the old chief with his interpreter bade us a very civil and kind farewell, and set forth on foot for his own wigwam.

“ It was four years after this before I had the pleasure of again seeing my old friend. I was then on a flying visit to Black Rock. At an early day I repaired to his village, but he was not at home. Ten days after, as we were just leaving the shore in the steamboat to go up the lake, he suddenly presented himself. It was unhappily too late to return. He hailed me by name, and pointed with much animation to such parts of his person as were decorated with some *red* cloth which I had at parting presented to him, and which, though not worn as a *jacket*, was with much taste otherwise distributed over his person. These he exhibited as proofs of his friendly recollection.

“ The last time I ever saw him, was at the close of Mr. Adams’s administration. He, with a *new* interpreter (Major Berry having been removed by death), had been on a visit to his old friend Co-na-shus-tah — then secretary of war. After spending some time at the capital, where I often met him, and had the horror to see his ‘dignity often laid in the dust,’ by excessive drunkenness, he paid me by invitation a final visit at Baltimore, on his way home. He took only time enough to dine. He looked dejected and forlorn. He and his interpreter had each a suit of common infantry uniform, and a sword as common, which he said had been presented to him at the war department. He was evidently ashamed of them. I confess I was too. But I forbear. He was then sober, and serious. He drank hard cider, which was the strongest drink I could conscientiously offer him — so I told him. He said it was enough. I said but little to him of religion — urged him to prepare to meet the Great Spirit, and recommended him to go to Jesus for all he needed. He took it kindly — said he should see me no more — and was going to his people to die. So it was — not long after this, he was called to his last account.

“JOHN BRECKENRIDGE.”

On another occasion, at no great distance of time from his first interview with Doctor Breckenridge, the superior benefits of husbandry, education, the enjoyments and refinements of civilized life, and the blessings of Christianity having been urged upon him by a benevolent gentleman with great earnestness, Red Jacket replied in the following strain :

As to civilization, among white people, I believe it is a good thing, and that it was so ordered that they should get their living in that manner. I believe in a God, and that it was ordered by him that we, the red people, should get our living in a different way, viz. : from the wild game of the woods and the fishes of the waters,

I believe in the Great Spirit who created the heavens and the earth. He peopled the forests, and the air and the waters. He then created man, and placed him as the superior animal of this creation, and designed him as governor over all other created beings on earth. He created man differing from all other animals. He created the red man, the white, the black, and yellow. All these he created for wise, but inscrutable purposes, &c.¹

To prove this he reasoned from analogy, from the varieties in the same species, and from the different species under a common genus in all other animals, whether quadruped, fowl, or fish—pointed out their different modes of living, and showed that they each had a distinct designation assigned to them in the grand arrangement of the animal economy by the Great Spirit. He proceeded:

This being so, what proof have we that he did not make a similar arrangement with the human species, when we find so vast, so various, and so irreconcilable a variety among them, causing them to live differently, and to pursue different occupations. As to religion, we all ought to have it. We should adore and worship our Creator for his great favors in placing us over all his works. If we cannot with the same fluency of speech, and in the same flowing language, worship as you do, we have our mode of adoring, which we do with a sincere heart—then can you say that our prayers and thanksgivings, proceeding from grateful hearts and sincere minds, are less acceptable to the great God of the heavens and the earth, though manifested either by speaking, dancing, or feasting, than yours, uttered in your own manner and style? ²

¹ Manuscript collection of Joseph W. Moulton.

² In their mode of worship, the Six Nations addressed the Great Spirit with thanks and prayer by particular speakers. They then feasted, or celebrated a thanksgiving, closing with dancing and other amusements and recreations. Their great religious festivals, when the convocations were general, were semiannual, and continued from three to six days. While prayer is offered, the dust of tobacco is sprinkled on live coals of fire, that the incense may ascend with their supplications. Thanks are returned for all their temporal mercies—their lives, health, crops, game, and in a word for all the bounties received from the Great Spirit.

Doctor Breckenridge laments, in the preceding letter, his inability to make even an approach to justice as to the language and figures in which Red Jacket clothed his thoughts, and by which he illustrated and enforced them. The same confession has been uniformly elicited from every writer who enjoyed opportunities of listening to the chief or conversing with him. General Porter, than whom no one knew him better, speaks of him as a man "endowed with great intellectual powers, and who, as an orator, was not only unsurpassed, but unequalled, *longo intervallo*, by any of his cotemporaries. Although those who were ignorant of his language could not fully appreciate the force and beauty of his speeches, when received through the medium of an interpretation — generally coarse and clumsy — yet such was the peculiar gracefulness of his person, attitudes and action, and the mellow tones of his Seneca dialect, and such the astonishing effects produced on that part of the auditory who did fully understand him, and whose souls appeared to be engrossed and borne away with the orator, that he was listened to by all with perfect delight."¹ He drew his arguments from the natural relations and fitness of things. His mind glanced through the visible creation, and from analogy he reasoned in a way that often baffled and defied refutation. His figures were from the same inexhaustible fountain, and were frequently so sublime, so apposite, and so beautiful, that the interpreters often said the English language was not rich enough to allow of doing him justice. Such, at least, have been the representations of those who knew him well, and who have had the best opportunities of arriving at correct conclusions. Nevertheless, the character of nearly all his speeches that have been preserved, as they have been preserved, bears evidence rather of the enthusiasm of his admirers, than of their judgment.

¹ Manuscript letter to the author from General Porter:

CHAPTER XIII.

RED JACKET'S domestic relations — Loss of his children by consumption — His second wife becomes a Christian — Separation from her, and union with another — His youngest daughter visits him — Returns to his lawful wife — Is received and lives in harmony — Red Jacket and Lafayette — Red Jacket and the French Count — Scornful behavior to a visitor from Albany — Anecdotes of Red Jacket and Colonel Pickering — His vanity — Launch of a sloop bearing his name — His tact — Anecdote of a dinner party — Red Jacket at a trial at Batavia — His notions of law, and his humor — Anecdote of Red Jacket and Captain Jones — Red Jacket and the execution of the Thayers — Anecdote of Hot Bread — Opinion of Thomas Morris of his character and oratory — Paintings of Red Jacket — His love of the woods — 1826.

THE domestic relations of Red Jacket have thus far scarcely been adverted to. Indeed, the materials for his family history are very slender. The orator had two wives. The first, after having borne him a large family of children, he forsook, for an alleged breach of conjugal fidelity, and never received her to his favor again. In William Savary's journal of the treaty of Canandaigua, in 1794, that excellent friend gave an account of a visit to Red Jacket's lodge, and spoke of his children, in regard to their appearance and manners, in terms of gratified commendation. But a large number of his children by the first wife died of consumption while yet "in the dew of their youth." In a conversation with that eminent medical practitioner, Dr. John W. Francis, of New York, a few years before the chieftain's death, on the subject of the diseases incident to the Indians, Red Jacket refuted the popular notion that they were not equally obnoxious with others to pulmonary complaints. In support of his position he instanced the case of his own

family, of which he said seventeen had died of consumption ten or eleven of whom were his children. He felt the bereavement deeply, and sometimes evinced strong emotion when conversing upon the subject. On one occasion, when visiting an aged lady of his acquaintance at Avon, who had known him almost from his youth,¹ and who was aware of his domestic afflictions, she enquired whether any of his children were living. He fixed his eyes upon her with a sorrowful expression of countenance and replied:

Red Jacket was once a great man, and in favor with the Great Spirit. He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest. But after years of glory he degraded himself by drinking the fire water of the white man. The Great Spirit has looked upon him in anger, and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches!

For his second wife Red Jacket married the widow of a deceased chief, whose English name was Two Guns. She was one of the most amiable and respectable women of her tribe. Her mind was of a superior order, and the dignity of her manners and fine personal appearance rendered her a very suitable counterpart to the noble form and bearing of her husband. It is an interesting, if not remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the inveterate hostility of Red Jacket to the missionaries, and his confirmed paganism, his wife became a Christian, and several of his children were believed to have died in the same faith.

It was in the year 1826 that his wife first became interested in the subject of religion. She was frequently seen in the Christian assembly, an attentive listener to the truths of the gospel, as presented from sabbath to sabbath in the

¹The late Mrs. Berry, of the Genesee valley, wife of Gilbert R. Berry, one of the earliest settlers of western New York, and a trader at the Indian town, once standing near the place where the turnpike crosses the Genesee river at Avon. Mrs. Berry was the mother of Mrs. George Hosmer, from whom I received this touching incident. Mrs. B. was a great friend of the Senecas, and spoke their language (as does Mrs. Hosmer) fluently.

plain familiar address of the missionary. She at length abandoned her pagan worship altogether, became a constant attendant at the mission chapel, and in the following year proposed connecting herself with the little church then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Harris. This proposal was strongly resisted on the part of Red Jacket. He represented to her "that they had hitherto ever lived in peace and harmony, and had been prosperous and happy; and now if she was going to leave him and go over and join herself to the company of his political and personal opponents, one thing was certain, that he should leave her forever; he should never come to see her again." Soon after this somewhat arbitrary communication, she went one day to the house of Mr. Harris, apparently in much distress, to ask counsel as to the course she ought to pursue. The advice can readily be anticipated. She was told that God required her to be a Christian under all possible circumstances — that it was best to follow the dictates of her conscience and the commands of Jesus Christ — and that if she would humbly look to the Saviour for grace, he would strengthen and comfort her under this trial, and cause it "to work for her good." Still, although holding the course thus indicated to be the path of duty, the missionary very properly observed to her that she must be governed in her decision by the voice of conscience, and the dictates of her own judgment.

Her resolution was soon taken to abjure the dark and senseless superstitions of her people; and in a short time thereafter she was received on the profession of her faith into the fellowship of the Christian church. True to his threat, Red Jacket left her; and retiring to the Tonnewanta reservation, connected himself with a woman of that nation. No one questioned the sincerity or the strength of the attachment of the woman thus abandoned for her husband, yet she followed not after him, nor made any efforts to

induce his return. The injury was borne with a meek and submissive spirit — so much so as to endear her greatly to the members of the mission family, to whom she became much attached, and with whom she was wont to spend several hours almost every week, in Christian conversation and prayer.

Red Jacket, however, was not happy while separated from his loved ones at home. He was particularly fond of his youngest daughter. She was accustomed to nestle upon his knees, and amuse the old chieftain with her innocent prattle while her little hands were entwined in his silver locks. When he left his family she mourned for him, and gave her mother no rest until she had consented to take her to where her father lived. Mother and daughter accordingly visited Tonnewanta; but the former with true feminine delicacy refused either to see him or enter the house where he lodged. So far as she could gratify her children and cultivate their affection for their father she was willing to go, but self respect forbade her to seek him. “The little girl, who is now a Christian woman, threw her arms around her parent’s neck and kissed him. He, in turn, embraced her warmly, and told her he was coming home; that he was sorry he had left her mother, and did not think her religion had done her any harm. He said, further, that he had bought her some broadcloth and beads, and would bring them when he came. When she left him he went with her to the door of the house where her mother lodged, but did not enter, and with many sobs and tears she bade him adieu and returned home.”

Red Jacket continued absent, in his new alliance, for six or seven months, by which time he repented of his folly and returned to his lawful wife, whom he urgently solicited to receive him back. She *did* receive him, with the same meek and forgiving spirit that marked her character and conduct during her desertion. But it was with the con-

dition that she should be unmolested in regard to her religious opinions, and the discharge of her Christian duties—a condition to which Red Jacket not only willingly acceded, but, on assenting, said that “he knew she was a better woman than before she became a Christian, and he would never again molest her.” This promise was faithfully kept. Indeed, it would seem as if the feelings of the haughty Seneca had become very much softened by his voluntary exile. It is related that often on a sabbath morning, after his return, “the old chief would rise early and awake the daughters, saying, ‘Come, it is Sunday, you know; get up and have the work all done, so as to go to meeting with your mother; always go with your mother.’ Before he left her, his wife was obliged to steal away when he did not know it. She would have her house in order, and her blanket ready somewhere outside the dwelling, and when the bell rang, would go quietly out, take her blanket, and run. But now, when the bell rang for sabbath, or evening meeting, he said, ‘Go,’ and though he disliked to be left alone, he murmured not, and made himself as comfortable as he could till she returned.” Their conjugal relations having been thus reëstablished, the chieftain and his wife continued to live together with their usual harmony, until a divorce was pronounced by a summons from another world.¹

When, in the year 1825, General Lafayette, as the guest

¹The facts of this relation respecting Red Jacket and his second wife have been derived from the missionary, Mr. Harris, and also from Miss Johnson (sister of B. P. Johnson, of the New York Agricultural society), who, having lived among the Senecas for some time in the family of the Rev. Mr. Wright, the missionary at the Cattaraugus reservation, has had excellent opportunities for arriving at the truth. Miss Johnson is the authoress of a little volume entitled the *Iroquois*. The work is written under her *nom de plume* “MINNIE MYRTLE” — a circumstance which we cannot but think unfortunate—since it gives the impression that the work (which really contains valuable information), is of a light and trivial character.

of the nation, was making his memorable tour of the United States, being at Buffalo, Red Jacket was among the visitors who in throngs paid their respects to the veteran. Having been presented to the general, the orator inquired whether he remembered being at the treaty of peace with the Six Nations, at Fort Stanwix, in 1784. Lafayette answered that he had not forgotten that great council, and asked his interrogator if he knew what had become of the young chief who, on that occasion, opposed with so much eloquence "the burying of the tomahawk." "*He is before you,*" was the instant reply. The general remarked to him that time had wrought great changes upon both since that memorable meeting. "Ah," rejoined Red Jacket, "time has not been so severe upon you as it has upon me. It has left you a fresh countenance, and hair to cover your head; while to me.....behold.....!" and taking a handkerchief from his head, with an air of much feeling, he disclosed the fact that he was nearly bald. It is added by M. Lavasseur, the secretary of General Lafayette, and the French historian of his tour, that the people in attendance could not help laughing at the simplicity of the Indian, who appeared to be ignorant how to repair the ravages of age in this respect. But his simplicity was presently enlightened by the disclosure of the fact that the general was furnished with a wig—whereupon the chief, confounding a wig with a scalp, conceived the idea of regarnishing his own head by an operation truly Indian, at the expense of some one of his neighbors. But this was a suggestion of pleasantry. M. Lavasseur remarked of the appearance of Red Jacket at that time—"This extraordinary man, although much worn down by time and intemperance, preserves yet, in a surprising degree, the exercise of all his faculties. He obstinately refuses to speak any language but that of his own people, and affects a great dislike to all others, although it is easy to discern that he perfectly understands the English. He

refused, nevertheless, to reply to the general before his interpreter had translated his questions into the Seneca language.”¹

Red Jacket was ever gratified with the attentions of distinguished men, with whom, no matter for the height of their elevation, he felt himself upon a footing of perfect equality. It is related that about the year 1820, a young French nobleman, who was making the tour of the United States, visited the town of Buffalo. Hearing of the fame of Red Jacket, and learning that his residence was but seven miles distant, he sent him word that he was desirous to see him, adding a request that the chief would visit him in Buffalo the next day. Red Jacket received the message with much contempt, and replied: “Tell the *young man* that if he wishes to visit the *old chief*, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red Jacket will be glad to see him.” The count sent back his messenger, to say that he was fatigued with his journey, and could not go to the Seneca village; that he had come all the way from France to see the great orator of the Senecas, and after having put himself to so much trouble to see so distinguished a man, the latter could not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. “Tell him,” said the sarcastic chief, “that it is very strange he should come so far to see me, and then stop short within seven miles of my lodge.” The retort was richly merited. The count visited him at his wigwam, and *then* Red Jacket accepted an invitation to dine with him at his lodgings in Buffalo. The young nobleman was greatly pleased with him, declaring that he considered him a greater wonder than the falls of Niagara. This remark was the more striking, as it was

¹Lavasseur — Drake — B. B. Thatcher. M. Lavasseur was perfectly correct in this last suggestion. Red Jacket understood the English language very well, as the author had occasion to ascertain. But he could not speak it well.

made within view of the great cataract. "But," adds the relator,¹ "it was just. He who made the world, and filled it with wonders, has declared man to be the crowning work of the whole creation."

But the chieftain did not always stand so sternly upon his dignity, and in the case just related, it is quite possible that he was more particular because of the rank of the stranger, and because he *was* a stranger to the country. On one occasion, not many years before his death, a gentleman from Albany on a visit to Buffalo, being desirous of seeing the chief, sent a message to that effect. The gentleman was affluent in money, and in words, the latter flowing forth with great rapidity, and in an inverse ratio to his ideas. He had also a habit of approaching very near to any person with whom he was conversing, and chattering with almost unapproachable volubility. On receiving the message, Red Jacket dressed himself with the utmost care, designing, as he ever did when sober, to make the most imposing impression, and came over to the village. Being introduced to the stranger, he soon measured his intellectual capacity, and made no effort to suppress his disappointment, which indeed was sufficiently disclosed in his features. After listening for a few moments to the chatter of the gentleman, Red Jacket, with a look of mingled chagrin and contempt, approached close to him and exclaimed — "cha, cha, cha!" as rapidly as utterance would allow. Then drawing himself to his full height, he turned proudly upon his heel, and walked away in the direction of his own domicile, "as straight as an Indian," nor deigned to look behind while in sight of the tavern. The gentleman with more money than brains was for once lost in astonishment, and stood longer motionless and silent than he had ever done before.²

¹ Rev. Dr. Breckenridge — vide M'Kenney's *Indian Sketches*.

² This incident was related to the author by the Hon. Mr. Moseley, of Buffalo.

A prominent trait in the Indian character is vanity. The Indians are vain of their dress, of their achievements, and of their talents, whenever marked by superiority; and it cannot have escaped the observation of the reader, that this weakness was prominent in the disposition of Red Jacket. The organ of self esteem, according to the classification of the phrenologists, was beyond doubt strongly developed upon his head. A few illustrations of this feature in his character may not be amiss.

In the earlier years of his public life, as the reader is well aware, Red Jacket was frequently engaged in negotiations with Timothy Pickering, of whose vigorous intellectual powers there is no occasion to speak in this connection. Some time after the diplomatic intercourse between the colonel and himself had ceased, the former was called to the state department of the federal government.¹ On meeting Red Jacket soon afterward, the fact of this appointment was mentioned to him by his friend Thomas Morris. "Yes," observed the chief: "we began our public career about the same time. He knew how to read and write, but I did not, and therefore he has got ahead of me. But had I possessed those advantages I should have been ahead of him."²

At the treaties held by him, Colonel Pickering was in the practice of taking down the speeches of the Indians, from the lips of the interpreter, in writing, and in order to expedite business, he would sometimes write while the orator in chief was himself speaking. On one occasion, when Red Jacket occupied the forum, observing that the colonel continued writing, he abruptly came to a pause. The colonel desired him to proceed. "No," said the

¹ The last treaty between the United States and the Six Nations was held at Canandaigua, in 1794. Colonel Pickering was appointed secretary of state by Washington, in December, 1795.

² Letter of Thomas Morris to the author.

orator — “not while you hold down your head.” “Why,” inquired the commissioner, “can you not go on while I write?” “Because,” replied the chief, “if you look me in the eye you will then perceive whether I tell you the truth or not.”¹

On another occasion, Colonel Pickering turned to speak to a third person while Red Jacket was addressing him. The chief instantly rebuked him for his inattention with great hauteur, observing, with emphasis, “When a Seneca speaks he ought to be listened to with attention from one extremity of this great island to the other.”²

On returning from his visits to the seat of the federal government, where, at different periods, he had several interviews with General Washington, he would magnify to the other Indians the importance of his reception by the great chief. “I remember having seen him on one of those occasions, when, after having seated the Indians around him in a semicircle, taking the cocked-hat that had been presented to him by General Knox, then secretary of war, in his hand, he went round bowing to the Indians, as though they were the company at the president’s house, and himself the president. He would then repeat to one and another all the compliments which he chose to suppose the president had bestowed upon him, and which his auditors and admiring people supposed had been thus bestowed.”³

Toward the close of his life he was present by invitation at the launching of a schooner at Black Rock, bearing his name. He made a short address on the occasion, showing the estimation in which he held his own high merit. In the course of this speech, addressing himself directly to the vessel, he said :

¹ Letter of Thomas Morris to the author.

² Idem.

³ Letter from Thomas Morris.

You have had a great name given to you — strive to deserve it. Be brave and daring. Go boldly into the great lakes, and fear neither the swift winds nor the strong waves. Be not frightened nor overcome by them, for it is by resisting storms and tempests that I, whose name you bear, obtained my renown. Let my great example inspire you to courage and lead you to glory.¹

He was not deficient in tact, and with true Indian circumspection, and his own characteristic cunning, was careful to conceal his ignorance as to the usages of society in the better circles into which he was occasionally thrown. "He once, on his return from Philadelphia, told me that when there he perceived many things the meaning of which he did not understand, but he would not make inquiry concerning them there, because they would be imputed to his ignorance. He therefore had determined on his return to ask me. He said that when he dined at General Washington's, a man stood all the time behind his chair, and would every now and then run off with his plate, and knife and fork, which he would immediately replace by others. 'Now,' said Red Jacket, 'what was this for?' I replied to him, that he must have observed on the president's table a variety of dishes, that each dish was cooked in a different manner, and that plates, and the knives and forks of the guests, were changed as often as they were helped from a different dish. 'Ah,' said he, after musing a moment, 'is that it?' I replied in the affirmative. 'You must then suppose,' he continued, 'that the plates, and knives and forks, retain the taste of the cookery?' Yes, I replied. 'Have you then,' he added, 'any method by which you can change your palates every time you change your plates; for I should suppose that the taste would remain on the palate longer than on the plate?' I replied that we were in the habit of washing that away by drinking

¹ Letter from the Hon. Albert H. Tracy to the author.

wine. 'Ah,' said he, 'I now understand it. I was persuaded that so general a custom among you must be founded in reason, and I only regret that when I was in Philadelphia I did not understand it — when dining with General Washington and your father. The moment the man went off with my plate, I would have drunk wine until he brought me another; for although I am fond of eating, I am more so of drinking.'"¹

Red Jacket could never become reconciled to the criminal law of the white men, the operation of which, in many respects, he thought unequal, and consequently unjust. It has been seen in a former chapter, on the trial of Stiff-armed George, indicted for murder, that the Indians supposed that drunkenness might with propriety be pleaded in mitigation of a crime, whereas the white men hold it to be but one crime superadded to another, and therefore aggravating the offense. In like manner, he could not understand the justice of the law that would punish an offender by as long an imprisonment for stealing a trifling article as for a larger one. An incident in point occurred in the county of Genesee, about twenty years ago, which will at once illustrate his views upon this subject, and his humor. It happened that an Indian was indicted at Batavia, for burglary, in breaking and entering the house of Mr. Ellicott, agent of the Holland Land Company, and stealing some trifling article of small value, the punishment for which was imprisonment in the state prison for life — the crime of petit larceny merging itself in the greater offense. Red Jacket, with other chiefs, attended the trial for the purpose of rendering all the aid and obtaining all the favor in their power for their brother in bonds. The proof was clear, and a verdict of guilty followed without hesitation. When the prisoner was ar-

¹ Manuscript letter of Thomas Morris to the author.

raigned for sentence, and the usual question propounded, why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced, Red Jacket, who had been watching the proceedings with intense interest, asked permission to speak in his behalf. The request being granted, he rose with his usual dignity, and boldly questioned the jurisdiction of the court, and asserted the independence of his nation. He contended that the Senecas were the allies, not the subjects of the whites — that his nation had laws for the punishment of theft — and that the offender in the present case ought to be delivered up to them, to be tried according to the usages, and suffer according to the laws of his own people — assuring the court that, in the event of his surrender, the culprit should be thus tried and punished. His manner on the occasion was particularly fine, even for him. But his argument was not sufficiently powerful to avert the sentence, which was pronounced in due form. The orator was dissatisfied at the result. Estimating the measure of delinquency by the pecuniary loss, he could not perceive the justice of incarcerating a man for life, who had only stolen a few spoons of small value, when another offender, who had stolen a horse, was sentenced to but a few years imprisonment. After the proceedings were over, in passing from the court house to the inn, in company with a group of lawyers, Red Jacket discerned upon the sign of a printing office the arms of the state, with the emblematical representation of Liberty and Justice, emblazoned in large figures and characters.¹ The chieftain stopped, and pointing to the figure of Liberty, asked in broken English — “*What — him — call ?*” He was answered, “LIBERTY.” “Ugh!” was the significant and truly aboriginal response. Then pointing to the other figure, he inquired — “*What — him — call ?*” He was answered, “JUSTICE,” — to which

¹ Related to the author by George Hosmer, Esq., of Avon, who was present at the scene in the court house, and also in the street.

with a kindling eye he instantly replied, by asking —
“ *Where — him — live — now ?* ”

Captain Jones, who was so long connected with the Indians as a resident of their country, and an interpreter, had been adopted by Red Jacket as a son, according to the customs of that people. On a certain occasion, owing to the slanderous imputations of some mischief makers of his nation, Red Jacket entertained a suspicion that Jones was actuated by motives of self interest, and did not regard the welfare of the Indians. Shortly after his mind was thus poisoned in reference to his friend, he met the captain at the hotel of Timothy Hosmer, in Avon. Jones advanced to greet the chief with his accustomed cordiality of manner, but was received with haughty distrust and coldness. After the lapse of a few minutes, during which time the questions of Jones were answered in monosyllables, the captain asked an explanation of Red Jacket for his conduct. Fixing his searching glance upon him as if reading the secrets of his soul, Red Jacket told him of the rumor circulated in reference to his fidelity to the Indians, and concluded by saying with a saddened expression — “ And have *you* at last deserted us ? ” The look, the tone, the attitude of the orator, were so touching, so despairing, that Jones, though made of stern materials, wept like a child, at the same time refuting the calumny in the most energetic terms.¹ Convinced that Jones was still true, the chief, forgetful of the stoicism of his race, mingled his tears with his, and embracing him with the cordiality of old, the reconciled parties renewed old friendships over a social glass.²

¹ This incident, and the touching and almost pathetic inquiry of Red Jacket, remind one of the dying words which the dramatists have put into the mouth of Cæsar, when he discovered Brutus among the conspirators — “ *Et tu Brute ? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too ?* ” Or in the words of another author — “ And Brutus thou my sonne, whom erst I loved best.”

² Related to the author by W. H. C. Hosmer, of Avon.

Red Jacket did not relish being trifled with, even in playfulness. At one of his visits to the house of Captain Jones, on taking his seat at the breakfast table with the family, Mrs. Jones, knowing his extreme fondness for sugar, mischievously prepared his coffee without the addition of that luxury. On discovering the cheat, the chief looked at the captain with an offended expression, and thus rebuked him: "My son!"—stirring his cup with energy—"do you allow your squaw thus to trifle with your father?" Perceiving at the same time by the giggling of the children, that they had entered into the joke, he continued—"And do you allow your children to make sport of their chief?" Jones and his wife thereupon apologized, and the latter made the *amende honorable* by handing him the sugar bowl, which he took, and with half angry sarcasm filled his cup to the brim with sugar. The liquid not holding so large a quantity in solution, he ate the whole with a spoon.¹

Red Jacket was not gratified with scenes of human suffering. Some four or five years before his death, there was an execution of three brothers at Buffalo, named Thayer. They had been convicted of murdering a man several years before, named Lane, the discovery of whose remains caused much excitement, and altogether the extraordinary circumstances with which the case was invested, caused a great sensation in Western New York. On the day when the unhappy brothers were executed, while the whole civilized population of that region, of both sexes, was crowding the roads to Buffalo to behold the exit of three of their fellow beings upon the scaffold, Red Jacket was met by Judge Walden, of Buffalo, wending his way from the town to his own home. The judge inquired where he was going, at the same time expressing his astonishment that he did not

¹ Related to Mr. Hosmer by Mrs. Jones, in May, 1840.

join the multitude who were pressing the other way to see the execution. The answer of the chief was brief: "Fools enough there already.....Battle is the place to see men die." This reply was a severe rebuke, as just as sententious, of that strange and discreditable curiosity unaccountably prevailing among both sexes of all nations, to witness the awful spectacles of public executions.¹

Although fond of the pleasures of the table himself, yet no man had a more thorough contempt for the mere sensualist or gormand than Red Jacket. Many years ago, before the Indian towns were broken up along the valley of the Genesee, a clan of the Senecas resided at Connawaugus, in the vicinity of the present town of Avon. The chief of this clan was a good easy man named *Hot Bread*. He was a hereditary sachem, not having risen by merit — was weak and inefficient, and of gluttonous habits. On a certain occasion, when Mr. Hosmer was accompanying Red Jacket to an Indian council, in the course of general conversation he enquired the chief's opinion of *Hot Bread*. "Waugh!" exclaimed Red Jacket: "He has a little place at Connawaugus — big enough for him. Big man here," (laying his left hand upon his abdomen), "but very small here," bringing the palm of his right hand with significant emphasis upon his forehead.

As to the general manners of Red Jacket, his intellectual character, his personal appearance, and the power and studied graces of his oratory, a gentleman who knew him intimately for almost half a century has written thus: "When I first knew Red Jacket he was in his prime, being probably about thirty-six years of age. He was decidedly the most eloquent man amongst the Six Nations. His stature was rather above than below the middle size. He was well made. His eyes were fine, and expressive of

¹ Related to the author by the lady of George Hosmer.

the intellect of which he possessed an uncommon portion. His address, particularly when he spoke in council, was very fine, and almost majestic. He was decidedly the most graceful public speaker I ever heard. He was fluent, without being too rapid. You could always tell when he meant to speak, from the pains he would take before he arose to arrange the silver ornaments on his arms, and the graceful fold that he would give to his blanket. On rising he would first turn toward the Indians, and bespeak their attention to what he meant to say in their behalf to the commissioner of the United States. He would then turn toward the commissioner, and bending toward him with a slight but dignified inclination of the head, proceed. There is much more decorum in the Indian councils than in any of our public bodies. When any chief thinks that the speaker has omitted or forgotten any thing that ought to be dwelt upon, he places himself quite near to the speaker, and in the most delicate and quiet manner, his voice not louder than a whisper, prompts him, while the whole assembly in their peculiar manner encourage by cheering the orator."¹

Deprived as were the Indians of the unspeakable advantages of a written language, and depending altogether upon tradition for the preservation of both their official and unofficial history, the cultivation of the memory was an object of the first importance among them.² The provi-

¹ Letter to the author from Thomas Morris.

² There is reason to believe that the orators of the Six Nations were as careful in the study of their speeches — those especially which were to be delivered on great occasions — as were the orators of Greece and Rome. The author has been informed by that veteran legislator, General Erastus Root, that he was a member of the senate of New York when the celebrated letter, or speech, of Farmer's Brother, containing the passage which has been so much admired — "*The Great Spirit spake to the whirlwind and it was still,*" was presented to that body. The general says that it struck him so forcibly at the time, that he called for a second reading, which was had. Soon afterward, in a conversation with Mr. Parish, so long the interpreter

sions of their treaties, it is well known, were preserved with great accuracy, and for generations, by means of belts, with strings of wampum — each string, being different, was in fact a record of some particular article or provision of a treaty. These belts were deposited in their council lodges with great care, and the signification of each particular string was carefully repeated from father to son, or from chief to chief in the succession, until thoroughly fixed in the memory. By this process, the stipulations of every treaty were so deeply impressed upon the mind, that by the aid of the belt they were at any time, when occasion required, brought to fresh remembrance. This cultivation of the art of mnemonics would necessarily be carried to its greatest perfection by a chief of Red Jacket's intellectual powers and ambition, and the following incident has been preserved as an illustration of his accuracy: "In a council which was held with the Senecas by Governor Tompkins, of New York, a contest arose between that gentleman and Red Jacket, as to a fact connected with a treaty of many years' standing. The American agent stated one thing, and the Indian chief corrected him — insisting that the reverse of his assertion was true. But it was rejoined — 'You have forgotten. We have it written down on paper.' 'The paper then tells a lie,' was the confident answer; 'I have it written down here,' he added, placing his hand with

of the Senecas, the general inquired of him whether it was not the habit of the interpreters to embellish the speeches of the Indian orators. His reply was an exclamation of surprise at the suggestion. So far from it, Mr. Parish averred that it was altogether impossible for him to impart to the translations any thing like the force and beauty of the originals. He also stated that on great occasions, the Indian orators, Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother in particular, not only studied their speeches, and conned them well, but would send to him for rehearsals, in order that they might be assured that he understood them fully, and could translate them with accuracy. They were alike vain and ambitious of appearing well in the reports of their speeches.

great dignity upon his brow. 'You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers, but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here—this is the book the Great Spirit gave them; it does not lie.' A reference was immediately made to the treaty in question, when to the astonishment of all present, and the triumph of the unlettered statesman, the document confirmed every word he had uttered."¹

There are no portraits of Red Jacket extant, taken in early life, or even when in the prime of his manhood, although many efforts were made by the artists of New York and Philadelphia, and also by other gentlemen, during his visits to those cities, to induce him to sit. His reply to all importunities upon the subject, for many years, was, that when Red Jacket died, all that appertained to him should die with him. He wished nothing to remain. But this purpose was changed in the autumn of 1820, through the interposition of the blacksmith of the tribe, and he was induced to sit to Mr. Mathies, a self taught artist, residing at Rochester. Indeed, his reluctance was readily overcome by an appeal to his vanity—Mr. Mathies having assured him that his only motive was to obtain a likeness to be placed by the side of the portraits of other great men of the United States. He sat three times to Mathies, and the picture is said to be very good. The rubicon having been passed, there was less difficulty in prevailing upon him to favor other artists, among whom was the distinguished delineator of Indians, Mr. George Catlin, who painted him twice. Henry Inman also made a sketch of him—a head only—which is thought very spirited. But the picture by Mr. Robert W. Weir, taken in 1828, at the request of Doctor John W. Francis, of New York, is of far the highest order of merit, and has become

¹ M'Kenney's *Indian Biography*.

the standard likeness of "the last of the Seneca orators." An acquaintance of several years, and the reception of some trifling presents from Doctor Francis, had enabled the latter to induce a promise from the old chief to sit, on his next visit to New York. This happened in the year last mentioned; when, with his interpreter, Jemison, he very promptly repaired to the painting room of Mr. Weir. "For this purpose he dressed himself in the costume which he deemed most appropriate to his character, decorated with his brilliant overcovering and belt, his tomahawk and Washington medal. For the whole period of nearly two hours, on four or five successive days, he was as punctual to the arrangements of the artist as any individual could be. He chose a large arm chair for his convenience, while his interpreter, as well as himself, was occupied, for the most part, in surveying the various objects which decorated the artist's room. He had a party of several Senecas with him, who, adopting the horizontal position, in different parts of the room, regaled themselves with the fumes of tobacco to their utmost gratification. Red Jacket occasionally united in this relaxation; but was so deeply absorbed in attention to the work of the painter as to think, perhaps, of no other subject. At times he manifested extreme pleasure, as the outlines of the picture were filled up. The drawing of his costume, which he seemed to prize, as peculiarly appropriate, and the distant view of the falls of Niagara — scenery at no great distance from his residence at the reservation — forced him to an indistinct utterance of his satisfaction. When his medal appeared complete in the picture, he addressed his interpreter, accompanied by striking gestures; and when his noble front was finished, he sprang upon his feet with great alacrity, and seizing the artist by the hand, exclaimed, with great energy, 'Good! good!' The painting being finished, he parted with Mr. Weir with a satis-

faction apparently equal to that which he doubtless, on some occasions, had felt, on effecting an Indian treaty. Red Jacket must have been beyond his seventieth year when the painting was made. He exhibited in his countenance somewhat of the traces of time and trial on his constitution. Nevertheless he was of a tall and erect form, and walked with a firm gait. His characteristics are preserved by the artist to admiration; and his majestic front exhibits an attitude surpassing every other that I have ever seen of the human skull. As a specimen for the craniologist, Red Jacket need not yield his pretensions to those of the most astute philosopher. He will long live by the painting of Weir, the poetry of Halleck, and the fame of his own deeds."¹

Red Jacket loved his native forests, and no music was to him so sad as the sounds of approaching civilization, before which they were destined to fall. Every blow of the woodman's axe sent a pang to his heart. The crash of a falling tree sounded more painfully upon his ears than the jar of an earthquake. An anecdote, illustrative of his feelings upon this subject, will complete the present chapter. In the days of his youth he was wont to join the hunters in the beautiful valley of the Genesee with great enthusiasm. Game was then plenty, and those were indeed the finest hunting grounds he could traverse. Toward the close of his life he went thither to indulge once more in the chase, where a forest, apparently of considerable extent, yet remained. He entered it, recognizing some of his ancient friends among the more venerable of the trees,

¹ Letter from Doctor J. W. Francis to William Dunlap, vide Dunlap's *History of the American Arts of Design*. Doctor Francis held many conversations with Red Jacket, some of which were upon the subject of the diseases to which the Indians were subject. He was quite descriptive in his statements, and seemed sufficiently qualified to make a number of very fair distinctions in relation to the subject.— *Conversations of Dr. Francis with the author*.

and hoping yet to find abundant game. But he had not proceeded far before he approached an opening, and his course was presently impeded by a fence, within the enclosure of which one of the pale faces was engaged in guiding the plough. With a heavy heart he turned in another direction, the forest seeming yet to be deep, and where he hoped to find a deer, as in the days when he was young. But he had not traveled long before another opening broke upon his view, another fence impeded his course, and another cultivated field appeared within. He sat down and wépt.¹

¹ Related to the author by a Seneca chief.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISQUIETUDE of Red Jacket's latter days — Successes of the missionaries — Disaffection of his tribe — Formally deposed — His chagrin and journey to Washington — Interview with Colonel M'Kenney — Returns to the reservation, prepared to make concessions — Rouses himself to energetic action — A great council — Another speech — His restoration to his former rank — Sinks into mental imbecility — Visits Washington, New York, Boston and Albany — Exhibits himself at the museums — Speech at Albany, contrasting the characters of Washington and Jackson — His consciousness of approaching death, and preparations therefor — Relentings towards the missionary — The last council convoked by Red Jacket for purposes of conciliation — Last sickness, death and funeral — Conduct of the neighboring infidels — Speculations and reflections on the fate of the Indians — Lord Erskine — Opinions of Dr. Ramsay and General Benjamin Lincoln — Conclusion of Red Jacket — Tablet to his memory — 1827-1830.

THE last three years of Red Jacket's life afforded him no season of repose. For a long period after he obtained the ascendancy over the Cornplanter, and especially after the death of Farmer's Brother, which event occurred shortly after the close of the last war between England and the United States, Red Jacket had borne almost undisputed sway over his people — those of them, especially, whom he could so far control as to keep in a measure from what he conceived to be the contaminating influences of Christianity and civilization. But notwithstanding his vigilance, his inflexibility and his energy, those influences were too powerful for him to resist. A dense white population had by this time surrounded each of their several reservations. The missionaries and schoolmasters were indefatigable in their efforts, and his people, on every hand, were at length in daily and necessary communication and association with the whites. Those who yet adhered to their paganism were

nevertheless neglecting to celebrate their feasts by the usual rites, and were in fact abandoning their grosser ceremonies and superstitions.¹ It may readily be conceived that, to a mind like Red Jacket's, at once vigorous and clear, these superstitions, or at least the uncouth observances by which they were attended, had no intrinsic value; but he looked upon them as conservative in their operation—as potent and effectual barriers against the tide of innovation which he could not but perceive, would in the end prove fatal to his own authority, and from which he apprehended the most disastrous consequences to his people. He was deeply impressed with the conviction that the white and red races could not exist together; and it was his anxious policy and wish to keep up between them every wall of separation afforded by difference of habits, language, costume and religion. Therefore he deprecated and resisted to his utmost ability every attempt at departure from the ancient nationality of his race. The arts of civilization were gradually advancing among them, though in their simplest state; and the indomitable Indian, who looked with scorn upon these things, and beheld their advance with vexation, was doomed to see the ranks of his pagan followers almost daily thinned by the desertion both of chiefs and people to the Christian party.² By this latter party he had for years been looked upon with no eye of friendship, much as they

¹ Yet incredible as the statement may appear, in the year 1830 there was an infidel white man in a neighboring town, who went among the Indians at Cattaraugus, convened a meeting of them, and endeavored to persuade them against Christianity. He even went so far as to endeavor to induce them to renew their pagan dances, and other cast off abominations of heathenism. But the Indians scouted his proposals, and one of them denounced him, not inaptly, as the Devil's minister.— *Vide Missionary Herald for 1830.*

² The Rev. Mr. Harris, whose own particular station was at the Seneca village—Red Jacket's town—was likewise the general superintendent of the several missions among the Six Nations, and his labors for the nine years of his residence there were equally unwearied and effective. In the

admired his talents. Those who had truly imbibed the principles of Christianity could not longer repose confidence of any kind in the great champion of paganism; and those who had begun to taste the comforts of civilization, having incurred the hostility of the orator, by showing a dis-

year 1826 the school at the Seneca village had become so forward as to be an object of curiosity for strangers to visit. The children had indeed made a remarkable degree of proficiency. At the same date the Cattaraugus mission had made very encouraging progress. Not only were the children taught in the schools, but under the impulse given by the missionaries, the people were making rapid advances in the arts of husbandry—in the fencing and general cultivation of their farms. They had, also, voluntarily, and at their own cost, built a church. In the year 1827 the Sunday school of the Seneca village was attended numerously, and with great interest. In addition to the children, about eighty adults were in attendance upon these schools, receiving instruction from their own children, and in some instances from their grand children. It was in this year that Red Jacket's wife began to manifest an interest in Christianity, as stated in the preceding chapter; visiting Mr. Harris and acknowledging the struggles of her conscience in conforming to heathen rites. In the year 1828 the Indians of the Seneca village built a comfortable church, contributing one thousand dollars in money, and supplying the lumber from their own saw mill. There were at that time twenty-one members of the church. In 1830 the church at Seneca village contained forty-nine members; at Tuscarora fourteen; at Cattaraugus twenty-three. The Seneca school had then fifty children; the Cattaraugus thirty-five; the Tuscarora twenty. Temperance societies had also been formed, and the use of ardent spirits totally abandoned by the members. A white farmer among them having brought a barrel of whisky upon the reservation, for his harvest, the Indians took possession thereof, and poured it upon the ground. Mr. Harris had translated the gospel of Luke into the Seneca language, and also a small collection of prayers, and a spelling book, all of which had been printed. In cases of church discipline, there were instances in which offending members, their feelings softened, and their savage natures changed by the spirit of the gospel, instead of showing the implacable and revengeful dispositions characteristic of their race, submitted to the church authorities with the docility and quietness inculcated by the principles of the new religion they had professed. In consequence of the improvement of their moral and social condition their numbers, instead of longer diminishing, began to increase. On the three reservations of Seneca, Cattaraugus, and Alleghany, by a census taken by order of the secretary of war, in 1830, there had been an increase to the number of 294 in three years. There was also a corresponding increase of flocks and herds, and an augmentation of the means of domestic comfort. Consult the *Missionary Herald*, from 1821 to 1831.



SENECA MISSION CHURCH,

Seneca Village, Western View.



position to throw off the savage state, could not of necessity remain upon terms of cordiality with him. On the contrary, by his continued opposition to their moral and social improvement, they came to regard him as an enemy — or at least a foe to their best interests. Meantime his habits had become so extremely dissipated, that by all the better portion of his people he was considered as in every respect morally worthless. Under these circumstances, the Christian party determined upon his deposition — a measure of exceedingly rare occurrence among the Indians. The council for this purpose was held in September, 1827, and the following act of deposition¹ was drawn up, adopted,

¹ This remarkable document was signed by the following chiefs, among whom it will be observed, were Young King, Captain Pollard, Little Billy, Twenty Canoes, Doxtater, Two Guns, Barefoot, and others who had been partizans of Red Jacket in his better days.

Ga-yan-quia-ton, or Young King, × his mark.
 Ha-lon-to-wa-nen, or Captain Pollard, × his mark.
 Jish-ja-ga, or Little Billy, × his mark.
 Ya-on-yau-go, or Seneca White, × his mark.
 Is-nish-har-de, or James Stevenson, × his mark.
 Go-non-da-gie, or Destroy Town, × his mark.
 Ho-no-ja-cya, or Tall Peter, × his mark.
 Yut-wau-nou-ha, or Little Johnson, × his mark.
 White Chief, × his mark.
 Ha-sen-nia-wall, or White Seneca, × his mark.
 Yen-nau-qua, or Doxtater, × his mark.
 Ha-ja-on-quist, or Henry Two Guns, × his mark.
 Ska-ta-ga-onyes, or Twenty Canoes, × his mark.
 Ha-squi-sau-on, or James Stevenson, jun., × his mark.
 O-qui-ye-sou, or Captain Strong, × his mark.
 Ya-yout-ga-ah, or Captain Thompson, × his mark.
 George Silverheels, × his mark.
 William Jones, × his mark.
 James Robinson, × his mark.
 Blue-eyes, × his mark.
 John Pierce, × his mark.
 Sa-he-o-qui-au-don-qui, or Little Beard, × his mark.
 Barefoot, × his mark.
 Lewis Rainy, × his mark.
 Captain Jones, × his mark.

and signed by the chiefs. It was written in the Seneca tongue, but translated into English for publication, by Dr. Jemison, himself a half breed, retaining his connection with the Indians :

We, the chiefs of the Seneca tribe, of the Six Nations, say to you, Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (or Red Jacket), that you have a long time disturbed our councils ; that you have procured some white men to assist you in sending a great number of false stories to our father the president of the United States, and induced our people to sign those falsehoods at Tonnawanta as chiefs of our tribe, when you knew they were not chiefs ; that you have opposed the improvement of our nation, and made divisions and disturbances among our people ; that you have abused and insulted our great father the president ; that you have not regarded the rules which make the Great Spirit love us, and which make his red children do good to each other ; that you have a bad heart, because in a time of great distress, when our people were starving, you took and hid the body of a deer you had killed, when your starving brothers should have shared their proportions of it with you ; that the last time our father the president was fighting against the king across the great waters, you divided us — you acted against our father the president, and his officers, and advised with those who were not friends ; that you have prevented, and always discouraged our children from going to school, where they could learn, and abused and lied about our people who were willing to learn, and about those who were offering to instruct them how to worship the Great Spirit in the manner Christians do ; that you have always placed yourself before them who would be instructed, and have done all you could to prevent their going to schools ; that you have taken goods to your own use, which were received as annuities, and which belonged to orphan children, and to old people ; that for the last ten years you have often said the communications of our great father to his red children were forgeries made up at New York by those who wanted to buy our lands ; that you left your wife, because she joined the Christians, and worshiped the Great Spirit as they do, knowing that she was a good woman ; that we have waited for nearly ten years for

you to reform and do better; but are now discouraged, as you declare you never will receive instructions from those who wish to do us good, as our great father advises, and induced others to hold the same language.

We might say a great many other things, which make you an enemy to the Great Spirit, and also to your own brothers, but we have said enough, and now renounce you as a chief, and from this time you are forbid to act as such—all of our nation will hereafter regard you as a private man, and we say to them all, that every one, who shall do as you have done, if a chief, will in like manner be disowned, and set back where he started from by his brethren.

Declared at the council house of the Seneca
nation, Sept. 15, 1827.

A melancholy picture of fallen greatness! Nor can it be denied that in many of its lineaments it was drawn with but too much fidelity. Still, the artist may have been moved to darken the portraiture by personal animosity or political hate. The charges may have been multiplied in the heat of party asperity, and magnified by the bitterness of religious dissension; while it may well be questioned whether one of the most heinous items in the declaration was not positively untrue. Certainly there is no evidence, of antecedent date, whereon to found a charge of treachery to the cause of the United States, by Red Jacket, during the last war with England. On the contrary, although not often personally valiant in fight, yet, almost from the day of the declaration of that war by the United States, until its close, Red Jacket was active and eloquent in their behalf. He was no more suspected of treachery than he was of courage, by the American officers in the service, and his character should be relieved from *that* imputation. Yet there were charges enough specified in the declaration, that *were* true, to warrant the procedure.

But the orator was not prepared to submit to his official degradation without an effort to regain his position; nor had the energy of his mind been so far impaired by his intemperance as to render him incapable of exertion. Perhaps he yet felt, occasionally, both the consciousness of his power and the sting of his shame.¹ Be it so or not, he “was greatly affected by this decision, and made a journey to Washington to lay his griefs before his great father the president. His first call, on arriving at the seat of government, was upon Colonel M’Kenney, the commissioner then in charge of the Indian bureau. That officer had previously been informed of all that had occurred upon the subject among the Senecas, and of the decision of the council, and the cause of it. After the customary shaking of hands, the old Seneca thus opened his message: ‘I have a talk for my father.’ ‘Tell him,’ answered Colonel M’Kenney to the interpreter,—‘I have one for him. I will make it first, and will then listen to him.’ The chief of the Indian bureau then proceeded to narrate all that had passed between the two parties, taking care not to omit even the minute incidents that had combined to produce the rupture between the Christian and pagan parties, and the deposition of the chief of the latter. He sought to convince Red Jacket that a spirit of forbearance on his part, and the yielding to the Christian party of the right, which he claimed for himself, to believe as he pleased on the subject of the Christian religion, would have prevented the mortifying result of his expulsion from office and power. At the conclusion of this talk, during which Red Jacket never took his eye from the speaker, the chief turned to the interpreter, saying, with his finger pointing in the direction of his people,—‘Our Father has got a long eye!’ He then proceeded to vindicate himself and

¹ *Thatcher's Indian Biography.*

his cause, and to pour out upon the black coats the vials of his wrath. The result of the conference was an arrangement between the Indian commissioner and the chief, that the latter should return home, and there, in a council to be convened for that purpose, express his willingness to bury the hatchet, and leave it to those who might choose to be Christians, to adopt the ceremonies and creed of that religion; whilst for himself, and those who thought like him, he claimed the privilege to follow the faith of his fathers.¹

On his return to the reservation, Red Jacket entered upon the work of retrieving his character, and wiping off the disgrace, by regaining his position, in earnest, and with an energy becoming the meridian of his manhood. "It shall not be said of me," thought the venerable orator, with the gleam of a fiery soul in his eye, "it shall not be said that Sa-go-ye-wat-ha lived in insignificance and died in dishonor. Am I too feeble to revenge myself of my enemies? Am not I as I have been?"² In a word he aroused himself to a great effort, and pains were taken to procure a full attendance at a grand council, to be composed of all that could be gathered from the remaining of the whole Six Nations. The council was holden at the upper council house of the principal reservation, in the neighborhood of Buffalo. The business for which it was assembled having been stated, and the act of deposition³ by the Christian party read, Half Town, a chief from the

¹ The authority for this interview is Colonel M'Kenney himself, whose language has in part been adopted.

² Thatcher's *Indian Biography*.

³ Such is the statement of Thatcher, the only authority the author has discovered for the account of this council. But the statement of Half Town must certainly have been exaggerated, inasmuch as O-qui-ye-sou, or Captain Strong, always a chief of consideration among the Cattaraugus Indians, was one of the signers of the act of deposition.

Cattaraugus reservation, rose and declared that there was but one voice in his section of the nation, and that of general indignation at the contumely cast on so great a man as Red Jacket. Several other chiefs addressed the council to the same effect. After these declarations, and a farther interchange of views, the condemned orator rose slowly as if grieved and humiliated, and after a solemn pause, but with somewhat of his ancient dignity and grandeur of manner, spoke as follows :

MY BROTHERS ! You have this day been correctly informed of an attempt to make me sit down and throw off the authority of a chief, by twenty-six misguided chiefs of my nation. You have heard the statements of my associates in council and their explanations of the foolish charges brought against me. I have taken the legal and proper way to meet those charges. It is the only way in which I could notice them. They are charges which I despise, and which nothing could induce me to notice, but the concern which many respected chiefs of my nation feel in the character of their aged comrade. Were it otherwise I should not be before you. I would fold my arms, and sit quietly under these ridiculous slanders. The Christian party have not even proceeded legally, according to our usages, to put me down. Ah ! It grieves my heart when I look around me and see the situation of my people — in old times united and powerful — now divided and feeble. I feel sorry for my nation. When I am gone to the other world — when the Great Spirit calls me away — who among my people can take my place ? Many years have I guided the nation.

* * * * *

In the report of these proceedings the connected speech ends thus abruptly. But it is added that the chief proceeded in an artful manner to rehearse the history of what some have called his persecution, and to repel the various attacks that had been made against him. Recurring again to the subject with which his heart was always full, viz. : the evils befalling his people, by reason of the countenance

they were giving to Christianity, and the disgrace which should attach to them for their abandonment of the faith of their fathers—he proceeded once more to denounce, with his wonted vehemence, the black coats. He said that in a conference with Mr. Calhoun, four years before,¹ he had been told that the Indians might treat these black coats just as they thought proper, and the government would not interfere. “I will not consent,” he concluded—sagaciously identifying his disgrace with his opposition to Christianity—“I will not consent silently to be trampled under foot. As long as I can raise my voice I will oppose the black coats. As long as I can stand in my moccasins I will do all I can for my nation.”

The result of the council corresponded with the promises made to him at Washington, and he was restored to his former rank by a unanimous vote. But the excitement of the occasion being over, the orator sank rapidly into a state of comparative imbecility—a condition, both of body and mind, prematurely superinduced by strong drink. Indeed, the energies he had put forth in these proceedings resembled rather the unnatural mental and bodily vigor often exhibited by dying people, arousing from stupor and exhaustion just before the hour of dissolution, than the healthful intellectual action which characterized his better days.

He nevertheless visited the Atlantic cities once or twice after his restoration. His last journey to the city of Washington was made in the spring of 1829, soon after the accession of General Jackson to the office of president. On his return, he traveled eastward as far as Boston, having become so lost to the pride of character, as to allow the keepers of the museums in Boston and Albany

¹ Mr. Calhoun was, at the time referred to, vice president of the United States. He had been secretary of war, in which capacity he probably became acquainted with Red Jacket.

to exhibit him for money. At Albany great pains were taken to collect a political audience to meet him at the museum, and listen to a speech which he was advertised to deliver. The legislature was in session, a large majority of which body was composed of the political friends of the new president. It was noised abroad that the orator would speak of his visit to the president, and the impression somehow obtained currency, that the savage orator, having been struck with great admiration of the character and bearing of the hero of New Orleans, would pronounce a panegyric upon his character and services; the loftiest strains of forest eloquence were anticipated. The audience was large, and the majority consisted of the most ardent friends of the president, hurrying with impatience to hear him extolled from the lips of an orator so renowned as the great Seneca. But he had not completed half a dozen sentences of his speech, before their kindling impatience was changed into disappointment, which was in turn succeeded by chagrin; for instead of eulogizing the man who was at that time the popular idol of the nation, he spoke of his former visit to General Washington, drew an outline of *his* character, and then instituted a comparison between it and that of General Jackson, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. The applause with which the orator was greeted on his first appearance, was changed into rude manifestations of displeasure, and the audience rapidly grew thin by the departure of those who had been the most eager to come.¹ Justice, moreover, requires the acknowledgment that the speech was feeble and puerile in itself, and delivered without energy or grace. There was

¹ The author speaks not at random. He was present on the occasion referred to, and well remembers the whole scene — not forgetting the disappointment which sat on the countenances of those who had been anticipating a rich display of Indian eloquence in behalf of their favorite president.

not even enough of the orator left to show that he had ever had any valid pretensions to that character.

But his career was now drawing rapidly to a close, and he lived not to behold the opening flowers of another spring. The circumstances of his decease were striking. "For some months previous to his death, time had made such fearful ravages on his constitution as to render him fully sensible of his approaching dissolution. To that event he often adverted, and always in the language of philosophical calmness. He visited successively all his most intimate friends at their cabins, and conversed with them upon the condition of their nation, in the most impressive and affecting manner. He told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would be heard no more. He ran over the history of his people from the most remote period to which his knowledge extended, and pointed out, as few could, the wrongs, the privations, and the loss of character, which almost of themselves constituted that history. 'I am about to leave you,' he said, 'and when I am gone, and my warnings shall be no longer heard or regarded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. Many winters have I breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer. My leaves are fallen, my branches are withered, and I am shaken by every breeze. Soon my aged trunk will be prostrate, and the foot of the exulting foe of the Indian may be placed upon it in safety; for I have none who will be able to avenge such an indignity. Think not I mourn for myself. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, where age cannot come; but my heart fails when I think of my people, who are so soon to be scattered and forgotten.' These several interviews were all concluded with particular instructions respecting his domestic affairs, and his funeral. 'Bury me,' said he, 'by the side of my former wife; and let my funeral be according to the customs of our nation. Let me

be dressed and equipped as my fathers were, that their spirits may rejoice at my coming. Be sure that my grave be not made by a white man; let them not pursue me there.'"¹

But notwithstanding these brave resolutions in anticipation of the time of his departure, to die as he had lived and to be buried a pagan, there is reason to believe that he relented not a little in the bitterness of his hostility toward the missionary and the religion he taught. The conduct of his wife toward him after her conversion to Christianity, during the troubles of his latter years, notwithstanding his temporary desertion of her, had afforded a beautiful illustration of the spirit of her new religion; and this circumstance may have softened and won upon his feelings.

While the lamp of life was flickering in its socket, he convened a general council of the nation, embracing both the Christian and pagan parties, for the express purpose of exerting his influence to cause a better understanding between them. Not that he spoke, or made any direct movements, in favor of Christianity, but his desire was to bring both parties to a resolution to quarrel no more respecting their religion, leaving every man to choose for himself, without let or hindrance, and to have his children taught in whatever school he might prefer.² He was taken mortally sick of cholera morbus during the sittings of this council, but he yet lived long enough to see his recommendation adopted by mutual resolution, and he spoke of the act with great satisfaction, a little previous to his departure. Two days before his last sickness, moreover, he sent a friendly message to the chief missionary, the Rev. Mr. Harris, desiring him to come and talk with him. But

¹ Sketches of Red Jacket in M'Kenney's *Indian Biography*.

² At this time the pagans were sending their children to a quaker school, while the Christian party sent theirs to the schools under the supervision of Mr. Harris.



Red Jacket's House, Seneca Village.

Residence of Jones, the Interpreter.

there was an ecclesiastical council sitting at the time, in which Mr. Harris was engaged; and in the multiplicity and confusion of business, the message was not received until after his decease. The object of the request was, therefore, not positively known; but his wife believed his desire was to express more friendly feelings toward the religious character of the missionary than he had previously manifested. He remarked "that the minister knew that he had always been his opposer, and now, as by the resolution of the council there was a prospect of seeing his people more united than they had been for years, he desired to have some talk with him."

When his last attack of illness came upon him, he said he should not survive, and refused all medical assistance. His request of his wife was, that at the moment of his departure she should place in his hand a certain vial of water, possessing, as he supposed, a charm sufficiently potent to keep away the devil, should the latter attempt, as he was not without apprehension might be the fact, to take away his soul. That vial, he believed, would be all sufficient to secure his spirit an unobstructed flight to the fair hunting grounds. He died on the 20th of January, 1830, at his residence, near the church and mission house at the Seneca village.¹ The management of his funeral was committed by himself to his wife's son-in-law, William Jones. He

¹The women among the Indians regulate the household affairs altogether — prescribing the locations of their cabins, or houses, as the case may be, and dictating removals at their own pleasure. By virtue of this authority, after the wife of Red Jacket embraced Christianity, she removed the residence of her lord to the vicinity of the church and the house of the missionary, for the convenience of public worship, and of conversations with her spiritual guide. Here was the mission school, in which her grandchildren were receiving gratuitous instruction in the elementary principles of knowledge. Here was the chapel, to which, since the change in her religious views, she had become very much attached; and here were the missionary and his family, whose instruction and counsels she had for some time been accustomed to regard as those of friends to her people.

himself had not a near kinsman in the world. His friends of the wolf clan, to which he belonged, determined that his remains should be carried to the church in which they worshiped, and buried in the ground belonging to the Christian party. The funeral was numerously attended, not only by his own race, but by the white people who gathered in from the adjacent country. Among the latter were some of the leaders of the infidel white men who had acted in concert with the deceased in his opposition to Christianity. These latter came with high expectations of beholding a splendid pagan funeral, accompanied by the howlings of women, and all the barbarous rites and ceremonies incident to savage funerals in the days when darkness brooded over the wilds of the continent. Great, therefore, was their disappointment on finding themselves in the train of a Christian funeral, attended only by its simple and solemn observances.¹ Thus died the renowned Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, whose great talents, and matchless gifts of oratory, had so long exerted such a powerful influence over the councils of his nation.

¹ My authority for the preceding account of the last days of Red Jacket's life, including the last council summoned by him, and his funeral, is the Rev. Mr. Harris, with whom I have had repeated and full conversations upon the subject, and whose report, written at the time, and published in the *Missionary Herald*, vol. xxvi, I have consulted. Very grievous misrepresentations in regard to the conduct of this gentleman at the death and funeral of the chief were sent abroad by the disappointed white pagans, referred to in the text, some of which unfortunately found their way into the sketch published in the *Indian Biography* of Colonel M'Kenney. I quote a few passages: "There had long been a missionary among the Senecas, who was sustained by the party among the natives who had procured the deposition and disgrace of Red Jacket. This gentleman of 'the dark dress' was of course looked upon with high disfavor by Red Jacket, who considered him one of the agents by whom his nation had been distracted." Now it has been seen by the statements in the text, that the chief was desirous of dying in peace with the missionary. Again it is recorded in the same work, and has thus gone upon the records of history, that, "The neighboring missionary, with a disregard for the feelings of the bereaved, and the injunctions of the dead, for which it is difficult to account, assem-

Some of the speeches of Red Jacket, as noted down in the closing conversations of his life, were prophetic, and have already been fulfilled. "The craft and avarice of the white man will prevail," said he. And they *have* prevailed. Less than nine years had elapsed after his decease, when every remaining foot of the ancient inheritance of the Senecas was ceded to the white man, in exchange for a tract of country west of the Missouri, to which the remnant of their people and the Tuscaroras are to remove. When this removal takes place, it may be considered the final dispersion, if not the extinguishment, of the once mighty confederacy of the Five Nations.

This confederacy was never, perhaps—certainly not within the knowledge of the white man—so great in its numerical strength as has been supposed, or as might be inferred from their deeds, and the extent of their dominion. And yet, within that period, from their superior organization, their discipline, and their prowess, their name was terrible over a large section of the American continent. It is within the knowledge of the white man

bled his party, took possession of the body, and conveyed it to their meeting house. The immediate friends of Red Jacket, amazed at the transaction, abandoned the preparations they were making for the funeral rites, and followed the body in silence to the place of worship, where a service was performed, which, considering the opinions of the deceased, was as idle as it was indecorous. They were then told from the sacred desk, that if they had any thing to say they had now an opportunity. Incredulity and scorn were pictured on the faces of the Indians, and no reply was made, except by a chief called General Blanket, who briefly remarked—"This house was built for the white man; the friends of Red Jacket cannot be heard in it." Notwithstanding this touching appeal, and the dying injunctions of the Seneca chief, his remains were taken to the grave prepared by the whites, and interred. Some of the Indians followed the corpse, but the more immediate friends of the deceased took a last view of their lifeless chief, in the sanctuary of that religion which he had always opposed, and hastened from a scene which overwhelmed them with humiliation and sorrow." Now all this is very well told, and with good dramatic effect. But, like most other dramatic compositions, it is an entire fiction.

that the cry of Mohawk! would cause the Indian to fly in terror.¹ The Delawares were conquered and made tributaries by them. They drove the Algonquins and the French before them, sacking Montreal, and raising their war whoop almost before the gates of Quebec, while at the west and south their arms were extended to the mouth of the Ohio, and the confines of Florida. For upward of a century they formed a living barrier between the English colonies and the French; and for more than two centuries have they been struggling against the gradual encroachments of the white men, striving but in vain to bear up against a hundred successive storms of adversity, and maintain an independent existence. During this period, nation after nation of their hapless race has melted away and disappeared from the face of the earth. Fate in her stern behests has at length decreed that the Five Nations are likewise to be numbered among nations lost on earth.

The fate of this people is a subject for deep and anxious reflection. What is the destiny of those who yet remain? Are they — any considerable portion of them, at least — eventually to yield to the influences and usages of civilization, and thus to be rescued from extinction? Or is it among the inscrutable designs of Providence that the whole race shall disappear before the all conquering Anglo Saxons? Their destiny has been the subject of the gravest and most interesting contemplation, almost from the day of the discovery to the present. Philanthropists, for more than two hundred years, have been endeavoring to guide them into the paths of civilization, and Christians to win them from the gloom of paganism to the brighter hopes and promises of the gospel. But the efforts of both have been exerted to very little purpose. Small numbers, at various periods, have been prevailed upon to yield a faint

¹ Colden's *Six Nations*.

assent to Christianity, but sound conversions, illustrated by subsequent lives of virtue and temperance, pureness of living, and truth, have been rare, while even among supposed converts the opinion has often been expressed by themselves, that Christianity was a better religion for the white people than for them; and their reformation, in but too many instances, has only been attended by the loss of many of their savage virtues, in exchange for which they have contracted the vices peculiar to civilized society.¹ Upon civilization the unsophisticated Indians have looked with contempt. But as they have been brought into close contact with civilized life, many of them have been constrained to acknowledge the superior dignity and happiness of such a state, and to wish that their children might participate in its benefits, as the only means of saving them from extinction. "If they sometimes reflect on us for being cowardly, effeminate, and tame spirited, they do it not so much from a real contempt of us, as to relieve that uneasy sense of inferiority which mortifies and oppresses them. Still, when they have acknowledged the importance of industry and the arts to their happiness, respectability, and even existence, they will add, '*Indians can't work.*' They feel fast bound by the power of their savage habits, and do not summon resolution to practise according to their conviction."²

But Red Jacket, as the reader has observed in the progress of the present work, during the latter thirty years of his life, would make no concessions in favor, either of Christianity or civilization; and for the same reasons that operated upon his mind, the larger number of his race have entertained the same opinions. These reasons have already been adverted to more than once or twice. They were slow to comprehend the principles of Christianity,

¹ President Kirkland — *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, vol. iv.

² *Ibid.*

and could not well discriminate between the real and nominal Christian. Among the border-men, with whom they were first and most frequently brought into communication and contact, they were sure to find more of the latter class than of the former. Nor did it commend the new religion to their untutored minds, that they constantly saw these professors of that religion practising every little art, and watching every opportunity to overreach them, and deprive them of their property, especially of their lands. They were early alarmed at the rapacity of the whites to obtain their lands, to which, always when sober, they clung with great tenacity. "I have heard a naked savage," says the eloquent Lord Erskine, "in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence, demand, being encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventurers—'Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, gave ours to us: and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all over the globe."¹ Especially have they ever been the feelings of the American Indians; and having for two centuries seen the "knavery and strength of civilization" exerted "by alternate stratagem and force," to dispossess them of their proud inheritance, thus derived,

¹ Speech of Lord Erskine, in the great libel case of Stockdale. Lord E. had served in America, in early life, in the British army, and was present at an Indian council.

is it a subject of wonder that they alike spurned the religion and civilization from whose advances they had so much to apprehend?

It was the opinion of Dr. Ramsay, the historian, expressed in a letter to the Massachusetts Historical Society, so long ago as the year 1795, that the American Indians are a people who cannot be civilized. The doctor had once regarded the belief as unphilosophical; but reflection and experience had brought him to the opinion that to tame wolves would be no more impracticable than to civilize the Indians. Hence he had almost adopted the melancholy belief that they would ere long cease to be a people. He gave nevertheless but few reasons in support of his gloomy anticipations of their destiny; and the subject was followed by a more extended discussion, in the autumn of the same year, by General Benjamin Lincoln, who had enjoyed large opportunities of studying the Indian character. General Lincoln concurred fully in the opinion of the doctor, that they would never be civilized; but he did not anticipate their entire extinction. Among the causes of their decrease of numbers, he enumerated the change in their habits of dressing, by substituting linens and calicos in the place of their natural and ancient covering, the furs, retaining, in other respects, their partiality for the savage life, and exposed to all the sufferings from the inclement seasons, and rigorous winters of the high northern latitudes under which they live. A knowledge of fire arms has led them to measures producing the worst effects, and serving to diminish their numbers. The game upon which they previously subsisted, and the skins of which served them for clothes, was afterward wantonly destroyed; while the possession of fire arms, and other implements of war composed of metal, fired their ambition, and enkindled a hope in their breasts, that with these weapons they would be enabled to avenge all their wrongs and recover their country.

Stimulated by these delusive hopes, they have rushed heedlessly into wars which have greatly reduced their numbers. Another cause of this diminution of their numbers is found in the reluctance of their women to bear children, prompting them to employ means to prevent an increase of maternal responsibilities. Indian mothers have been greatly affected by the loss of their sons in their frequent wars, until, to quote their own expressive words, "*they have become tired of bearing children to be slain in war.*" Other causes of the decrease of this people are adduced by General Lincoln, and he accounts for their reluctance to become either civilized or christianized, upon the principles already explained.¹

On the question of the ultimate destiny of the race, the communication referred to concludes as follows: "Should the Indian nations in general never become civilized, we may, I think, point to the consequences. Nature forbids civilized and uncivilized people possessing the same territory; for the means pursued by the civilized to obtain a support counteract the wishes and designs of the savage. While the former are busily employed in removing from the earth its natural growth, as necessary to the establishing themselves as husbandmen, the latter are wishing to increase that natural shelter and hiding place for the beasts of the forest; for without a covering they cannot be retained, but will seek new feeding grounds. Consequently the savage must retire to those lands where he can with more ease obtain a supply. Yet their new position cannot long avail them; for civilization and cultivation will make rapid strides, and advance fast toward them; and they must necessarily make way for such approaches, by following the game, which takes the first alarm, or leave their present pursuits and modes of living, and oppose the cultivator by cultivation. The savage arm is too feeble, in any other way, to counteract the progress of their civilized neighbors; but it is hardly to be expected,

¹ Letter to Dr. Ramsay — *Massachusetts Historical Collections.*

considering their attachments and prejudices, that they will see the importance of this measure in time for self preservation ; but will continue retiring before the enlightened husbandman, until they shall meet those regions of the north into which he cannot pursue them. There, probably, they will be set down and left, in the undisturbed possession of a country unenvied by any ; as the last resort of a people, who, having sacrificed every thing to their love of ease, were at length compelled, by the effects of their obstinacy and disobedience, to give up all hope of ever regaining those hospitable tracts of country from which they had retired, and which they had surrendered to others ; while nature had furnished them with the power of having forever participated in the enjoyment of them. Being thus shut up in a country where subsistence can only be obtained by the chase, they will probably continue as a people until time shall be no more."

Such, with but a trifling change of phraseology, were the conclusions to which a gentleman of intelligence, sound judgment, and deep study of the Indian character, arrived more than forty-five years ago. Experience has in a great measure tested the correctness of his views, although as yet there have been no indications of a tendency on the part of the Indians to escape contact with the white man by seeking a refuge in the hyperborean regions. They could, doubtless, live there, as do the Esquimaux ; but their attachment to the places of their birth, and their desire to linger around the graves of their ancestors, induce them to cling to their native soil with death like tenacity. And although a close proximity to the whites has almost invariably caused a rapid diminution of their numbers, yet nation after nation of this extraordinary and in many respects noble people has melted away, and disappeared, or been reduced to a few degenerate relics, who at last relinquish their distinctive character by mingling with the

fragments of other nations also in a rapid decline, but perhaps not quite so near positive extinction as themselves. This is a melancholy subject of contemplation, but it seems thus to have been decreed by an inscrutable Providence; and the flight of the feeble and broken remnant of the once proud and haughty AQUANUSCHIONI before the march of civilization, is but another and yet stronger illustration of the sad conclusion, that their destiny is to be—EXTINCTION!

The orator, whose life has been traced in the preceding pages, and who, with all his faults, was a man of great talents and sagacity, foresaw the event almost with a prophet's vision, and labored for many years with all the energies of his soul to avert, or at least to put off the evil day. It was kindly ordered that he should not, with his natural vision, behold the extirpation of his people from the beautiful country so long their own, and he was gathered to his fathers in peace. For nine years after his decease, neither a stone nor other memorial marked his resting place. But during the summer of 1839, while on a visit to Buffalo, HENRY PLACIDE, Esq., a gentleman of the histrionic profession, determined that the place of his sepulture should no longer remain undistinguished. A subscription was set on foot under his auspices, and the result was the erection over his grave of a handsome marble slab, bearing the following inscription:

S A - G O - Y E - W A T - H A ,

(HE-KEEPS-THEM-AWAKE),

R E D - J A C K E T ,

CHIEF OF THE

WOLF TRIBE OF THE SENECAE,

The Friend and Protector of his People,

Died Jan'y 20, 1830,

Aged 78 years.

The grave is surrounded by a neat picket fence ; and it was noted as an interesting coincidence, that during the visit of the gentlemen to superintend the erection of the tablet, a funeral feast, as is the custom of the Indians, was in progress, at an adjoining wigwam, in commemoration of the death of Red Jacket's daughter, which occurred five months before, and during the ceremony his aged widow was distributing the moccasins, clothes, trinkets, etc., of the deceased.¹

Charlevoix and Colden, among the earlier Indian historians, and De Witt Clinton among the modern, have instituted comparisons between the ancient league of the Five Nations and the Romans. The coincidence was in some respects remarkable, especially in their foreign policy. The counselors of the Five Nations had never heard of the Romans ; and yet their ambition of foreign conquests, and their policy of planting military colonies in the countries they had subjugated, were the same. Other resemblances might be indicated were it necessary to the present purpose. With as much justice as Rienzi has been styled the last of the Romans, may Red Jacket be denominated the last of the Senecas. Though in the main the characters were widely dissimilar, and the one acted in great matters and the other in comparatively small, yet there is in one respect a striking coincidence : " Rienzi was more energetic in speech and council than in action, and failed in courage and presence of mind in great emergencies."

¹Since the above was written, a few friends of Red Jacket, wishing to remove his remains to the new cemetery at Buffalo, caused them to be disinterred and placed in a lead coffin preparatory to removal. The family hearing of it, however, and considering it sacrilege, demanded and obtained the remains ; but having removed from the Buffalo to the Cattaraugus reservation, preferred not to rebury him in the mission church yard. They accordingly brought the remains of the illustrious orator to their own dwelling, where up to the present time (1866) they are still unburied.

APPENDIX.

A.

The deputation sent from the Six Nations as messengers of peace, to the hostile Indians at the Miami of the lakes, in the autumn of 1792, returned in November. General Chapin, the agent of the Six Nations, was absent at the seat of government when they returned, and the council to receive their report was called by his son, Israel Chapin, Jun. It was held at Buffalo creek, on the 16th of November, and was attended by Major Littlehales in behalf of Governor Simcoe, then commanding in Upper Canada. The following is the report of the deputation, as rendered into English by Mr. Parish, the interpreter.

BUFFALO CREEK, *November 16, 1792.*

BROTHERS: PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, AND KING'S PEOPLE, *take notice!*—Last winter the president took us by the hand, and led us to the council fire, at Philadelphia; there they made known to us their friendship, and requested us to proceed to the westward, and to use our influence to make peace with the hostile Indians. We went accordingly, and made known to them our agreement.

When we returned from Philadelphia to Buffalo creek, the chiefs that remained at home on their seats, were well pleased with what we had done at Philadelphia; and after we had determined to proceed on our journey, some of our chiefs were detained on account of sickness.

BROTHERS, PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AND KING'S PEOPLE: After we arrived at the westward, we met with an agreeable reception; they informed us we were their oldest brothers, and

appeared as the sun risen on them, as they always looked to them for advice.

It is now four years since we have heard your voices, and should be happy now to hear what you have to relate to us.

The Six Nations then requested of the western Indians what they had to relate to them, as they kindled the council fire.

The WESTERN INDIANS replied: About four years since, your voices came to us, desiring us to combine ourselves together, as we were the oldest people of this island, and all of one color, that our minds may be one.

This, they informed us, they had attended to, and exhibited a large bunch of wampum, to prove the same, from each nation.

To confirm it still further, they informed us we sent them a pipe, which passed through all the nations at the west and southward; all smoked out of it, both women and children; and as this pipe has been through the nations, and all smoked out of it, they returned it to us, and bid us to smoke out of it ourselves.

BROTHERS: Listen once to your eldest brothers. Our forefathers have handed down to us, that we are one people, of one color, on this island, and ought to be of one mind, and had made our minds strong, and had become as one people in peace and friendship.

This being done, our chiefs agreed to hand it down to future posterity, and the same combination to continue down to them.

The nation called the Unions, took a brand from our fire and kindled it, and became a people with us; then we considered ourselves as one people, combined together.

And now there is a white people on this island, who are watching our conduct; but let us attend to our own concerns, and brighten the chain of friendship with our nations; and as our minds are one, let us consider future posterity and not consider those young warriors who are in the prime of life, and so much engaged in the pursuit of land, &c., which is the cause of so much difficulty at present.

BROTHERS: Consider your country, which is good, and conduct yourselves in such a manner as to keep it to yourselves and posterity.

Now, BROTHERS: You present us the pipe — you say your eldest brothers sent you; you say your head chiefs all smoked out of it, and returning it to us again, all took it and smoked out of it our-

selves, in friendship. Now, as we are thus combined together, we are able to lift a heavy burden.

The SHAWANEE NATION said: OUR ELDEST BROTHERS: We have heard what you have related — we have heard it with attention; we consider it as if you delivered it from the outside of your lips; although you consider us your younger brothers, your seats are not at such a distance but what we can see your conduct plainly; these are the reasons why we consider you to speak from the outside of your lips; for whenever you hear the voice of the United States, you immediately take your packs and attend our councils.

We see plainly folded under your arm the voice of the United States — wish you to unfold it to us, that we may see it freely and consult on it. [Speaking on a string of wampum of three strings, throwing it across the fire to us, instead of handing it in a friendly manner.]

[Then we proceeded to relate the instructions of congress, which is too tedious to relate, and which they already know; but when we first related it we failed for interpreters, so that they had not a proper idea of it; they appeared to be very much ruffled in their minds, and adjourned the council to the next day; then it was interpreted properly to them, and they appeared easy in their minds.]

ELDEST BROTHERS: You desire us to consider our country and property; we will accept of your advice, and proceed accordingly.

The SIX NATIONS said: Let us look back to the time of white people coming into this country; they very soon began to traffic for land. Soon after, Sir William Johnson was sent as an agent from the king, and he began to purchase at the treaty at Fort Stanwix, and purchased all east of the river Ohio.

A few years after this purchase, the people of the states and the king's people broke apart, and we being persuaded to take the king's part, became very bad for us. After a few years, the king was beat; then the states took possession of all the land the English formerly took from the French.

You tell us, we come with the voice of the United States; we do, together with the advice of the king. He tells us not to throw our minds on either side, but to listen to reason, &c., and remain a people confederated.

THE SHAWANEE NATION — NOW ELDEST BROTHERS: You come to us with your opinion, and the voice of the United States. It is your mind to put an end to all hostilities. Brothers: now, we will relate what took place last fall in our country. General Washington sent an army into our country, which fell into our hands; their orders were thus — to proceed into our country as far as the Miami towns, to the Glaize; thence to Detroit, but not to molest the king's people, and if the army should meet any people that appeared friendly, to leave them behind their backs, without harm.

The president of the United States must well know why the blood is so deep in our paths. We have been informed he has sent messengers of peace on these bloody roads, who fell on the way. And now, as he knows that road to be bloody, no communication can take place through that bloody way, as there is a path through the Six Nations' country, which is smooth and easy. If he wants to send the voice of peace, it must pass through this road.

ELDEST BROTHERS: We have been informed the president of the United States thinks himself the greatest man on this island. We had this country long in peace before we saw any person of a white skin; we consider the people of a white skin the younger.

BROTHERS: You inform us it is the wish of the white people to hold council with us, General Washington being the head man; we will consent to treat with them; we desire you, our older brothers, to inform General Washington we will treat with him, at the rapids of Miami, next spring, or at the time when the leaves are fully out.

We consider ourselves still the proper owners of some land on the east side of the Ohio.

But we will deliver up that, for money that has been paid to some individuals, for land on the west side of the river Ohio.

BROTHERS: You have given us a dish, and one spoon, desiring the whole combination to eat with them; we accept of them, and shall do accordingly.

We are now about to complete the business you came on. When you return you will make known to the president what we have done; it may be he will not consent to what we have proposed; and if he will not, we must call on you to assist in the heavy burden that

will lie on us. We have opened a path, and pointed out a way, and, if he will not walk in it, we must have your assistance.

Now, OUR ELDEST BROTHERS: When the president came to you, he took you aside to hear what he had to say. He desired you to come to us and deliver the messages; you have delivered them, and we desire you to deliver the messages we have given you to deliver to him, and desire him to send a message back what he will do concerning what we have done and concluded on; to forward it to you, and you to us. We will lay the bloody tomahawk aside until we hear from the president of the United States, and when this message comes to us, we will send it to all the different nations. [Speaking on three strings of wampum.]

Speech from the Six Nations to the President.

You sent us on the westward with a message of peace to the hostile Indians.

We proceeded accordingly to your directions, and was protected, going and coming, by the Great Spirit. We give thanks to the Great Spirit that we have all returned safe to our seats.

While we were at the westward we exerted ourselves to bring about peace. The fatigues we underwent are not small. Now, it is our desire for your people on the Ohio to lay down their arms, or otherwise it is all in vain what we have done.

Now, if you wish for peace, you must make every exertion, and proceed through this path we have directed for you. If peace does not take place the fault must arise from your people.

We now desire you, brothers, to send forward agents, who are men of honesty, not proud land jobbers, but men who love and desire peace. Also, desire they may be accompanied by some Friend or quaker to attend the council.

We wish you to exert yourselves to forward the message to the western Indians as soon as possible; and we are taken by the hand, and have agreed, next spring, to attend the council at the rapids of Miami, when we shall hear all that takes place there.

Hostile Indians to Governor Simcoe.

BROTHER: We have been informed the late governor is a good man; we desire that you will take the governor by the hand and

lead him to the council next spring. Exert yourselves to get him up, that he may not be backward ; that he may sit side and side with the Americans at the time of the council. And when you take him by the hand, desire him to furnish us with provisions necessary for the treaty.

Six Nations to the Governor.

BROTHER: Now, we have laid all our proceedings before you, which took place at the westward. You have heard the request of your western brothers, therefore wish you to exert yourself to grant their requests.

You informed us to listen to the voice of peace, wherever we might hear it. Now we hear the voice of peace ; we call on you for assistance, that we may obtain peace through this island.

BROTHER: We now sit here together ; you are the man who represents the United States ; we have discerned that too great a degree of pride has subsisted between the two governments ; we desire that it may be laid aside.

When the agents from the United States come forward to the council, we desire they may bring forward all the records, plans, maps, and documents, that any way respect the lands purchased from the Indians.

Fish Carrier's Speech.

Desiring this degree of pride, which has heretofore existed, may be done away, and that each government may mutually consent and agree on terms of peace.

Cornplanter's Speech.

He informs, that he has always attended treaties that have been held, and has always wished for peace, and has done all in his power for peace ; that he has not advised any hostilities to commence on either side, and now wishes each government to lay aside all pride and prejudice and to use their endeavors for peace.

After the council was over, Major Littlehales, who represented Governor Simcoe on that occasion, answered the Indians as follows :

BROTHERS: I shall lay before the governor your requests ; and respecting his furnishing you with provisions, &c., I doubt not but

he will do it agreeable to your wishes. And also to procure all records, plans and documents, which shall be thought necessary, and to do every thing in his power to bring about a peace, so interesting to the United States, as well as to the British government.

B.

THE PRESQUE ISLE QUESTION.

At a council of the Six Nations, held at Buffalo creek, on the 18th of June, 1794, Captain O'Bail (Cornplanter) spoke as follows in behalf of the Indians :

BROTHER : We are thankful that you have attended to the call of the Six Nations, and that you have been preserved by the Great Spirit, &c.

BROTHER : (addressed to the president) I have for a long time aimed at the good of both parties — I have paid you different compliments, as that of brother and father, and now I call you friend. We were pleased when we heard that you were appointed to have the chief command of the United States.

BROTHER : The Great Spirit has so ordered, that every nation shall have some one to be at their head — you are to look over your people, and settle all difficulties — and we, the Six Nations, expect that you will not be unmindful of us, but see that we have justice done us, as well as your own people.

BROTHER : We, the Six Nations, now call upon you ; we pay no attention to what has heretofore been done by congress ; their proceedings we consider as unjust. We wish for nothing but justice, and hope that will take place.

BROTHER : You know our demands — we ask but for a small piece of land, and we trust as you are a great man, you can easily grant our request.

BROTHER : You wish to be a free people in this country, who have come from the other side of the water, and why should not we, whose forefathers have lived and died here, and always had possession of the country.

BROTHER : We, the Six Nations, have determined on the boundary we want established, and it is the warriors who now speak.

BROTHER : You have the map on which the boundaries are marked out which we want established.

BROTHER : We want room for our children. It will be hard for them not to have a country to live in after that we are gone.

BROTHER : It is not because that we are afraid of dying that we have been so long trying to bring about a peace. We now call upon you for an answer, as congress and their commissioners have oftentimes deceived us, and if these difficulties are not removed, the consequences will be bad.

This speech was delivered with eight strings of black and white wampum.

BROTHER : We have opened this fire upon two different kinds of business — we wish you to listen to them with attention.

BROTHER : We are in distress — a number of our warriors are missing, and we know not what has become of them, but suppose that they have been killed by the Americans.

BROTHER : Last fall an Indian chief by the name of Big Tree, left this country and went to the American army in a friendly manner, and we have since been informed that he was killed by them.

BROTHER : The other day a very unfortunate circumstance happened. One of our nephews (of the Delaware nation), was killed at Venango, by a party of warriors who were going to Presque isle, without giving us any notice whatever.

BROTHER : You are sensible this must be very hard, to have a man killed in time of peace — one who was sitting easy and peaceable on his seat — you certainly would complain if we were to treat your people in the same manner.

BROTHER : It has been customary, when one person has killed another, that those who have done the injury go to the injured party and make satisfaction.

BROTHER : We told you that we had two pieces of business to attend to — we hope that you will pay attention to them both.

BROTHER : The establishing a garrison at Presque isle may occasion many accidents, as the southern Indians may do injury, and we may be blamed without a cause.

This speech was delivered with ten strings of black wampum.

Captain O'Bail then addressed himself to Captain Chapin :

BROTHER : When we sent for you, it was because we placed great dependence upon you — we hoped that you would not fail of doing every thing in your power to assist us.

BROTHER : We now expect that you will exert yourself in removing those people off of our lands. We know very well what they have come on for, and we wish them pushed back.

BROTHER : We now wish that you and Mr. Johnson would go together and remove those people back over the line which we have marked out upon the map.

BROTHER : If these people remove off immediately we shall consider them as our friends — if not, we shall consider them as no friends.

BROTHER : We expect that you and Mr. Johnson will go together on this business, and we shall send ten warriors to attend you ; and we shall expect that you will bring us word when you return.

This speech was delivered with six strings of black and white wampum.

General Chapin's answer to the speech delivered by Captain O'Bail :

BROTHERS : I have heard the speeches which you have delivered with great attention, and have thought seriously on what you have communicated to me. You have requested me to go to Presque isle — as I wish to do every thing in my power, both for the United States and the Indians, I shall comply with your request.

BROTHERS : I can do no more to those people than to give them my advice. It is not in my power to drive them off.

BROTHERS : You must be sensible that I am obliged to look to the interests both of the United States and the Indians, and consider myself accountable to both for whatever I do ; and you may depend that when I return, I will give you a just account of whatever takes place.

BROTHERS : This business is of a serious nature, and is really a matter of importance to both parties. You may rest assured that the president is your friend, and that he will pay attention to the business which you have laid before him.

BROTHERS: You observed that you would send ten warriors to attend me. I must also request that you would send two of your chiefs.

BROTHERS: The business which you desire me to do, is what I had little thought of. I am unprepared for the journey; however, as I have informed you that I would go, I shall set out immediately.

BROTHERS: The speeches which you have delivered for the president, shall be sent on as soon as is convenient, and you may shortly expect to receive an answer.

General Chapin to the secretary of war:

CANANDAIGUA, *July 10, 1794.*

DEAR SIR: The evening before I returned my son arrived in this place. He brought letters from the secretary of war, which mention nothing to counteract any of our proceedings while I was at the westward; but rather in favor than otherwise.

I sent Parish immediately to Philadelphia with dispatches, after my return, including the whole of our proceedings while at Buffalo creek, and Presque isle, &c.; and from every information by my son I am in hopes and believe the dispositions of the president and of General Knox are such as will render satisfaction to the Six Nations.

It is a fact that the president was not concerned in the business of ordering this party to Presque isle, but so far from it (that after the governor of Pennsylvania had ordered the party to march to Presque isle), for fear of ill consequences, the president sent them counter orders to stop and remain at Le Bœuf. Matters appeared more favorable with regard to war between Great Britain and America. They have ceased in some measure to take our vessels in the West Indies, and it is to be hoped that the present negotiation with Mr. Jay, will be the means of settling the difficulties subsisting between both parties.

As soon as Parish returns I shall communicate the answer — as soon as possible.

Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL CHAPIN.

C.

THE CANANDAIGUA TREATY.

COLONEL PICKERING TO CAPTAIN BRANT.

CANANDAIGUA, *November 20th*, 1794.

SIR: When I wrote you on the 17th, I had not time to express any opinion relative to the Mohawk nation, as implicated in the present treaty. As one of the Six Nations, I did not think it proper to name it as not included in the treaty; nor to omit it by enumerating the other five. For general concerns, I consider the whole six as forming one confederate nation.

The great object of this treaty (like almost all other Indian treaties) was to remove complaints respecting lands. The particular tract in question I supposed especially concerned the Senecas; but it was natural that an object so important to one, should interest the whole. By the terms of the present treaty, the complaints which were the immediate occasion of it have been removed; and, as I observed in my former letter, all appeared to be satisfied; and many individual chiefs, in strong terms, expressed their satisfaction. So, I trust, no heart burnings for past transactions will be felt, nor reproaches used, in future.

It is the nature of the present settlement which has led me to contemplate the case of the Mohawk nation.

“This settlement,” said one of the chiefs to me, “appears like a great light to us.” And to me it seems like a new era. With much pleasure, therefore, I should see presented to that nation, a token for participating in the general satisfaction which this treaty has produced. The goods in my power to dispose of have been distributed; and to convey a share of them to your people would have been impracticable; and therefore I abandoned the idea of it; but if it should not meet your approbation, I persuade myself that an equivalent in money would cheerfully be presented. On this subject I shall be happy to see your mind expressed in a letter to General Chapin (whom I have consulted on this occasion), or to me.

In the meantime a copy of this letter will be given to the secretary of war, for the president's information.

The Onondagas and Cayugas, residing at Grand river, who were not present to receive a part of the goods given at this treaty, may doubtless be also comprehended in providing a gratuity on the present general settlement with the Six Nations. Before I closed my letter of the 7th, I intended to give you a sketch of the terms of the treaty; but a throng being about me, and your nephew waiting, it was omitted. By former treaties the Six Nations relinquished all their lands west of a line running due south from the mouth of Buffalo creek. Now I have given up the claim of the United States to a large tract of land lying between this due south line and the meridian which makes the eastern boundary of the triangular piece of land which the United States sold to Pennsylvania. The tract now relinquished probably contains four times as much land as that triangle, and was peculiarly important to the Seneca nation, as several hundred of their nation were dwelling on it.

I have also relinquished the United States' claim to the strip of land four miles wide, including the carrying path from lake Ontario to lake Erie, along the Niagara strait, except that part of it which, in a treaty held thirty years ago with Sir William Johnson, the Seneca nation ceded to the King of Great Britain, to whose right therein I considered the United States as succeeding. Or, as the chiefs expressed it, "that piece became ours (the United States) by the right of war." Its eastern boundary is a line from Johnson's landing to Stedman's creek, and thence to Niagara straits, and the strait itself bounds it on the west and southwest. Besides these relinquishments, I have stipulated a perpetual annuity of four thousand five hundred dollars, to be applied to the benefit of those of the Six Nations, and their Indian friends and associates, residing among and united with them, who do or shall reside within the boundaries of the United States; for the United States do not mean to interfere, by any permanent arrangements, with nations elsewhere resident. The terms I have stipulated, will, I trust, be approved by the president and senate, and then the treaty will be obligatory on both sides.

I am, sir, &c.,

TIMO. PICKERING.

P. S. My letter of the 7th was delivered to the care of Henry Young Brant, who I understood was your nephew. In that I enclosed a copy of my speech relative to the appearance of a British agent at a council fire kindled by the United States.

Capt. JOS. BRANT.

CAPTAIN BRANT TO COLONEL PICKERING.

NIAGARA, 30th December, 1794.

SIR: Your letters of the 17th and 20th November, '94, from Kanandaigua, I have now before me, and I have to say, that at all our meetings during the whole of last summer, our thoughts were solely bent on fixing a boundary line between the confederate Indians and the United States, so as that peace might be established on a solid basis, for which reason we pointed out the line we did, well knowing the justness of it and that it would be ratified by the whole Indian confederacy.

As an individual I much regret to find that the boundary so pointed out has now been abandoned, the establishment of which, I am well convinced, would have been the means of bringing about a lasting and permanent peace. This object, so earnestly to be desired, has ever made me exert every nerve, wishing for nothing more than mutual justice. This line, you will recollect, was offered to Governor St. Clair at Muskingum, and notwithstanding the two successful campaigns of the Indians, after this I still adhered to the same, and still do. This, I hope, will satisfy you that my wish ever was for peace. The offer was rejected by Mr. St. Clair, and what the consequences have been you well know. I should be sorry if your endeavors would be crowned with no better success, as your exertions I hope are not influenced by similar motives with his. You must also recollect that I differed even with my friends respecting this boundary, and to the last two messages you then received, my name was to neither of them, because I thought them too unreasonable. This made me take more pains and trouble to bring the Indians and you to an understanding, than I was under any obligations to do, otherwise than humanity dictated to me, having nothing but our mutual interests in view, and as to politics I study them not. My principle is founded on justice, and justice is all I wish for, and

never shall I exert myself in behalf of any nation or nations, let their opinion of me be what it will, unless I plainly see they are just and sincere in their pursuits, doing what in every respect to justice may belong. When I perceive such are the sentiments of a people, no endeavors shall be wanting on my part to bring neighbors to a good understanding.

I must again repeat that I am extremely sorry this boundary, so long since pointed out, should have been abandoned — it being an object of such magnitude, and which much depends on the whole Indian confederacy being interested. I should therefore have supposed it would have been more for mutual interests and would have had a better effect, to have dealt upon a larger scale that within the small compass of the Five Nations, the meeting being intended solely to talk over the business of the boundary, and then to have acquainted the whole confederacy with what had passed, so that something final could have been determined on, as all that part of the country is a common to the whole of us.

You say on your part every thing has been openly and fairly explained, and that you shall be disappointed if the chiefs do not acknowledge your candor. I can, for my own part, form no opinion, whether it is so or not, being perfectly ignorant of what has passed, but ever look upon it that business fairly transacted should be adhered to as sacred.

And that you are still ready to make peace with the western nations — this has made me say much about the boundary line, in order that peace and friendship might be established between you. This obliges me to say they ought to have been included in this treaty, and to have been consulted with, as well as those who were there, they being equally interested with the Six Nations in this line. *As to the British*, they are an *independent nation*, as well as the United States and the Indian nations, and of course they act for *themselves*, as well as other white nations do.

My mentioning in my letter to you, that I was sorry Mr. Johnson was looked upon as a spy, was because I knew the Five Nations so often erred in their transactions with the white people — it being myself in person, from the wish of the Indians, that requested Mr. Johnson should go to the treaty — in consequence of which request

he was permitted. I was well aware at the same time of the reception he would meet with, as we are an independent people. I ever thought our councils should be private; but must at the same time say, we have an undoubted right to admit at our councils whom we please. Of course the United States have it optional whether they will treat or not with any nation or nations, where foreign agents are present.

You seem to think, in your letter of the 20th, that the Senecas are the nation most concerned in the tracts in question, agreeable to the lines you point out. At the different treaties held since the year '83, I allow, the Senecas from their proceedings seemed to be the only nation concerned in that country, although the whole Five Nations have an equal right one with the other, the country having been obtained by their joint exertions in war with a powerful nation, formerly living southward of Buffalo creek, called Eries, and another nation then living at Tioga point, so that by our successes all the country between that and the Mississippi, became the joint property of the Five Nations — all other nations now inhabiting this great tract of country were allowed to settle by the Five Nations.

This I hope will convince you that the Mohawks have an equal claim, and right to receive in proportion, with the others of the Five Nations. But as I am ignorant of the transaction — knowing nothing of what has passed, and what was the result of the treaty — must, therefore, defer saying any thing farther on the subject until I know the particulars, which I hope will be ere long. As to the others of the Five Nations residing on the Grand river, they must answer for themselves. I am not so particular in that as I might be, seeing no great necessity for it — as I hope to see General Chapin ere long.

In reading the speech you have sent me, I perceive that you say we requested you might be sent to kindle the council fire, &c. This I knew to be a mistake. In our speech to General Chapin, we wished the president of the United States to send a commissioner to our fireplace at Buffalo creek (your name being mentioned), not that you was to come and kindle a council fire elsewhere — and that you requested our assistance to bring about a peace, &c. You did, and every thing has been done by us faithfully and sincerely, by

pointing out the medicine that would accomplish it, your relinquishing part of your claims in the Indian country.

You also say that I told General Chapin at Winny's that it was the British prevented the treaty taking place. I said so then, and still do. What enabled me to say so, was the gentleman belonging to the Indian department in that quarter, interfering in the business. Had the line, as pointed out by us been accepted of by the United States, their interference could not have prevented peace then taking place, as the Five Nations had pledged themselves to see it ratified.

As to the business of the white nations, I perceive it at present to be a lottery — which will be uppermost cannot be known until drawn — the most powerful no doubt will succeed; but let who will be successful, our situation is the same, as we still have whites to deal with whose aims are generally similar.

You mention the people of *France* took the Indian method, all their warriors turning out. The Indian warriors are always ready to turn out in defense of their just rights — but Indian warriors would not be ready to *butcher* in an *inhuman, shocking* manner, their *king, queen, nobles and others*. This is acting worse than what is called savage. The Indians are not entirely destitute of humanity — but from every appearance it has fled from *France*. I must therefore say the *French* have not acted as Indians do.

You likewise mention that you told the deputies from the westward who met you at this place, that though you were willing to run a new line, yet it was impossible to make the Ohio the boundary. This, I believe is a mistake, as the word Ohio was never mentioned at that time.

You may now perceive that I do not swerve from any expressions I have made use of. I know the necessity for being candid, especially at this critical juncture, and still earnestly hope that peace may be established without further bloodshed, and that friendship may reign between the people of the United States and the Indian nations. This, be assured, is the sincere wish of, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOS. BRANT.

TIMOTHY PICKERING, Esq.

D.

CAPTAIN BRANT TO CAPTAIN CHAPIN.

NIAGARA, *21st of May*, 1803.

DEAR SIR: Your friendly letter by Aaron, I have the felicity of acknowledging, and ought to have answered it long ere this. But I trust you'll excuse me for this neglect — particularly so, when I assure you of my high esteem for you. I trust you'll continue your friendly correspondence, as the love I bear you is sincere, and as there was a degree of confidence and friendship that subsisted between your worthy and much to be lamented father and myself. This I look upon (exclusive of our personal friendship and acquaintance), to be a sufficient reason for continuing our mutual friendship toward each other. Be assured nothing on my part shall be wanting to keep this flame of friendship alive.

I certainly regretted to hear of your removal from office, but trust it will not be long before you again fill it — an office in which you have certainly done credit to yourself, and justice to those Indians over whom you presided. To you did they look up as their friend and patron. Your removal is one of the natural changes incidental to republican governments. When a person is elevated to a high office, it is expected from him, and it is but natural to suppose that he will provide for his friends, at the expense of others — perhaps more honorable than the favorite to be provided for. I am happy that you bear your dismissal with manly, virtuous, and patriotic fortitude. This surely must redound to your honor, and raise you even in the estimation of the person who dismissed you.

I hope before long to have the pleasure of seeing you personally, and condoling with you for your loss, if you look upon it as such. In all revolutions, some changes for political reasons will take place — perhaps through whim, caprice, or prejudice.

I will thank you to pay attention to your friend Oghgwage-Joseph, who is the bearer of this, and am, dear sir,

Your friend and well wisher,
JOSEPH BRANT.

CAPTAIN ISRAEL CHAPIN.

E.

GENERAL PORTER TO THE AUTHOR.

NIAGARA FALLS *Oct. 25, 1840.*

DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the 9th ultimo, enclosing a number of the manuscript sheets of your intended biography of Red Jacket, containing a notice of the repulse of a detachment of British troops under the command of Colonel Bishop, at Black Rock, in July, 1813 — being the first occasion on which our Indians were engaged in battle as auxiliaries of the Americans; and embracing also an account of the march and operations of the American army under General Brown, from the time of their entering Canada, on the 3d of July, 1814, until shortly after the battle of Chippewa, when the Indians took leave of us for their respective homes; and asking for such additions, corrections and remarks as the subject may suggest.

While I will cheerfully comply with your request as regards the affair at Black Rock, I will not disguise the satisfaction which the receipt of your communication has given me, in so far as it affords me an opportunity of doing an act of justice, too long withheld from the Indians and volunteers engaged in the battle of Chippewa; by presenting, with your permission, and in a shape and connection where it will be sure to meet extensively the public eye, a minute account (so far at least as the Indians and volunteers were concerned), of the various movements and incidents of that day; and thus rescuing their characters from the charge of cowardice, preferred against them for their conduct on that occasion.

It is to be regretted that we have no fair, intelligent and connected history of the interesting campaign of 1814, on the Niagara frontier, prepared by some one whose knowledge of the views and plans of those who conducted it, as well as of its incidents, gives him a right to be heard. But of those best qualified to perform the task, many have doubtless been deterred by considerations of delicacy in the narration of events in which they had a deep personal interest or agency; and thus involving the necessity either of becoming their own panegyrists, or of suppressing important facts — the preservation of which is due to the integrity and truth of history.

Many, if not most of these, have already left the stage of life, and the only hope of preserving the recollection of many interesting events of that period, rests upon the occasional and voluntary contributions of those who remain. I observe with much satisfaction, that our friend, Major Douglass, has been employed in delivering, in your city, a course of lectures on the subject of the Niagara campaign. He was, if I mistake not, personally engaged in several of the principal battles of that year; and, although then young, and fresh from West Point, he was an intelligent and active officer, and will doubtless gratify the public expectations with many interesting reminiscences.

Will it, then, my dear sir, be presuming too much to offer for your acceptance the accompanying narrative of the operations of the army during the few days to which it extends, and embracing the battle of Chippewa, as a substitute for the sheets you sent me? In exchange for the loss of style and spirit in its composition, I can only promise a more minute detail, and probably somewhat greater accuracy in the relation of facts. If the story should appear to be a long one, I hope that this defect will not be ascribed wholly to the proverbial garrulity of an old soldier, but to the impossibility of doing justice to the several parties engaged in that severe conflict, without a full knowledge of its complicated incidents. The whole history of this battle, as it has appeared in most of our publications on the subject, may be comprehended in two simple propositions: the one, that our volunteers and Indians, when met and attacked on that day, by the regular columns of the British army, retreated and were pursued with great precipitation. The other, that these same British columns were, immediately thereafter, met and beaten by our regular troops, and obliged in their turn, to retreat with equal precipitation.

Now, both these propositions are literally true: but whether the inferences that have been drawn from them are just, can only be decided by reference to the whole operations of the day, and these it has been my purpose to detail. I have however introduced some circumstances that were not strictly necessary to an exposition of the merits of the battle, merely because I thought they would be interesting to readers of the present day.

I remain, dear sir, very truly and respectfully, yours,
WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ. P. B. PORTER.

F.

THE INDIAN TREATIES.

The following are the leading provisions of these treaties as agreed upon in council on the Indian reservation, January, 1838. We presume they have been ratified essentially as they were originally made. The government gives the New York Indians 1,824,000 acres of land, west of Missouri, being 320 acres for each person, to be held in fee simple by patent from the president, which is never to be included in any state. The Indians are to have the right of holding in severalty, under such regulations as they may prescribe, and are to enjoy their own form of government, subject only to the laws of congress. They are to be secured in their new possessions, and if aggressions are committed upon them, and redress cannot be obtained of the aggressor, then the government is to make good the loss. It is to remove them and subsist them for one year. It is also to erect for them council houses, churches, school houses, a saw and grist mill, gunsmiths' and blacksmiths' shops; find coal, iron and steel; and pay teachers, millers, blacksmiths and a gunsmith for ten years, and as much longer as the president may deem proper.

Fifty thousand dollars are set apart to be invested to support a high school, or college, the teachers of which are to be Indians, if those of suitable qualifications can be found. Twenty thousand dollars are set apart to make erections and enclosures for poor people, after their arrival west.

Ten thousand dollars a year, for five years, are to be paid them in domestic animals, farming utensils, spinning wheels and looms, and to support persons to teach them the use of the same.

It is farther provided, that those who wish to remove in their own conveyances, can do so, and be paid what it costs the government to remove others, and a physician is to accompany each party of emigrants, if they desire it.

The only cession of land to the government, is of the Green bay tract, from which is expected a reservation now occupied by the Oneidas. Those who do not remove to the new country in five years, or such time as the president may appoint, forfeit their right

to the country set apart for them. The Senecas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras, and the Onondagas, residing on the Seneca reservations, agree to remove in five years, and a portion of the Oneidas are to do so, as soon as the governor of New York will purchase their lands.

Several sums of money are to be paid to several nations and individuals, to remunerate them for losses and services, which it is supposed the United States ought to pay. There are also several separate provisions for each tribe, and distinct branches of a tribe.

A separate treaty was also made in January, 1838, with the Senecas and Tuscaroras, for the purchase of their lands (except one reservation conveyed by the latter to the United States in trust), by the representatives of the state of Massachusetts with the assent of a superintendent from that state. The consideration money for the sale of the Seneca reservation is to be paid to the United States, and be held in trust for the nation. One hundred thousand dollars of which is to be invested for the use of the nation; and the balance (\$102,000) is to be distributed among the owners of the improvements on the reservation.

The government agrees to have one of its agents reside among the Indians at their new homes, and to pay them their annuities there.

These are the leading provisions.

By this treaty the Tuscaroras cede to the Ogden Company, who have purchased the preëmptive right, 1,920 acres; to the United States about 5,000 acres, of which the Indians owned the fee, and which is to be sold by the United States, and the net proceeds paid to the Indians.

The Senecas cede to the preëmptive owners about 115,000 acres, all lying in the western part of this state — upwards of 50,000 of which is the reservation near this city.

The other reservations are, one at Tonnawanda, one at Cattaraugus, and one at Alleghany.

The tract which the Indians obtain, lies directly west of, and adjoining the state of Missouri, being 27 miles wide and about 106 deep. It is watered by the little Osage, Marmaton, Neosho, and branches of the two Verdigris and Turkey-foot rivers. These are all clear rapid streams, abounding in fish. The country is healthy

and fertile, with sufficient timber along the borders of the rivers for all practical uses. Besides this, on the tract are found coal, fine stone quarries, and, in the immediate vicinity, salt in abundance.

Such was an outline of the treaty as at first concluded in 1838. While under discussion in the senate of the United States, it was amended as follows: The special provisions for the erection of houses, churches, mills, shops, providing various utensils, coal, iron, steel, &c., &c., it was thought might open the door to fraud and speculation, and in lieu thereof, after a careful estimate of the fair probable cost of all these things, the senate struck them all out, and inserted instead the specific sum of \$400,000, which is to be expended under the direction of a superintendent in providing every thing promised by the treaty, which it was believed would cover the whole expense.

[The following article, copied from the *New York Journal of Commerce* of December 30, 1840, affords a history of the negotiations with the Senecas which resulted in the treaty so called, that has been concluded. The article is a review of two important publications, which the nefarious transactions here unyeiled, have called forth.]

REPORT on the memorials of the SENECA INDIANS and others.

Accepted, November 21, 1840, in the council of Massachusetts.

Boston: Dutton & Wentworth, state printers, 1840, p. 28.

THE CASE of the SENECA INDIANS in the state of New York, illustrated by facts. Printed for the information of the Society of Friends, by direction of the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs, of the Four yearly Meetings of Friends, of Genesee, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Philadelphia: Merihew & Thompson, 1840, p. 254.

To all who can sympathize with the Indians in the afflictions which are consuming them from the face of the earth, these are deeply interesting publications; and the character of the sources from which they emanate, must command respectful attention to their contents. Nor can the truth of their statements be questioned; for all the important facts are sustained by authentic documents,

given at full length. A brief abstract of their contents seems the more desirable, as the Senecas aver that a powerful influence, exerted over the press in their vicinity, has hitherto prevented them from laying the story of their wrongs fully before the public.

The present number of the Senecas is said to be 2,449. They claim four reservations in the state of New York, viz: the Tonawanda, 13,000 acres; the Buffalo, 53,000 acres; the Cattaraugus, 22,000; and the Alleghany, 31,000; in all, about 119,000 acres. Much of this land is among the most fertile and valuable in the state, and the whole is supposed to be worth at least two millions of dollars. At the close of the war of the revolution, Massachusetts claimed an interest in this and other land belonging to the Six Nations. By articles of agreement, dated at Hartford, December 16, 1786, Massachusetts ceded to New York the sovereignty and jurisdiction over those lands, and New York ceded to Massachusetts, its grantees, their heirs and assigns, the right of preëmption to the lands themselves. It was "provided, however, that no purchase from the native Indians by any such grantee or grantees should be valid, unless the same should be made in the presence of, and approved by, a superintendent, to be appointed for such purpose by the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and having no interest in such purchase; and unless such purchase shall be confirmed by the commonwealth of Massachusetts." This agreement was sanctioned by Congress in 1787.

By an agreement, dated March 12, 1791, the commonwealth contracted to sell its preëmptive right to Samuel Ogden, his heirs and assigns; and by several transfers, that title has come into the hands of a company, now known as the Ogden Land Company. Under this title, several purchases have been made of the Indians, and confirmed by the commonwealth.

The United States had made three treaties with the Six Nations, previous to the negotiations which have given occasion to these publications. The first was a treaty of peace and boundaries, in 1784. The second, in 1789, was little more than a confirmation of the first. The third, which continued to be the rule of intercourse between the parties for more than forty years, was made in 1794. It contained two important provisions, bearing on the questions which have lately

arisen. First, it acknowledged and guaranteed the right of each of the Six Nations, to its own reservations; so that the Six Nations could not, thenceforth, dispose of any of the land of any one tribe of the confederacy against its will. Secondly, while other Indians are restrained from selling their land except to the United States, this treaty conferred on each of the Six Nations, separately, the right to sell any or all of its lands to citizens of the United States, whenever and however they might choose. The Indians agreed never to set up any claim to any other land within the United States. Under these arrangements with the United States and Massachusetts, the Indians frequently sold land to companies and individuals, and conveyed it, not by treaties, but by ordinary deeds of conveyance.

It would seem that the United States had now no further connection with this business. It was, however, for the interest of the Ogden Land Company, that the United States government should be involved in some train of measures for removing the New York Indians. For this purpose — as it was stated by Mr. Sevier, chairman of the committee on Indian affairs, in his speech in the United States senate, March 17, 1840 — the company induced two small bands to apply to President Monroe, in 1818, for permission to purchase, with their own means and on their own account, the title of the Menomonies, to certain lands near Green bay. Mr. Sevier asserts, that evidence of the company's influence in this movement is on file in the war department. Mr. Monroe gave his assent. The agents of the "two small bands," as they assert, purchased the land and paid \$12,000 for it, and the bands began to remove. The Menomonies denied the purchase. A controversy arose, and the United States Government was called upon to make peace. The government made peace in 1832, by purchasing the land of the Menomonies, paying back to the "two small bands" the \$12,000 which they professed to have paid for it, and paying \$35,000 to the Oneidas and \$5,000 to the St. Regis Indians, as a remuneration to them for purchasing and removing to the Green bay lands, under Mr. Monroe's permission.

This treaty of 1832 was made with the Menomonies; and neither the Senecas, nor any other Indians residing in New York, were present, or had any thing to do in making it. **Yet by this treaty the**

United States purchased, for \$20,000, of the Menomonies, 500,000 acres of land, as a home for all the New York Indians; and it was stipulated that the New York Indians should remove to it within three years, or their right to it should be forfeited, and revert to the United States. This, it was hoped, would induce them to sell their reservations in New York to the Ogden Company on easy terms. The Senecas, however, paid no attention to the treaty. They were satisfied with their old homes, and cared nothing for the forfeiture of lands which they had not purchased and did not want. In the hope that they might be brought to change their minds, a supplementary article was procured, by which the time for their removal was left to the discretion of the president.

So matters remained till 1837. About this time, certain new agents appeared, acting for the Land Company. It does not appear from the documents before us, but has been currently reported at and around Buffalo, and is understood to be acknowledged by the gentlemen themselves, that five men agreed to obtain a treaty for the removal of the Senecas within a specified time; for which some of them were to receive \$25,000 each, and some of them \$20,000 and certain profitable agencies. These agents took hold of their work in good earnest. Mr. Sevier, in his speech already quoted, read a contract between one of these agents, on behalf of the Ogden Land Company, and a Seneca chief, in which the said chief agreed to "use the best of his exertions and endeavors" to procure such a treaty as the company desired, by "the active application of his whole influence at councils, and in confidential interviews," and in such other ways as he should be advised; for which, and for his "improvements," he was to receive two thousand dollars within three months after the ratification of the treaty, and a lease, at a nominal rent, during occupancy, of the farm on which he lived. By the treaty, if made, he would of course be paid for his "improvements" a second time. Mr. Sevier read another contract, by which the same agent agreed to pay another chief, for similar services, five thousand dollars. How many such contracts were made, is not known. Mr. Sevier mentioned six others. By these eight, the Company were bound to pay \$21,600 to eight chiefs for such services as have been described, besides leases for years, or for life, or grants

in fee simple, of the lands they then occupied. By this arrangement, he remarked, "the emigrating party were to stay at home upon their leases, and the nonemigrating party were to be transported beyond the Mississippi."

To accomplish the object, the intervention of the United States was necessary, and was obtained. A commissioner was appointed, to purchase of the Senecas their right in the Green bay lands, which they always had refused to accept as a gift. A council was called. Two instruments were laid before the council. One was a treaty, by which the United States were to give 1,800,000 acres of land, west of the state of Missouri, and \$400,000 in cash, for the Green bay lands. The other was a deed, conveying the Seneca reservations in New York to the Ogden Land Company, for \$202,000, the receipt of which was acknowledged — though the treaty provides that it "*shall* be paid" to the United States, to be used as stipulated for the benefit of the Senecas — and though the Senecas have never yet received any part, either of the principal or income. To this treaty forty-five signatures, purporting to be those of chiefs or head men, were obtained. The effect of these bargains would be, that the United States would remove the Senecas at an expense of 1,800,000 acres of land, and \$400,000 in cash; and the Ogden Land Company would purchase \$2,000,000 worth of land for \$202,000.

The party among the Senecas who were opposed to emigration, asserted that this treaty had been obtained by fraud and corruption; but they do not seem to have had, at that time, the means of proving their assertion. The contracts referred to by Mr. Sevier, had not then come to light. The sale was approved by the government to Massachusetts; but the United States senate found its provisions so enormously liberal that they refused to ratify it. They amended it, so as to make it almost a new treaty; either wholly annulling, or commuting for others which the Senecas might think less valuable, six important inducements to sell their lands and remove. They sent the amended treaty back to the Senecas, with a resolution, that it "shall have no force or effect whatever, nor shall it be understood that the senate have assented to any of the contracts connected with it," till it should have been explained by the United States commis-

sioners in open council, and received the assent of a majority of the chiefs. This provision was added, to prevent such frauds in obtaining signatures as the Senecas had complained of.

The commissioner returned, called a council, explained the amended treaty, and urged the Senecas to assent to it. Among other things, he told them that the head of the Indian bureau at Washington thought the sale to the Land Company valid, whether the treaty was ratified or not; so that they must assent to it, or be left without a home. General Dearborn, who attended as superintendent on the part of Massachusetts, told them that the governor of Massachusetts thought otherwise — that if the treaty was not ratified, the contract was void. The commissioner called for signatures. One of the chiefs proposed that those opposed to the treaty should sign a remonstrance; but the commissioner refused to authenticate it. One was drawn up, and authenticated by General Dearborn. The treaty was signed by 16 chiefs, and the remonstrance by 63. The commissioner then invited the chiefs to sign the treaty singly and secretly, at his private lodgings, in a tavern at Buffalo. Runners were sent out, chiefs were brought in, paid various sums of money for their signatures, made drunk and induced to sign, or their assent was procured at their own houses. In various ways, 15 more signatures were procured, making 31 in all. The treaty was sent to Washington, and five more signatures were sent after it; but they were rejected by the department of war. The commissioner continued his labors, and obtained ten more signatures, including three who had been made chiefs illegally, for the purpose of signing the treaty, and making 41 in all. The whole number of undisputed chiefs is 75. Of these 29 appear to have signed the amended treaty. The whole number who are claimed to be chiefs by both parties, is 97, of whom 41 appear as signers. Six of those whose names are attached to it, solemnly swear that they never signed it, knowing what they did, nor in any way authorized others to sign it on their behalf. The Friends in one of the works mentioned at the head of this article, gave at full length the bribery contracts, as they call them, and one affidavit, testifying that twenty-five dollars was offered to a certain Seneca, if he would forge the name of a chief to the power of attorney for signing the treaty, and then swear that the signature was genuine.

The treaty went again to the senate, who advised the president to make proclamation of it and carry it into effect, whenever he should be satisfied that it had received the assent of the Senecas, according to the true intent and meaning of the senate's former resolution. In August, 1839, the secretary of war and General Dearborn met the Senecas in council. Of the result, the president says: "No advance toward obtaining the assent of the Senecas to the amended treaty, in council, was made; nor can a majority of them in council now be obtained;" and again: "That improper means have been employed to obtain the assent of the Seneca chiefs, there is every reason to believe." It was referred, in the senate, to the committee on Indian affairs, who reported a resolution for rejecting it. The senate, however, March 25, 1840, passed a contrary resolution, it is said, by the casting vote of its presiding officer; and the president, April 4, proclaimed it as a part of the law of the land. The ratification of a treaty requires the assent of two-thirds of the senators present. Whether this vote was a ratification, and therefore void for want of the constitutional majority, is a disputed question.

The Senecas then applied to the government of Massachusetts, as their ancient protector; and the Friends, of the four Yearly Meetings, sent on their memorial. These papers were referred by the governor and council, to a committee, of which John R. Adan, Esq., was chairman. The report was accepted by the council and approved by the governor, November 21, 1840. It is brief, but able. It concludes that the assent of the commonwealth to the sale of reservations, though made in ignorance of important facts, which, if known, would have prevented it, cannot be retracted. It sets forth several strong arguments against the validity of that sale; but these only raise a "legal question — a question of title to the lands, which must be determined by a judicial tribunal, and cannot be determined by the executive department of Massachusetts." "Considering the nature of the objections to the Ogden Company's title, we think the character of that company, and of those who conduct its affairs, as well as the interest of both parties, require that those objections should be fairly met and judicially settled without delay. Until that shall be done, the Senecas will probably remain at their *old*

homes—and the Ogden Company may not find it easy to sell them, or any part of them, to any prudent purchaser.”

Such is the present situation of this affair. Those who wish to examine in detail the long and sickening series of astounding frauds by which it has been brought into this situation, may consult the publications from which this abstract has been made.

Thus far the *Journal of Commerce*. It should be stated, in order that his name may be held in everlasting remembrance — for good if he has done good, and for evil if evil — that the name of the United States commissioner, under whose conduct such proceedings have been had, is Gillett, recently a member of congress from the county of St. Lawrence, N. Y. His duty, in theory, was to watch over the interests of the Indians, and shield them from the rapacity and fraud of the white man. How far, and with what degree of fidelity he has performed that duty, is a question which the public must decide.

On the 20th of May, 1842, another treaty was concluded between the United States and the Seneca nation which recited the treaty, and the agreement with Ogden and Fellows in 1838 and modified their provisions. By this treaty a new agreement with Ogden and Fellows, made the day of its date, was affirmed, by which they released to the Seneca nation the Cattaraugus and Alleghany reservations, and the Senecas, on their part, released to them, their heirs and assigns, in joint tenancy, the whole of the Buffalo creek and Tonawanda reservations. By the conditions of this agreement the Indians were to be paid the consideration for that grant as follows: One hundred thousand dollars should be regarded as the value of their title to the whole four tracts, and one hundred and two thousand dollars as the value of the improvements on the same four tracts; and so much of those sums should be paid by Ogden and Fellows as the value of the title and improvements on the Buffalo and Tonawanda tracts should bear to the title and improvements on all the tracts — such amount to be chosen by arbitrators, to be chosen as therein mentioned. This indenture was accordingly incorporated into, and formed part of the above mentioned treaty of

1842 between the Federal government and the chiefs and headmen of the Seneca nation.

Arbitrators were afterwards appointed agreeably to the terms of the treaty and indenture, who executed their duty as to all the four tracts, except the Tonnawanda. They awarded that seventy-five thousand dollars was the proportion which the value of the two tracts conveyed bore to the whole four tracts; and that fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight dollars and ninety-six cents was the proportion which the value of the improvements in those two tracts bore to the improvements on all the tracts. They were, however, unable to decide upon the amount to be paid to each individual for his improvements on the Tonnawanda tract, for the reason that that portion of the Seneca nation which was in possession of that tract refused to allow them to perform their duty in this respect, and removed them by force from the tract when they went there, as they did twice, for the purpose of making their examinations and award. Such award has never yet been made. At the end of two years, however, after filing the report in the war-office and upon the payment to the president of the United States of the aggregate sum awarded by the arbitrators, Fellows, as the survivor of his joint-tenant Ogden, entered, in 1846, by force and ejected Blacksmith, a Seneca Indian, from the improvements possessed by him. These improvements consisted of a dam and saw-mill, and had been built by himself and seven other Indians twenty years previous. Blacksmith accordingly brought an action for assault and battery and breach of plaintiff's close against Fellows, and succeeded in his case—obtaining from the jury damages to the amount of eight hundred and twenty dollars. The defendant thereupon carried the case up to the court of appeals in 1852, and was again beaten, the judgment of the lower court being affirmed.¹

¹ For this case, in which a very able opinion was given by Judge Edmonds, see Blacksmith against Fellows, in the third volume of *Selden's Reports*.

G.

SPEECH OF JOHN SKENANDO,

Head chief of the Oneidas, on discovering, that their land and improvements at the Castle were sold to the state by the intrigue (as he asserted) of certain white men. The speech was written by the Rev. Mr Jenkins, a missionary at the time (about 1816) among the Oneidas, as the words fell from the lips of the venerable chief. The tears, says Mr. Jenkins, ran copiously from his eyes, and from the eyes of many who heard him, while the aged chieftain spoke as follows:

MY WARRIORS AND MY CHILDREN! *hear!* It is cruel! it is very cruel! A heavy burden lies on my heart — it is very sick! This is a dark day. The clouds are black and heavy over the Oneida nation; a strong arm is heavy upon us, and our hearts groan under it. Our fires are put out, and our beds are removed from under us. The groves of our fathers are destroyed, and their children are driven away. The Almighty is angry with us, for we have been very wicked — therefore his arm does not keep us. Where are the chiefs of the Rising Sun? White chiefs now kindle their ancient fires. There no Indian sleeps, but those that are sleeping in their graves. My house will soon be like theirs! Soon will a white chief here kindle this fire. Your Skenando will soon be no more, and his village no more a village of Indians.¹ The news that came last night by our men from Albany made this a sick day in Oneida. All our children's hearts are sick, and our eyes rain like the black clouds that roar on the tops of the trees of the wilderness. Long did the strong voice of Skenando cry "children, take care! be wise — be straight!" His feet were then like the deer's, and his arm like the bear's! He can now only mourn out a few words, and then be silent; and his voice will soon be heard no more in Oneida. But surely he will long be in the hearts of his children — in the white

¹ The Indians (Oneidas) were at this time driven to their unimproved lands. The old chief himself, then aged about one hundred and six years, lived in the woods three miles distant from the meeting house, which, together with the missionary house, were in possession of the state. Men were then laying out extensive improvements in village lots, and comparatively few of the tribe *kindled their fires* within the whole reservation — while the missionary station there was on the point of being broken up.

man's land Sconando's name has gone far, and will not die. He has spoken many words to make his children straight. Long has he said, drink no strong water, for it makes you mice for white men, who are cats. Many a meal have they eaten of you. Their mouth is a snare, and their way like the fox. Their lips are sweet, but their heart is wicked. Yet there are good whites and good Indians. I love all good men; and Jesus, whom I love, sees all. *His* great day is coming—he will make all straight; he will say to cheating whites and drinking Indians: *Begone ye—begone ye—GO, GO, GO!* Certainly, my children, he will drive them away. In that day I will rejoice. But oh! great sorrow is in my heart, that many of my children mourn. The great Jesus has looked on all the while the whites were cheating us, and it will remain in his mind. He will make all straight again. Long have I believed his words, and as long as I live I will pray to him. He is my good Savior—my blind eyes he will open.¹ I shall see him. Children, his way is a good way. Hearken, my children, when this news sounds in the council house towards the setting sun,² and the chiefs of the Six Nations hearken, and they send to the council by the great lake near the setting sun, and they cry, make bows and arrows—sharpen the tomahawk—put the chain of friendship with the whites into the ground—Warriors, kill! kill! The great chief at the setting sun won't kill any of the Six Nations that go into his land, because they have a chain of friendship with the whites; and he says the whites have made us wicked like themselves, and that we have *sold* them our lands. We have *not* sold it—we *have been cheated*; and my messengers shall speak true words in the great council towards the setting sun; and say yet, bury the tomahawk—Oneidas must be children of peace. Children! some have said your chiefs signed papers of white men, who sold our fires. Your chiefs signed no papers—sooner would they let the tomahawk lay them low. We know one of our men was hired by the white men to tell our men this, and he himself will now tell you so. Papers are wicked things! Take care—sign none of them, but such as our minister reads to us.

¹ Sconando was blind at this advanced age (106 years).

² Near Buffalo and lake Erie.

He is straight — you now see his tears running like ours. Father! you are our minister — dry up your tears. We know, if your arm could, it would help us. We know wicked men spoke ill of you, for our sakes. You suffered with us; but you are Jesus's servant, and he will love you no less for loving Indians.

CHILDREN! Our two messengers will run and carry your sorrows to the great council fire towards the setting sun. Run, my children! and tell our words. Give health to all the chiefs assembled around the great fire. And may Jesus, the great Savior, bring you back safe. (Two men then set off immediately for Buffalo).

H.

WRITINGS OF WILLIAM L. STONE.

- I. History of the Great Albany Convention of 1821, 8vo.
- II. History of the Grand Erie Canal Celebration, 8vo.
- III. Letters on Masonry and Anti-Masonry, addressed to John Quincy Adams, 8vo.
- IV. Mathias and his Impostures, 12mo.
- V. Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distressed Gentleman. 12mo, p. 225, 1836, New York: Leavitt, Lord & Co. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.
- VI. Tales and Sketches, 2 vols., 12mo, 1834, Harper & Bros., p. vol. 1st, 258; vol. 2d, 290.
- VII. Maria Monk and the Hotel Dieu, 18mo.
- VIII. The Mysterious Bridal, 18mo.
- IX. Mercy Disborough — A Tale of the Witches, 18mo.
- X. Letters on Animal Magnetism, 12mo.
- XI. Lectures and Addresses on Social and Literary Topics, 8vo.
- XII. Life of Brant — Thayendanega, 2 vols., 8vo.
- XIII. Poetry and History of Wyoming, 12mo.
- XIV. Life of Red Jacket — Sa-go-ye-wat-ha; including Sketches of Cornplanter and Farmer's Brother, 8vo.
- XV. Border Wars of the American Revolution, 2 vols., 12mo. Harper & Brothers.
- XVI. Life of Uncas and Miantonomoh, 18mo.
- XVII. Life and Times of Sir Wm. Johnson. First seven chapters, 2 vols. 8vo, 1865. J. Munsell, p. vol. i, 555, vol. ii, 630.

INDEX.

- A**DAIR, Major, defeats a body of Shawanese and Miamis, 201.
- Adams, John, 18.
- Adams, John Quincy, 18, 23, 37, 38, 44.
- Adams, Major P., 319.
- Adams's party, 39.
- Adirondacks, 109.
- Africa, 42.
- Aikin, Rev. Mr., 23.
- Albany, city of, 15, 16, 21, 34.
- Albany Daily Advertiser, 16.
- Albany Gazette, 16.
- Alexander, Rev. Mr., 285.
- Alexandria Gazette, 42.
- Algonquins, 109.
- Allen, Ebenezer, 180.
- Amherst, Major General, 48.
- Andover Letters, 88.
- Andre, Major, 9.
- Animal Magnetism, letters on, by Col. Stone, 73.
- Anne, Queen, 28, 30.
- A-qua-nus-chi-o-ni, or United People (Five Nations), 105.
- Arnold, General, 48.
- Astor, John Jacob, anecdote of, 95.
- Atlantic Cable celebration, 62.
- Atlantic Club Book, 67.
- Atlantic Souvenir, 35.
- Atwater, Judge, 264.
- Auburn, N. Y., 24.
- Auchmuty, Rev. Dr., 60.
- Auger, Nicholas, drives a six ox team, 63.
- Au Glaize, on the Miami river of Lake Erie, 198.
- B**ACON, Ezekiel, 23.
- Baggs' hotel, Utica, 23.
- Baltimore, Anti-Slavery Convention at, 39.
- Bancroft, Hon. George, 106.
- Barber, Mr., editor Otsego Republican, 78.
- Bayard, Nicholas, 66.
- Bayard, William, holds a council at Big Tree, 238.
- Beaver dams, 318.
- Bemis, James D., 276.
- Benson, Egbert, 135.
- Bentham, Jeremy, 19.
- Benton, Caleb, 134.
- Berkley, Bishop, 47.
- Between-the-Trees (Tear-unk-to-yoron), a Wyandot chief, speech of, 359.
- Bible, use of, in common schools, 86.
- Bidwell, Marshall S., 77.
- Big Beaver creek, 148.
- Big Fire, 391.
- Big Knife, 188.
- Big Sky, 217.
- Big Tree (site of Geneseo), council at, 237.
- Black Foot (Cut-te-we-ga-saw), a Shawanese chief, speech of, 361.
- Black Hoof, speech of, 362.
- Black Rock, invasion of, 319; destroyed, 327.
- Blacksmith, a Seneca chief, 113.
- Black Smoke, 325.
- Bleecker, Mr., 83.
- Blue Sky (Tow-yo-cau-na), 391.
- Board of Education, 86, 90.
- Boerstler, Col., humiliating defeat of, 318.
- Border Wars of American Revolution, by Col. Stone, 73.
- Bourne, Hon. Walter, 85.
- Bowen, James, 82.
- Brandywine, battle of, 9.
- Brant, John, 76.
- Brant, Joseph (Thayendanegea), 56; life written by Col. Stone, 74.

- Brant Joseph, life, 99, 117, 124, 136, 140; visits Philadelphia, 198; is taken sick at Grand river on his return home, 198; his exertions at Au Glaize, 202, 205; discloses the impostures of Jemima Wilkinson, 213; becomes involved in difficulties with the colonial authorities of Canada, 266; letter to Colonel Pickering from, 477; letter to Captain Chapin from, 481.
- Breckenridge, Rev. Dr., 124; interview between him and the author, 281; letter to the author from, 399.
- Brock, General, 313.
- Brodhead, J. Romeyn, 79, 83.
- Brooks, Col., 57.
- Brown, General, 328.
- Brown University, 16, 88.
- Buffalo, city of, 15, 21; burned, 327.
- Buffalo creek, 140; council at, 151, 194.
- Burgoyne, General, 48.
- Burlington (N. Y.), 11, 35.
- Burns, 72.
- Burr, Aaron, 18, 45, 51, 58.
- Butler, Benjamin F., 82.
- Butler, Capt. Thomas, 140.
- Butler, Col. John, 205, 246.
- Butler, Richard, 128.
- CALHOUN**, Hon. John C., 43.
- Calhoun, Mrs. John C., 94.
- Campbell, 75.
- Campbell, Wm. W., 77.
- Canandaigua, 110; council at, 205; three hundred deer killed at, in one day in 1794, 232; protracted negotiations at, 229.
- Canandaigua lake, 111.
- Cartier, Jacques, 107.
- Catawbas, 105.
- Cayugas, 118; efforts to keep them loyal, 204.
- Chapin, Dr. Cyreneus, 288.
- Chapin, Capt. Joseph, succeeds his father as agent, 237; removed by Jefferson, 262.
- Chapin, Gen. Israel, agent for Six Nations, 127, 208, 235.
- Champlain, Samuel de, 110, 291.
- Champollion, 19.
- Chandler, General, 318.
- Chandler, Hon. Joseph R., 99.
- Charlevoix, 107, 294.
- Cherokees, 105.
- Chester, Rev. Dr. John, 34.
- Chippewas, 116.
- Chippewa, battle of, 329; review of, 341.
- Choate, Hon. Rufus, 92.
- Clark, Adam, 19.
- Clark, George, 36.
- Clark, Gerardus, President of New York Board of Education, 90.
- Clay, Hon. Henry, 23, 44.
- Clay, Mrs. Henry, 28.
- Clear Sky (Sa-ga-rec-sa), a Cayuga chief, 223.
- Clinton, Gov. De Witt, 16, 21, 22, 38, 40, 103, 109, 116, 376.
- Clinton, Gov. George, 155, 224.
- Clinton, Sir Harry, 48, 65.
- Clintonian party, 21, 37.
- Coghlan, officer, 60.
- Cold, Capt., a chief, 326.
- Colden, Cadwallader, 109, 116.
- Colden, Cadwallader D., 22.
- Colonization Society, 42.
- Columbia, District of, 40.
- Columbus, Christopher, 63.
- Commercial Advertiser, N. Y., 18, 19, 21, 28, 37, 39, 78, 83, 97.
- Common Schools of New York city, Bible in, 86.
- Confucius, 45.
- Connecticut Land Co., 250.
- Constable's house (No. 1 Broadway, N. Y.), 65.
- Constantine, 33.
- Constantinople, 33.
- Cooper, J. Fenimore, 35, 77.
- Cooper, Judge, the original Judge Templeton in the Pioneers, 34.
- Cooperstown, 10, 12, 28, 30, 33, 96.
- Cooperstown Federalist, 11.
- Cooperstown lake, 83.
- Copenhagen, Royal Soc. of Northern Antiquities, 77.
- Cornplanter, (Gaan-tu-a-ha, Handsome lake), 76, 126, 129, 181, 186; his friendship for the Americans remains unshaken, 188; visits Philadelphia, 146, 208; dines with Col. Pickering, 217; speech of, 229; duty confided to, 239; unpopularity of, 252; announces himself a prophet, and denounces Red Jacket, 253; labors to inculcate the Christian religion among his people, 254; death of, 255.
- Cortez, Hernando, 46.
- Courier and Enquirer, N. Y., 30, 82.

Cow Killer, nick name of Red Jacket, 124.
 Cozine, John, 65.
 Crabbe, 19.
 Cram, Rev. Mr., sent as a missionary to the Senecas. His interview with Red Jacket, and ill success of his mission, 272.
 Cross roads, 318.
 Croton river, 49.
 Cushing, Hon. Caleb B., reviews the life of Brant, 75.
 Cusick, a Tuscarora author, 111.
 Cuvier, 19.

DA-GA-NO-WE-DA, an Onondaga warrior, 118.

David, Capt., 189.
 Davison, Lucretia, 18.
 Deaf and Dumb Institution, 84.
 Dearborn, General, 318.
 D'Argeunes, Julia, 58.
 Delafield, Maj. Joseph, 363, 375.
 Delawares, 188; chiefs decline speaking at Sandusky, 363.
 Denio, law reports of, 78.
 Destroy Town, a Seneca chief, 373.
 Detroit, city of, 201.
 Dexter, Samuel, sec'y of war, 255.
 Dickinson, Hon. Daniel S., 82.
 Dix, Maj. Gen. J. A., 80, 85.
 Doollittle, Hiram, Jr., *nom de plume* of Col. Stone, letters of, 27, 37.
 Dorchester, Gov. Gen. of Canada (Sir Guy Carleton), 205.
 Dunlap, William, 65.
 Dwight, Theodore, 18.

EATON, Major, 43.
 Eaton, Mrs. Major, 43.
 Edgar, Mrs., 65.
 Eel, an Onondaga chief, replies to Cornplanter, 230.
 Eldridge, Lieut., 317.
 Elliott, John, 202.
 Elskawatwa (the prophet), 301.
 England, war of 1812, 26.
 Erie canal, celebration of, 21, 37.
 Evening Post, N. Y., 97.
 Everett, Hon. Edward. His exertions in behalf of the Greeks, 20; letters to Col. Stone from, 77, 92.

FARMER'S Brother, 119, 139; speech of, to Col. Pickering, 186;

Farmer's Brother, present at treaty of Big Tree, 242, 325.
 Federalist, the, 62.
 Fish Carrier, a Cayuga chief, 139; quells a storm, 145, 197; answers Col. Pickering, 211; dines with Col. Pickering, 217.
 Five Nations, history of, 109.
 Florence (Italy), 35.
 Flying Dutchman, 32.
 Folsom, George B., 80.
 Ford, Lauren, his reminiscences of Col. Stone, 12.
 Forman, Joshua, the pioneer of the Erie canal, 22, 24.
 Fort, Le, Abraham, son of the preceding, 344.
 Fort, Le, Captain, slain, 344.
 Francis, Dr. John W., his opinion of Col. Stone, 84; sends presents to Red Jacket, 433; letter to William Dunlap from, 434.
 Freeman, officer, 199.
 Freeman's Journal (Cooperstown, N. Y.), 37.
 Frost, Rev. Mr., 23.

GAINE, Hugh, 65.

Ga-nio-di-euh (brother of Cornplanter), 254.
 Genesee river, 136.
 Genesee valley, 26.
 Geneseo, N. Y., 26.
 Geneva, N. Y., 123.
 Ge-nun-de-nu-wah mountain, tradition of, 111; romantic story connected with, 113.
 Georgian bay, 116.
 German Flatts, treaty at, 246.
 Gertrude of Wyoming, 75.
 Ghent, treaty of, 363.
 Gilbert, Ezekiel, 134.
 Gillett, U. S. commissioner, dishonorable conduct of, 493.
 Girty, Simon, 159.
 Goëthe, 19.
 Goffe (the regicide), 9, 67.
 Good Peter, an Oneida, 207.
 Goodrich, S. G. (Peter Parley), 18.
 Goodrich, Elizur, 23.
 Gordon (the historian), 75.
 Gordon, Col., 155.
 Gorham, Nathaniel, 133, 363.
 Grand island, taken possession of by the British, 313.
 Grand river, given to Brant for the Mohawks, 265.

- Granger, Erastus, 298; urges neutrality upon the Six Nations, 304.
- Granger, Gideon, 250.
- Grant, General U. S., 194.
- Great Tree, visits Philadelphia, 145.
- Greece, 20.
- Greeks, their struggle for independence, 19.
- Greeley, Hon. Horace, his reminiscences of Col. Stone, 97.
- Green, Hon. Duff, 27, 32.
- Green mountain boys, 134.
- Greenridge cemetery (Saratoga Springs), 100.
- Greenville, treaty at, 234.
- Greenwich, N. Y., 24.
- Griswold, Rev. Stanley, 10.
- Grosvenor, Seth, 80.
- Guildford (Conn.), 9, 67.
- Gustavus of Sweden, 58.
- HAGUE**, The, Col. Stone tendered the mission to, 39.
- Hamilton, Gen. Alexander, 18, 51, 62, 98.
- Hamilton, federal ship, carried in procession through the streets of New York, 64.
- Hammond's Political History of New York, 38.
- Halcyon Luminary, 13.
- Half Town, Captain, visits Philadelphia, 146, 325.
- Hardin, Col., 199.
- Harnar, Fort, treaty of, 132, 193.
- Harpers' Family Library, 73.
- Harris, Capt., 328.
- Harris, Rev. Mr., his exertions among the Senecas, 395.
- Harrison, President, 39; letter to Col. Stone from, 92; defeats Tecumseh, 300.
- Hartford (Conn.), 18.
- Hartford Mirror, 18.
- Hartshorne, Mr., 202.
- Hartwick, town of (N. Y.), 35, 36.
- Hawks, Rev. Dr., 80.
- Hazellius, Rev. Dr., 36.
- Heckewelder, Rev. Mr., 45, 199.
- Hendrik, Apamaut, captain of the Stockbridge Indians and a faithful friend of the United States, 139.
- Herkimer American (N. Y.), 11, 13, 16.
- Herkimer, General, 74.
- Herkimer (N. Y.), 11, 15, 99.
- Hewitt, John, murdered at Buffalo by a drunken Indian, 258.
- Hiaotou, a celebrated Seneca chief, 105.
- Hindman, Major, 328.
- Historical Agency of New York, history of, 79.
- Historical Society of New York, 80.
- Hochelaga (Montreal), 108.
- Hoffman, J. Ogden, 65.
- Holland Land Co., 238, 282.
- Holley, Myron, 25.
- Honandaganus (Washington's Indian name), 149.
- Horton, Gilbert (colored man), case of, 41.
- Hosmer, Judge, 264.
- Hosmer, Mrs. George, her recollections of Red Jacket, 429.
- Hosen, Mr. Van, 31.
- Hosmer, W. H. C., 115.
- Hot Bread, a Seneca, 422.
- Hotel Dieu, Col. Stone visits, 73.
- Howe, Dr. Samuel, 20.
- Howe, Sir William, 48.
- Hudson, Henry, 291.
- Hudson, city of (N. Y.), 16, 44.
- Hudson river, 21, 47.
- Hughes, Archbishop, his discussion with Col. Stone, 86.
- Huntington, S. H., 18.
- Hunt, Seth, 24.
- Huron Iroquois, 108, 116.
- Husbands, J. Dottin, 36.
- INDIANAPOLIS**, 28.
- Indians, speculations and reflections upon the ultimate fate of, 456.
- Indian Treaties, 484.
- Inman, Henry, makes a sketch of Red Jacket, 432.
- Inman, John, takes charge of the Commercial in Col. Stone's absence, 89.
- Irondequoit, 30.
- Irving, Washington, 76.
- JACKSON**, Matthew M., 119.
- Jackson men, 24.
- Jackson, President, 29, 37, 39, 44.
- Jaquette, Peter, 192.
- Jay, Hon. John, 62, 98.
- Jay, Hon. William, letter to Col. Stone from, 40.
- Jefferson, President, 10.
- Jemison, Mary (the white woman), sketch of, 245.

- Jemmy, Tommy, a Seneca chief, tried for murder in Buffalo, 383.
- Jenkins, Rev. Mr., missionary to the Oneidas, 495.
- John, Captain, an Oneida, 207.
- Johnson, B. P., sec'y N. Y. Agricultural Society, 418.
- Johnson, Miss (Minnie Myrtle), 418.
- Johnson, Sir John, 198.
- Johnson, Sir William, 79, 127, 222, 279, 476.
- Jones, H. F., 83.
- Josephus, works of, 10.
- Journal of Commerce (N. Y.), 30, 486.
- Juvenile Delinquents, Society for Reformation of, 84.
- KATSBERGS**, 23.
- Kendall, Hon. Amos, 27, 32.
- Kent, Chancellor, 68.
- Ketchum, Hon. Hiram, 89.
- Kingsbridge (N. Y.), 57.
- Kirkland, Hon. Charles P., 77.
- Kirkland, Rev. Mr., missionary to the Mohawks, 116, 140.
- Knox, General, war chief of the Thirteen Fires, 155, 188.
- LAFAYETTE**, General, 131, 192; interview with Red Jacket, 419.
- Laight, William, 65.
- Langstaff, Sir Launcelot, *nom de plume* of Colonel Stone, 18.
- Larkin, R. R., 23.
- Lawrence, John, 65.
- Lawrence, William Beach, 80.
- League of the Iroquois (Morgan), 119.
- Lee, Arthur, 128.
- Leete, Governor, 9, 67.
- Lenox, James, 93.
- Leslie, Miss, edits the Gift, 45.
- Levasseur, M., sec'y to Lafayette, has a pleasant interview with Red Jacket, 419.
- Lewis, Col., an Indian, speech of, 362.
- Lewis, Major General, 316.
- Lewis, Rev. Dr. Isaac, 34.
- Lewiston, town of, 32; visited by a deputation of chiefs, 313.
- Lewis, Zachariah, sells out his interest in the Commercial to Col. Stone, 18, 84.
- Lincoln, Gen. Benj., 202, 279.
- Lindley, Jacob, 202.
- Little Beard, 217.
- Little Billy, 220, 325.
- Little Turtle, defeated by General Wayne, 219, 298.
- Livingston, Colonel, 134, 137.
- Livingston, Edward P., 82.
- Livingston, Governor, 50, 62, 135.
- Livingston, John, 134.
- Livingston, Judge, urges the pardon of Stiff-armed Joe, 263.
- Livingston, Philip R., 17.
- Livingston, Richard Montgomery, 381.
- Lockport, N. Y., 32.
- Longfellow, 76.
- Long House of the Five Nations, 116.
- Lord, Nathaniel, 57.
- Loudon, Samuel, 65.
- Louisiana, slavery in, 42.
- Lounger, The, edited by Col. Stone at Hudson, N. Y., 44.
- Lundy's Lane, battle of, 348.
- Lyons, N. Y., Col. Stone visits, 24.
- McCLURE**, General, 327.
- McIntosh, treaty of, 187, 193.
- McKee, Col., his buildings burned, 203.
- McKenny, Colonel, 123.
- Madison, President, 62; approves of the act of congress declaring war against England, 302.
- Marcellus (N. Y.), 24.
- Marcy, Governor, 79.
- Maria Monk, exposed by Col. Stone, 73.
- Marine Society, 65.
- Marshall (the historian), 75.
- Masonry and Anti-Masonry, Letters on, by Col. Stone, 38.
- Mathias and his Impostures, Col. Stone writes, 73.
- Maxwell, William, 65.
- Medal, Red Jacket, description and engraving of, 194.
- Menomonies, treaty with, 488.
- Mexican picture writing, 46.
- Miamis, campaign against, by St. Clair, 165.
- Miantonomoh, Col. Stone writes his Life, 49.
- Miguel, Don, 33.
- Miller, Hon. Morris S., appointed Indian commissioner, 363.
- Milton, 46.
- Missouri question, 41.
- Mohawks, 56, 106, 118.
- Moncrieffe, Major, 50.
- Moncrieffe, Margaret, 45.

- Monmouth, battle of, 9.
 Montausier, Duke de, 58.
 Montezuma, 46.
 Montreal, 108.
 Moon, Dick, the Pedler, by Col. Stone, 67.
 Moore, Captain, 63.
 Moore, Joseph, 202.
 Morell, General, 36.
 Morgan tragedy, 37.
 Morris, Robert, 141.
 Morris, Thomas, adopted into the Seneca nation, 141; attends a council at Big Tree, 238.
 Morse, James O., 16.
 Moulton, Joseph W., 163, 251.
 Muskingum Falls, treaty held at, 189.
 Mysterious Bridal, The, Col. Stone writes, 68.
- N**ASH, Rev. Dr., 34.
 National Gazette, D. C., 27, 31, 32.
 National republicans, 39, 98.
 Navy of the United States, History of, 77.
 Neill, Rev. Dr., 34.
 New England character, description of, 68.
 New Hampshire, apostrophe to the stones and trees of, 28.
 New Paltz (N. Y.), birth place of Col. Stone, 10.
 New York, Natural History of, 76.
 New York Spectator, 97.
 New Yorker, The, Horace Greeley edits, 98.
 Niagara campaign, disastrous close of, 327.
 Niagara frontier, 26.
 Nicholson, Commodore, 64.
 Nickerson, Jim, an Indian, 373.
 North American Review, 92.
 Northern Spectator (Vt.), Horace Greeley an apprentice in, 97.
 Northern Whig, edited by Col. Stone at Hudson, N. Y., 16.
 Norton, a Mohawk chief, 267.
 Norwich (Conn.), Col. Stone delivers an address at, on the occasion of the erection of the monument to Uncas, 76.
- O**AKLEY, Thomas J., 387.
 O'Bail, Major Henry, (Young Cornplanter), 318, 325; speech of, 471.
- Ogden and Fellows, agreement between them and the Senecas, 493.
 Ogden, Col. Aaron, 352.
 Ogden, Governor, 365.
 Ogden Land Co., open negotiations with the Senecas, 363; treaty concluded between, 377.
 Old Castle, birth place of Red Jacket, 122.
 Old New York, a discourse by Dr. Francis, 84.
 Old Ship, 65.
 Old Smoke, a Seneca, 247.
 Oncidas, 118.
 Onondaga hollow, N. Y., 119.
 Onondaga valley, 107.
 Ontario lake, 109.
 O'Reilly, Henry, 281.
 Osborne, Laughton, 73.
 Ostram, General, 23.
 Ote-ti-a-ni, original Indian name of Red Jacket, 104.
 Otsego county, 16.
 Otsego Republican, 78.
 Ottawa, country of the, 110.
- P**AINTED Post, 161.
 Parish, Capt., an interpreter, 123, 200, 298.
 Parish, John, 202; visits and describes Farmer's Brother's encampment, 232.
 Parker, Col. E. S., 194.
 Parkman, Francis, 108.
 Pasha, Ibrahim, 20.
 Peet, Dr. Harvey P., 84.
 Percival, James Gates, interesting incident of, 18.
 Percy, Lord (Duke of Northumberland in the revolution), 50, 76, 251.
 Perrôt, Nicholas, 109.
 Perry, Commodore, 77, 319.
 Phelps and Gorham, purchase of, 130.
 Phelps, Oliver, 133.
 Phi Beta Kappa Society, John Quincy Adams opposed to, 38.
 Philadelphia, 34.
 Piankeshaws, a tribe living on the Wabash river, 188.
 Pickering, Colonel Timothy, Indian Treaties held by, 76; invites Seneca chiefs to attend a council in Philadelphia, 103; letter from Joseph Brant to, quoted as authority, 117.

- Pickering, Col. Timothy, holds a conference with the Six Nations, 139; gives the Chippewas a feast, 162; communicates to the Six Nations certain propositions from the United States Government, 178; acts as a commissioner, 202; speech of, 208; rebukes Cornplanter, 215; letter to Joseph Brant from, 475; letter from Joseph Brant to, 477.
- Pike, General, 317.
- Pioneers (Cooper's), 28, 34.
- Pliny, 27.
- Poelmitz, Baron, 63.
- Pollard, Captain (Kaoundoonand), a distinguished Seneca chief, 75, 325, 364.
- Pomfret, swamps of, 53.
- Porter, General Peter B., 104, 319; repulse of, 336; letter to the author from, 482.
- Potherie, La, 109.
- Poughkeepsie, 62.
- Poultney (Vt.), 97.
- Powell, Captain, 152.
- Powell, William, 92.
- Prentiss, Colonel John H., 10, 11, 33, 36; acts as pall-bearer to his old apprentice Col. Stone, 89.
- Presque Isle, difficulties at, 228.
- Proctor, Colonel, mission of, 148; deputation of Indians make an address to, 155.
- Pultney, Sir William, 238.
- Purdy, Alderman, 93.
- Putnam, General Israel, 47, 57.
- Putnam, General Rufus, 199.
- Q**UEBEC, 109.
- Queenstown, disastrous affair at, 315.
- R**AMAGE Press, 12.
- Ramsay (the historian), 75.
- Randolph, Beverly, 202.
- Randolph, Hon. John, comparison between his oratory and that of Red Jacket, 129.
- Red Jacket (Sa-go-ye-wat-ha), original Indian name of, 104; birth place of, 122; becomes a party to the sale of the territory of his people within the state of New York, 137.
- Red Jacket (Sa-go-ye-wat-ha), takes part in a council in 1790, 139; speech of, 141; receives Colonel Proctor and Cornplanter, 149; speaks at council at Buffalo creek, 152; speech of, 157, 172, 179, 223, 255; keen satire of, 163; arrives in Philadelphia as chief of deputation, 164; visits Philadelphia, 194; meets deputation of hostile Indians at Au Glaize, 198; dissuaded from visiting Philadelphia by General Chapin, 201; meets deputation of Quakers, 210; a favorite with the ladies, 212; dines with Col. Pickering, 217; visits Wm. Savary, 233; delivers a speech of condolence on the death of General Chapin, 235; takes part in the treaty of Big Tree, 242; visits Hartford, 250; vows fidelity to the United States and kisses the likeness of Washington, 251; makes a powerful defense against the efforts of Cornplanter, 253; argues against the surrender of the murderer of Hewitt, 259; receives from Brant the soubriquet of "The Cow Killer," 264; seeks to crush Brant, 264; his triumph over Brant of short duration, 267; averse to intercourse with the whites and to the introduction of the Christian religion, 271; interview with and sarcasm upon the missionary Cram, 272; his speech against the efforts of the N. Y. Land Co. to divest the Indians of their lands, 282; delivers a speech to the secretary of war in relation to the war between the United States and Tecumseh, 298; addresses a council in relation to the neutrality of the Six Nations in the war with England, 303; leads the Indians at the battle of Fort George, 325; his place in the battle of Chippewa, 333; his character as a warrior, 346; anecdote of, 350; takes farewell of Col. Snelling, 351; wishes to form a great confederacy of the northwestern nations, 352; speech at the council at Sandusky, 358.

- Red Jacket (Sa-go-ye-wat-ha), speech at Buffalo, 367; speech to Gov. Ogden, 378; delivers a sarcastic phillipic, 386; letter to Captain Parish, 389; letter to Governor Clinton, 394; renews his opposition to Christianity — his conversation with Colonel Chapin, 397; remarkable interview between himself and Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, 400; his views of civilization, 411; his domestic relations, 414; interview with Lafayette, 419; anecdotes of, illustrating different traits of character, 420; not deficient in tact, 424; not gratified with scenes of human suffering, 428; personal appearance, the power and studied gracefulness of his oratory, &c., 429; portraits of, 432; disquietude of his latter days, 436; is formally deposed, 441; interview with Colonel McKenney, 444; his speech upon being deposed, 446; is restored to his former rank, 447; sinks into mental imbecility, 447; last sickness, death and funeral, 449; tablet to his memory, 462; his remains still (1866) unburied, 463.
- Republican Court (Griswold's), 61.
- Reservations, Indian, Tonawanda, Buffalo, Cattaraugus, Allegany, 282-382.
- Rhea, Thomas, deposition of, 160.
- Riall, General, 342.
- Richardson, Dr., 35.
- Ripley, General, 328.
- Rip Van Winkle, 23.
- Rivardi, Major, his men kill horses belonging to the Tuscaroras, 258.
- Rochester, Col. Stone visits, 25.
- Root, General Erastus, 129, 430.
- Round Table, Knights of the, edited by Col. Stone at Hartford, Ct., 18.
- Ryckman, Peter, 134.
- S**A-GO-YE-WAT-HA (see Red Jacket).
- St. Clair, General, 74, 165, 187; defeat of, 202, 477.
- St. John, 13.
- St. Lawrence, country of, 110; descent of, 328.
- Salina (N. Y.), 22, 24.
- Sands, Robert C., warm friendship and intimacy between Col. Stone and himself, 18; takes charge of the Commercial in Col. Stone's absence, 18, 100.
- Sandusky, 157; negotiations at, 251; council at, 353.
- Sandy Hook, 21.
- Sa-o-nish-shon-wa (a Great Breath), a Seneca, 197.
- Saratoga Springs, 16, 89, 100.
- Sargeant, John P., 82.
- Satanas (a lost nation), 116.
- Savary, William, 202, 224.
- Schoolcraft, Henry R., composes a poetical tribute to Col. Stone while standing over his grave at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., 100.
- Schuyler, General Philip, 127, 246.
- Scott, General Winfield, 328, 329; wounded, 348.
- Scott, Walter, 19.
- Senecas, Col. Stone created a chief of their nation, 77, 112, 118; exasperation of, 139; efforts to keep them loyal, 204; displeasure of, 218; send deputation to Washington, 255; address the president of the United States, 376.
- Seneca lake, 123.
- Seneca mission, 392.
- Setting the Wheels in Motion; being a full account by Col. Stone of the ceremonies in New York city, attending the adoption of the federal constitution in 1789, 61.
- Seward, Hon. Wm. H., 76, 80, 82.
- Seymour, Edward P., 16.
- Sharpe, member of assembly, 16.
- Shawanese, address of, to the Six Nations, 199.
- Shepherd, General, 238.
- Silver Heels, 325.
- Simcoe, Governor, 469.
- Sioux, 116.
- Six Nations, history of, 76, 79; character vindicated, 346; comparison between their ancient league and the Romans, 463.
- Skancateles (N. Y.), 24.
- Skenando, John (head chief of the Oneidas), affecting speech of, 495.
- Skehtade (Mohawk for Albany), 106.
- Sky, John, 391.
- Smith, Peter, an Oneida, 207.

Smith, Rev. Mr., 35.
 Smyth, General Alexander, 315.
 Sos-son-do-e-wa (a Great Darkness), a Seneca, 197.
 Spectator, N. Y., 13, 28.
 Spencer, Chief Justice Ambrose, letter to Colonel Stone from, 43.
 Spirit of the Forum, Col. Stone edits, 44.
 Springfield, N. Y., 36.
 Spring Trap, (Ka-was-kwant), an Onondaga, 333.
 Spurzheim, 19.
 Stadacone (Quebec), 109.
 Standing Stone, Council Fire kindled at, 188.
 Stanton, General Phineas, 323.
 Stanwix, Fort, treaty of, 127, 211.
 Stephens, John, 80.
 Stephenson, John, 134.
 Stewart, Rev. Charles S., missionary to Sandwich Islands, 35.
 Stiff-armed George, pardoned by Clinton for the murder of Hewitt, 204.
 Stone, William Leete, birth and boyhood, 10; enters the office of the Cooperstown Federalist, becomes the editor of the Herkimer American, 11; receives advice from his father, 12; incidents in his life while at Herkimer, 13; removes to Hudson and purchases the Northern Whig, marries and takes charge of the Albany Daily Advertiser, 16; anecdote of, 17; succeeds Theodore Dwight in the editorship of the Hartford Mirror, becomes the editor and one of the proprietors of the New York Commercial Advertiser, 18; his sympathies strongly enlisted in the cause of the Greeks, preaches a crusade in their behalf, 19; The Commercial Advertiser becomes, under his guidance, an organ of the Clintonians, writes the narrative of the Grand Erie Canal celebration, 21; visits the western towns in the interior of New York state, extracts from his diary kept on this journey, 22; writes to the Commercial over the signature of Hiram Doolittle, Jr., 27; visits Cooperstown, the home of his youth, 33.

Stone, Wm. Leete, becomes a warm supporter of John Q. Adams in his contest with Jackson for the presidency, 37; addresses to J. Q. Adams a series of letters on masonry and anti-masonry, 38; is tendered by President Harrison the appointment of minister to the Hague, draws up an able plan of slave emancipation at the great anti-slavery convention in Baltimore, 39; letter to him from Hon. William Jay, 40; his position on the slavery question, 41; letters to him from Ambrose Spencer, Judge Story and John Quincy Adams, 43; saved from the disagreeable alternative of supporting Van Buren for the presidency, 44; his literary career, writes the Language of Flowers, 45; writes an account of Washington's inauguration ball, extracts from it, 61; Mercy Disborough: A Tale of the Witches, and other sketches, 67; his picture of a New England thanksgiving, 68; enumeration of and criticisms upon his literary and historical works, 73; is elected a chief of the Seneca nation, 77; is elected a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities of Copenhagen, 77; history of the famous libel suits between J. Fenimore Cooper and himself, 77; history of the New York Historical Agency, originated by himself, 79; J. Romeyn Brodhead is appointed in his place by the political chicanery of Governor Seward, 83; is identified with New York city and her religious and benevolent institutions, 83; discussion with Archbishop Hughes upon the use of the Bible in the common schools, 87; his health fails, 88; leaves the Commercial in the charge of John Inman and visits Saratoga, death and funeral, 89; account of his last hours by his wife, 89; his death hastened by his labors in the Board of Education, 91; his character, 91; letters to him from President Harrison and Edward Everett, Rufus Choate's opinion of him, 92.

- Stone, Wm. Leete, exposes the absurdity of Fanny Wright's positions by a series of letters supposed to be written between a husband and wife while the latter was in congress, 93; extracts from his private diary, 96; his traits of character portrayed in a letter from Horace Greeley to the author, 97; tributes to his memory from Henry R. Schoolcraft, Thurlow Weed and Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, 99; list of his works, next to appendix, 497.
- Stone, Mrs. Wm. L., 19, 36; letter from, giving the name of the author of the Andover Letters, and describing the personal appearance of Daniel Webster, 88; death and character, 90.
- Stone, David M., 74.
- Stone, Dr. Noah, 74.
- Stone Eater, an Ottawa, 301.
- Stone, Ebenezer, Horace Greeley works in the office of, 97.
- Stone, Enos, 26.
- Stone, Rev. A. L., 74.
- Stone, Rev. William, 9, 11, 12, 15.
- Story, Hon. Judge, letter to Col. Stone from, 44.
- Street, Mr., 141, 146.
- Strong, Captain (O-qui-ye-sou), abjures paganism, and adopts Christianity, 393.
- Stuart, Professor Moses, of Andover, the author of the Andover Letters, 88.
- Stuyvesant, P. G., 80.
- Sullivan, General, 123, 125.
- Syracuse, visited by Colonel Stone, 22, 24; he speaks there at a Young Men's Whig Convention, 98.
- TALCOTT**, Samuel A., 387.
- Tales and Sketches, Col. Stone writes, 44.
- Tallmadge, F. A., 82.
- Tammany Hall, 26.
- Tarrytown, N. Y., 49.
- Taylor, Mr., agent for the Quakers, 286.
- Telegraph, The, 33.
- Templeton, Judge, 34.
- Thatcher (the historian), 75.
- Thayer, Rev. Mr., labors among the Senecas, 392.
- Thirteen Fires, the (the United States), 132.
- Ticonderoga, 291.
- Tiffany, Rev. Mr., 35.
- Tioga Point, 117; Indians arrive at, 280.
- Tippecanoe, battle of, 300.
- Tompkins, Governor, holds a council with the Seneca Nation, 431.
- Toucey, Hon. Isaac, 18.
- Towson, Colonel, 328.
- Tribune, the New York, 78, 97.
- Troup, Robert, 65.
- Trueman, Major, 199.
- Tunncliffe, 85.
- Tuscaroras, 105; send deputation to Washington, 255.
- Tyler, President, 39.
- U**NCA S and Miantonomoh, speech delivered at Norwich, Ct., by Col. Stone, upon, 76.
- Uncle Zim and Deacon Pettibone, by Col. Stone, 67.
- Ups and Downs in the Life of a Gentleman, by Col. Stone, 73.
- Utica, N. Y., Col. Stone visits, 22, 24.
- Utica, postmaster at, incident connected with, 14.
- V**ALLANCY, General, 45.
- Valley Forge, sufferings at, 9.
- Van Buren, President, 31, 43.
- Van Rensselaer, General, 315.
- Verplanck, Gulian C., 19.
- Vision of Rubeta: Satire upon Col. Stone, 73.
- W**ADSWORTH, Colonel Jeremiah, 238, 247.
- Wadsworth, General William, 26.
- Wadsworth, Mr. James, 26, 156.
- Wager, Mr., 82.
- Wainwright, Bishop J. M., 18.
- Walworth, Chancellor, 78, 89.
- Washington, city of, 15, 40.
- Washington, General George, 468; description of his inauguration ball by Col. Stone, 61, 76, 127; speech of, to the Six Nations, 169; speech of, to Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother, 192; prevents the interference of Pennsylvania, 206.

- Watts, John (the old Recorder), 63.
 Wayland, President Francis, 88, 91.
 Wayland, Rev. Francis, 16, 89.
 Wayne, General, 74, 202, 205.
 Webster, Dr. Noah, 65.
 Webster, Ephraim, 119.
 Webster, Hon. Daniel, writes to Col. Stone, 39, 88.
 Websters & Skinners, firm of, 16.
 Weed, Hon. Thurlow, 11, 99.
 Westchester Co., 48; resolutions on the case of Gilbert Horton, 42.
 Western reserve, 133.
 Wetmore, Hon. Prosper M., 85.
 Whalley (the regicide), 9, 67.
 Whigs, 98.
 Whig party, dissolution of, 39.
 White Loon, an Ottawa, 301.
 White Plains, battle of, 9.
 Whitesborough, near Utica, 23.
 White Seneca, 373.
 Wier, Robert W., paints the portrait of Red Jacket at the request of Dr. John W. Francis, 432.
 Wilcox, General, 9.
 Wilkie (the painter), 72.
 Wilkinson, Jemima, dines with Colonel Pickering, 210; sketch of, 213.
 Williamson, Colonel, 238.
 Winder, General, 318.
 Winemac, a Pottawatamy chief, 301.
 Wolcott, Oliver, 18, 128.
 Worth, Col. Wm. J. (General), 316.
 Wright, Fanny, Col. Stone brings her position into ridicule, 93.
 Wyandots, 188.
 Wyoming, Poetry and History of, Col. Stone writes, 75.
- Y**ALE College, 10.
 York, Duke of, 60.
 Young King, a Seneca, 155, 247, 323, 373.
 Young Prince of the Turtle Tribe (Sa-go-ye-wat-ha), addresses Col. Proctor, 156.
- Z**EISBERGER, 45.

APPENDIX.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">A.</p> <p>Report from the Six Nations as messengers of peace, to the hostile Indians at the Miami of the Lakes, in the autumn of 1792, 465-471.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">B.</p> <p>The Presque Isle Question, the speech of Cornplanter on, 471-474.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">C.</p> <p>The Canandaigua Treaty. Letter from Colonel Pickering to Captain Brant, and reply, 475-480.</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">D.</p> <p>Captain Brant to Captain Chapin, Letter from, 481.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">E.</p> <p>Letter from General Peter B. Porter to the author, 482-488.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">F.</p> <p>The Indian Treaties, 484-494.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G.</p> <p>Speech of John Skenando, 495-497.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">H.</p> <p>List of the works of Wm. L. Stone, 497.</p> |
|--|---|

ERRATA.

- Page 11, 18th line from the top, for "of," read "reaching."
Page 17, 7th line from bottom, leave out "all."
Page 18, 18th line from top, for "parts," read "parties."
Page 20, 15th line from top, for "freeman," read "woman."
Page 43, 13th line from top, for "has," read "have."
Page 48, 12th line from bottom, for "incidents," read "instance."
Page 72, 13th line from bottom, for "were," read "was."
Page 74, 16th line from top, for "was," read "were."
Page 77, 6th line from bottom, for "tried," read "argued."
Page 80, 3d line from top, for "were," read "occurred."
Page 81, 8th line from bottom, for "immediately," read "in person."
Page 85, 8th line from top, for "be judged," read "judged."
Page 86, 3d line of note, for "shiftless," read "careless."
Page 87, 7th line from top, for "two," read "three."
Page 89, 1st line, after the word "Spring," insert "of 1844."
Page 90, line 13 of note for "abides," read "biased."
Page 90, line two of note from bottom, for "actual," read "active."
Page 280, 4th line from top, for "interpreted," read "interrupted him."
Page 495, 3d line of note, for "were," read "was."





3 6105 019 963 813

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(650) 723-9201
salcirc@sulmail.stanford.edu
All books are subject to recall.
DATE DUE

JUN 30 2000
MAY 30 2000

